"People's Songs", 1947-1949, [1 of 2]

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SERIES VIII Labor Songbooks
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International Union of Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers
Founded In 1893

OFFICE OF
ALTON LAWRENCE
EXECUTIVE BOARD MEMBER
DISTRICT NO. 5
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BESSEMER, ALABAMA

MAIN OFFICE
SUITE 412, TABOR BLDG.
16TH AND CURTIS
DENVER 2, COLORADO

When you and I Were Young Maggie

I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie
To watch the scene be-low;
The creek and the ~~creaking~~ creaking old mill, Maggie, as used to long a-go—
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie Where first the daisies sprung.

The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young—

They say I am fee-ble with age, Maggie,
My steps less sprightly than then,
My face is a well written page,
Maggie

But time a-lone was the pen.—
They say we are old aged and gray, Maggie,
As spay by the while the breakers flung.—
But to me you're as fair as you were, M.
Since you and I were young.—

Refrain
And now we are aged and gray
Maggie,
And the trials of life nearly done.—
Let us sing of the day that
are gone, Maggie
When you an—I were young.—

PEOPLE'S SONGS

Bulletin of People's Songs Inc., organized to create, promote and distribute songs of labor and the American people.

Vol. I, No. 2 March 1946

Singing In the News

The press generally has reported the upsurge of singing in meetings, on picket lines and in demonstrations.

Soldiers overseas demonstrating in January for speeding up demobilization were reported to have sung the old army song, 'Gee, but I want to go home' -with new words composed for the occasion. A high army officer in Japan is said to have been so irritated by this song that he threatened to jail the singers.

The recent Western Union picket line was noted for its constant use of music via sound truck. Many actors and singers appeared in STAGE FOR ACTION shows.The New York metropolitan press featured stories of mass singing on the picket line and reprinted several verses of songs.

Singing of the Jefferson Chorus and of Stage for Action has been noted in the press as these groups have appeared on numerous picket lines.

Philadelphia papers called "Union Maid" the worst worn record in the G.E. strikers' collection of union songs. The wires of the sound system were cut several times, presumably by police.

Irony of our times: "Peat Bog Soldiers", the famous German concentration camp song, is now number 1 on the Berlin "Hit Parade".

To New Readers

Last month, in our first Bulletin, we outlined our purposes and our reason for existence.Due to the fine response we are having this Bulletin printed by offset.

We send out this call to all union education directors, and to all farmer, labor, and people's organizations; to all poets and songwriters and musicians; to singers, performers, and chorus directors: Here are songs of democracy. We believe that songs should be concerned with more than "June-moon-croon". There is a need for songs about th gs in the world about us, and songs expressing the deepest aspirations of all people for freedom and equality.

Popular Song Writers Committee Formed

Popular songwriters have organized a working committee in People's Songs, with Paul Secon as secretary. The group has held several meetings and members have written songs with social themes, and jingles for radio spots. Discussions have been held on treatments of social problems which would be acceptable to the commercial market, as well as for the growing trade union market. A representative of the Political Action Committee of CIO has met with the group and described the program of PAC for 1946. He stressed the urgent need for new songs dealing with housing, full employment, high cost of living, and voters' registration.

Songwriters wishing to join and work with this group of professional writers should write Paul Secon at the national office.

The National Archive of People's Songs

Anyone paying regular membership fees to People's Songs can request material from the Archive.

WHAT IT IS: A collection of thousands of original songs and books, folk songs, new songs of the people, and historical material. Sample catalog titles: Steel, Miner, Textile, Union Heroes, Union Dances, Jailhouse, Lumberjack, Farmer.

WHAT IT DOES: Brings together in one library all the new songs being written for today's needs; makes available to singers and writers the old and new material; provides a source of material for educational programs; for meetings, performances, etc.

WHAT YOU CAN DO: Send us manuscripts of new songs you are writing, to be filed in the Archive, and made available for use. All copyright and royalty regulations are strictly observed. Send older songs that you have used in the past. Even if they are out of date, they should be on record. Particularly needed are copies of old union songbooks and song sheets. Send listings of material which you have but cannot release.

Union Record Company Established

Union Records, a new record company, has just been established. Its purpose is stated in an announcement from the company: "The basic effort of the American people from revolutionary days through World War II has been to keep and preserve the spirit of democracy. Union Records will document this tradition of democracy as it is expressed in song and story and speeches of statesmen."

In keeping with this purpose, Union Records is starting out with three albums,Roosevelt's Inaugural Address of 1933, first in a series of FDR's broadcasts. Picket Line Songs, famous union songs sung by the Jefferson Chorus. Scent of Magnolias, a satire on southern prejudice by Joel Miner.

Woody Guthrie, Josh White, Peter Seeger, Mary Lou Williams, Huddie Leadbetter and other well known singers will be heard frequently on Union Records.

All pressings are on unbreakable plastic.

(Union Records, 119 West 46 St., N.Y.C. 19, N.Y.)

We have set up PEOPLE'S SONGS as a national collection point and outlet for this kind of song. Do not let this Bulletin grow dusty. Put it into the hands of people who like to sings, and have them become members of PEOPLE'S SONGS.

Peoples Songs
Copyright, 1946, by PEOPLE'S SONGS Inc.
Published by PEOPLE'S SONGS, Inc., 130 West 42 St., N.Y.C.
Peter Seeger, Executive Secretary
Official Organ of PEOPLE'S SONGS, Inc.

Temporary organizing committee: Robert Claiborne, Horace Grenell, Herbert Haufrecht, Lee Hays, Lydia Infeld, George Levine, Simon Rady, Peter Seeger.

Advisory committee: Saul Aarons, Charlotte Anthony, Edith Allaire, Bernie Asbel, Dorothy Baron, Oscar Brand, Agnes Cunningham, G. Gabor, Jack Galin, Tom Glazer, Michael Gold, Woody Guthrie, Baldwin Hawes, Waldemar Hille, Zilphia Horton, Burl Ives, Robert Kates, Paul Kent, Rockwell Kent, Lou Kleinman, Millard Lampell, John Leary, Mildred Linsley, Bess Lomax, Walter Lowenfels, Frances Luban, Jessie Lloyd O'Connor, Shaemas O'Sheel, David Reif, Earl Robinson, Bob Russell, Betty Sanders, Paul Secon, Naomi Spahn, Norman Studer, Mike Stratton, Josh White, Hy Zaret.

Incorporated Feb. 1946 under the laws of the State of New York by: Peter Seeger, Lee Hays, Robert Claiborne, Horace Grenell, and Herbert Haufrecht.

Dues for Active Members: $5 per year
Sustaining Memberships: $25 or more per year
Group Memberships: 10 or more members of a chorus, dramatic, union, fraternal or other group may become members at $1 per person. State name of person to receive all copies of Bulletin for distribution.

Don't Kill the Goose

Although the membership of PEOPLE'S SONGS includes many singers, it does not operate as an organization of performers.

But since no organization dealing with the special problems of singers and writers of progressive songs exists at present, we feel obligated to call attention to a practice injurious both to these artists, and to the groups which need their services.

Planners of meetings or parties take it for granted that their budget must include rent, advertising, tickets, and like expenses. They rarely include a fee for entertainment. Singers can't pay rent with applause.

If the labor movement is aware of the importance of songs composed for picket lines and meeting halls, and desires to use them, then it is the responsibility of the labor movement to help support the singers and writers who produce these songs. It is true that very few of these artists expect to earn their entire living from this work. But it is easy to see that singers and writers will be able to give more of their time and talent to the service of the labor movement in proportion to financial support offered.

It isn't wise to kill the goose who lays the golden egg; feed her and she'll produce bigger and better ones.

A Mark to Aim At

When we stated in our last issue that PEOPLE'S SONGS intends to exchange material with groups in foreign countries, one of the groups which we had in mind was the Workers Music Association of Great Britain. It is a model for us to aim at.

In the ten years of its existence, it has built up a large membership, with over 200 affiliated groups in the trade union and cooperative movements. It publishes a monthly magazine, and songbooks, sheet music, and critical and historical monographs, such as: "The Singing Englishman," "Background Of The Blues," and "The Composer Must Live."

Attention, Songwriters:

Song writers should begin thinking about songs that will be needed in the fall campaigns.

Writers should visit their local PAC offices and talk with union leaders about plans for the fall campaign. Songs of general purpose, and songs which may easily be adapted for specific candidates and local issues should be prepared during the summer, and recordings made at that time.

IMMEDIATELY NEEDED: Songs about Gerald L. K. Smith, the Freeport murders, the high cost of living, picket lines, labor unity. Housing for veterans, the fight against Rankin and Bilbo, Hearst and Pegler, should be put into songs.

Not to be neglected are the serious compositions stating the people's concern about atomic power, about labor's role in the peace, and our concern for suffering minority peoples everywhere.

Choruses Must Get Together

One of the main purposes of PEOPLE'S SONGS is to provide a central office to which trade union choruses can apply for new material. We now send out a call to all such choruses to help us establish this music exchange. What arrangements do you have which may be used by other groups? In a subsequent issue we will announce the duet, trio, quartet and choral arrangements which have been made available.

CHORUS MEMBERSHIPS

Ten or more members of choruses, unions, fraternal or other groups may join PEOPLE'S SONGS with the Group Membership plan. Fees are $1 per person. Copies of the Bulletin will be mailed to a person designated by the group to receive and distribute them.

Request for "Boo, Boo, Boo,"

In stories of the Paterson textile strike of 1913, we are told that John Reed wrote a song for the strikers of which the chorus was "Boo!Boo!Boo!". Big Bill Haywood told how he taught the song to strikers in Ireland, to sing to the police, who shortly thereafter went away. Such a song should not be lost. Who can give us more information about this and other songs of that day?

* * *

Who can supply words and music for "Bill Bailey"?

Record Notes

Now that the war is over, established recording companies are rushing to record new material and re-press old material which went out of stock when shellac was hard to get. Small independent outfits as usual are turning out records of interest to members of PEOPLE'S SONGS.

Keynote Records (522 5th Av., N.Y.C.) announces that within three months they will reprint the Almanac album, "Talking Union"; and the following numbers:

"Picketline Priscilla", sung by Beatrice Kay
"Horse with a Union Label", sung by Tony Kraber
"Joe Hill", sung by Michael Loring

Asch Records are now issuing a new label, DISC. Their first albums continue with the type of material that made Asch well known during the war: classical music, hot jazz, Calypso, folk, and unique foreign recordings. (DISC Recording Co., 117 West 46 St., N.Y.C.)

General Records is trying to get Earl Robinson's "Songs for Americans" re-pressed, but is having trouble with the pressing companies, as are other companies. Reports are that one company refused to handle the Robinson album because of the "political nature" of the songs. (General Records, 1600 Broadway, N.Y.C.)

New companies are having the hardest time of all. Until new pressing factories are built, established concerns can charge what they like. One new company is anxious to record union songs but has had to delay its program for at least six months.

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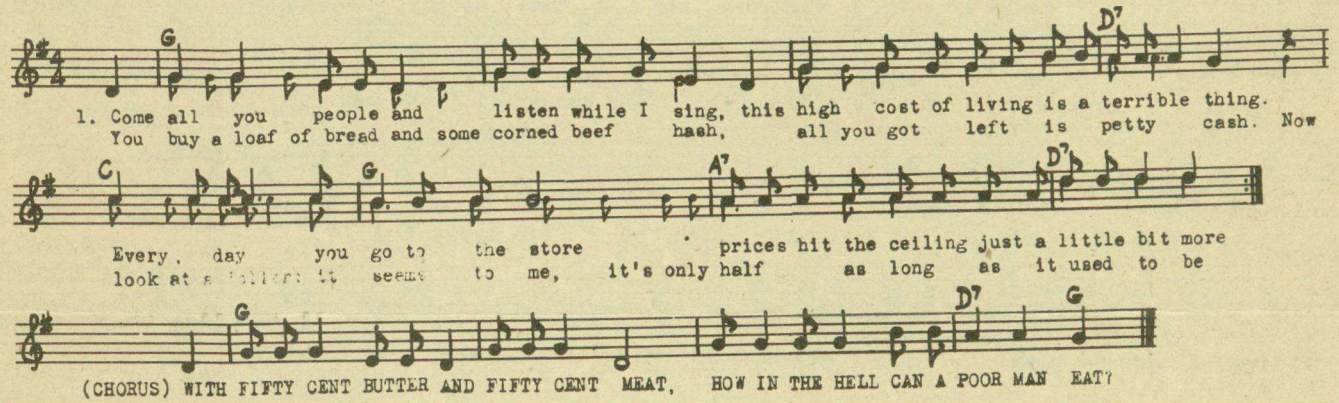
8 Fifty Cent Butter and Fifty Cent Meat

Words: Almanacs-Young
Tune: Traditional


G
D7
1. Come all you people and listen while I sing, this high cost of living is a terrible thing.
You buy a loaf of bread and some corned beef hash, all you got left is petty cash. Now
C
G
A7
D7
Every day you go to the store prices hit the ceiling just a little bit more
look at a dollar it seems to me, it's only half as long as it used to be
G
D7
G
(CHORUS) WITH FIFTY CENT BUTTER AND FIFTY CENT MEAT, HOW IN THE HELL CAN A POOR MAN EAT?

2. Now, everyone'll tell you, I worked all my life
Supportin' three kids and a loving wife.
But I'm a-gonna tell you, I'm pretty darn sick;
There'd better be action and it better be quick.
My congressman spends his whole darn day
Trying to kill my O.P.A.
Gonna write my congressman something to remember
He'd better start thinking of next November
With fifty cent butter and fifty cent meat,
How in the hell can a poor man eat?

3. When wintertime comes, there's hell to pay.
Coal's gone up the same old way.
Higher rent, kids to dress,
How I'm gonna do it is anybody's guess.
Even the bugs in the kitchen sink
Have gone on strike for more food and drink.
Well, I better get food, and clothes to boot
Or I'll starve to death in my birthday suit!
With fifty cent butter and fifty cent meat,
How in the hell can a poor man eat?

4. Now, when you ask the cause of it all,
They'll hand you a lie about six foot tall.
They'll cry and scream and tear their hair
About the high cost of being a millionaire.
Take a full page ad in the Daily News,
To blame it on the strikers, the reds and the Jews.
Well, I'm born in the bushes and raised in the woods,
But you can't sell me that bill of goods.
With fifty cent butter and fifty cent meat,
How in the hell can a poor man eat?

NOTICE

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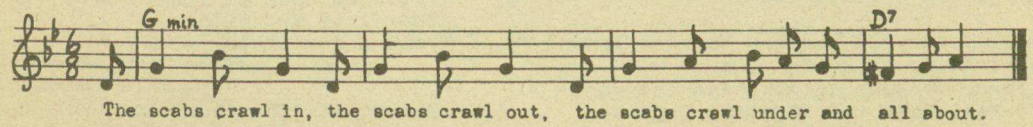
9 The Scabs Crawl In

Words: Anon. Tune: The Worms Crawl In



THIS SONG HAS NO ENDING. KEEP ON GOING

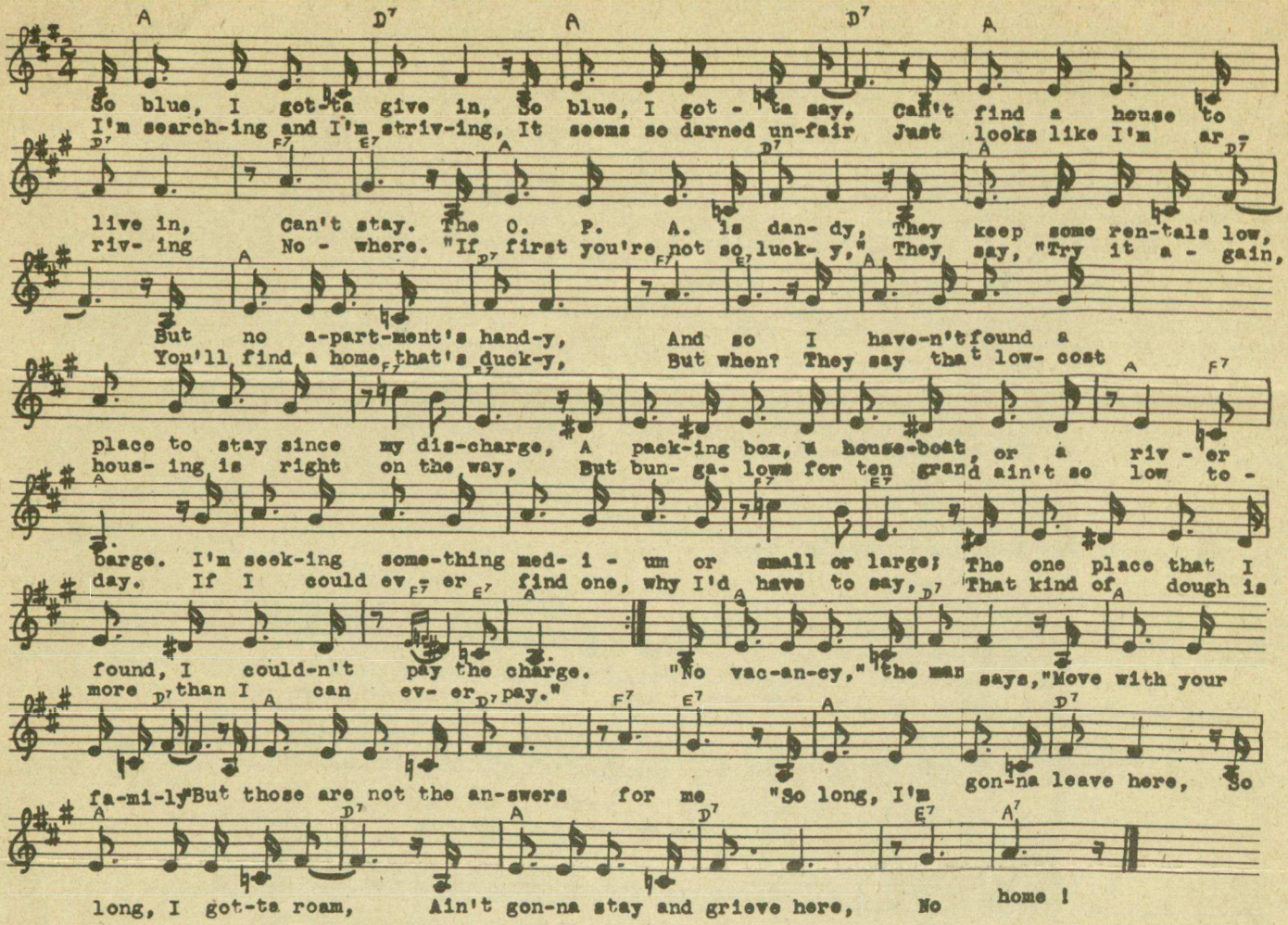
2. They crawl by day, they crawl by night,
They crawl because they're afraid to fight

3. They crawl in early, they crawl in late,
They crawl in under the factory gate.

This is not a "performance song" but is one of the very best chants for a bunch of pickets to take up when they see some scabs sneaking in or out of the plant.

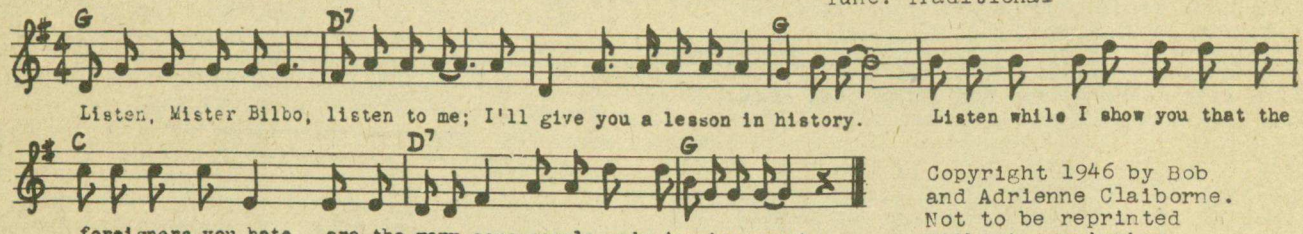
10 Homeless Blues

Words and music by Paul Kent
Copyright 1946 by Paul Kent


So blue, I got-ta give in, So blue, I got - ta say, Can't find a house to live in, Can't stay. The O. P. A. is dan- dy, They keep some ren-tals low, riv- ing No - where. "If first you're not so luck- y," They say, "Try it a - gain, But no a-part-ment's hand-y, And so I have-n't found a You'll find a home that's duck-y, But when? They say that low- cost place to stay since my dis-charge, A pack-ing box, a house-boat, or a riv - er hous- ing is right on the way, But bun- ga- lows for ten grand ain't so low to - barge. I'm seek-ing some-thing med- i - um or small or large; The one place that I day. If I could ev- er find one, why I'd have to say, That kind of dough is found, I could-n't pay the charge. "No vac-an-cy," the man says, "Move with your more than I can ev- er pay." fa-mi-ly But those are not the an-swers for me "So long, I'm gon-na leave here, So long, I got-ta roam, Ain't gon-na stay and grieve here, No home !

11 Listen, Mister Bilbo

Words by Bob and Adrienne Claiborne
Tune: Traditional


Listen, Mister Bilbo, listen to me; I'll give you a lesson in history. Listen while I show you that the foreigners you hate, are the very same people made America great.

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2. In fourteen-ninety-two, just to see what he could see,
Columbus, an Italian, looked out across the sea.
He said, Isabella, babe, the world is round,
And the U.S.A.'s just a-waiting to be found.

3. In sixteen-O-nine, on a bright summer's day,
The Half Moon set anchor in old New York Bay.
Henry Hudson, a Dutchman, took a good look around, said
"Boys, this is gonna be one helluva town."

4. When the King of England started pushing Yankees around
They had a little trouble up in Boston Town.
There was a brave Negro, Crispus Attucks was the man,
Was the first one to fall when the fighting began.

(Repeat first verse)

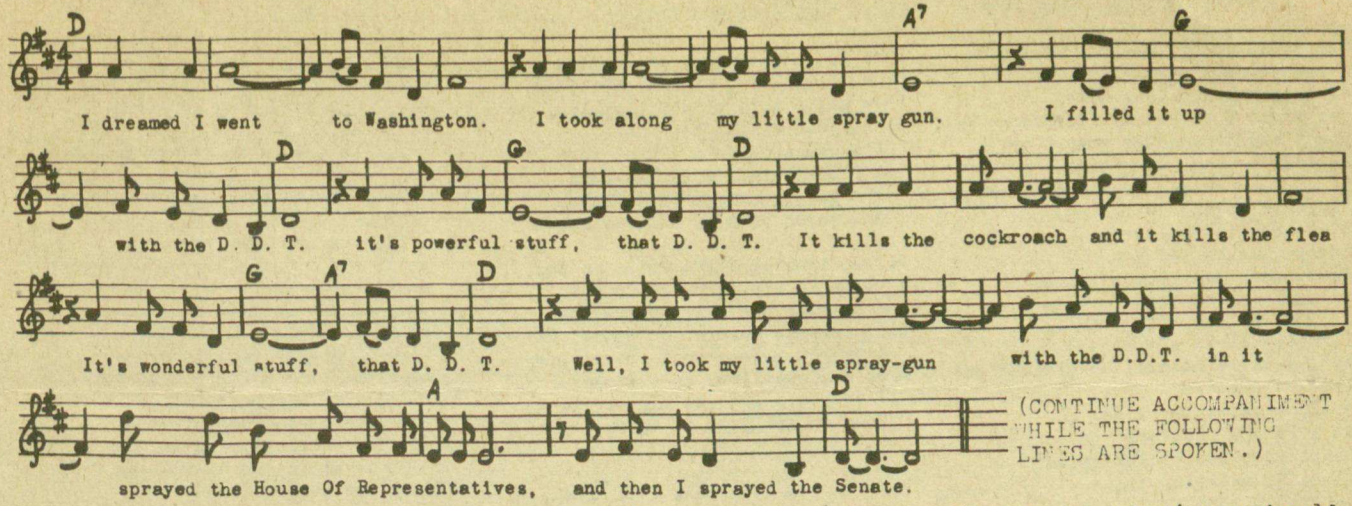
5. Colin Kelly was the pilot, a-flying down low,
Levin pushed the button that let the bomb go.
They sunk the Haruna to the bottom of the sea;
It was foreigners like these kept America free.

6. Now Bilbo, you're taking
one helluva chance.
Your good friends, the Du-
ponts, came over from France.
Another thing, I'm sure,
will be news to you:
The first Mr. Bilbo
was a foreigner, too.

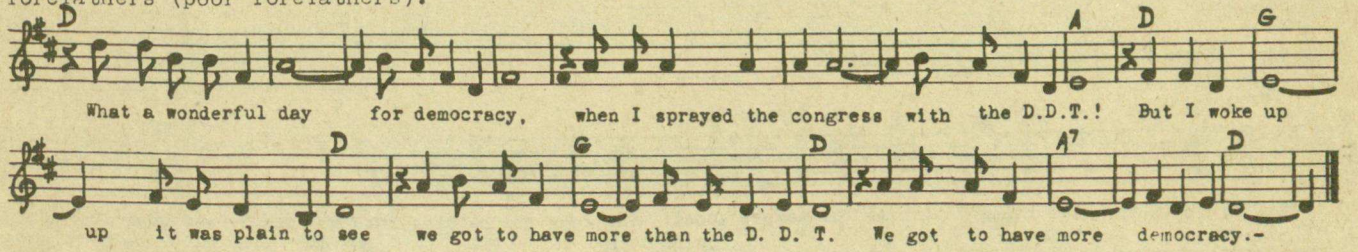
7. You don't like Negroes,
you don't like Jews.
If there's anyone you do
like, it sure is news.
You don't like Poles, Ital-
ians, Catholics, too.
Is it any wonder, Bilbo,
that we don't like you?

12 D. D. T.

Words by Lee Hays and Walter Loewenfels
Tune based upon American folk melody


D A7 G
I dreamed I went to Washington. I took along my little spray gun. I filled it up
D G D
with the D. D. T. it's powerful stuff, that D. D. T. It kills the cockroach and it kills the flea
G A7 D
It's wonderful stuff, that D. D. T. Well, I took my little spray-gun with the D.D.T. in it
A D
sprayed the House Of Representatives, and then I sprayed the Senate.
(CONTINUE ACCOMPANIMENT WHILE THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE SPOKEN.)

"Well, it didn't hurt Mr. Marcantonio, nor Hugh DeLacy, nor Adam Powell, but Lord God! you should have seen Bilbo! And I am sorry to report that Mr. Rankin is no longer among us. He has joined his forefathers (poor forefathers)."


D A D G
What a wonderful day for democracy, when I sprayed the congress with the D.D.T.! But I woke up
D G D A7 D
up it was plain to see we got to have more than the D. D. T. We got to have more democracy.-

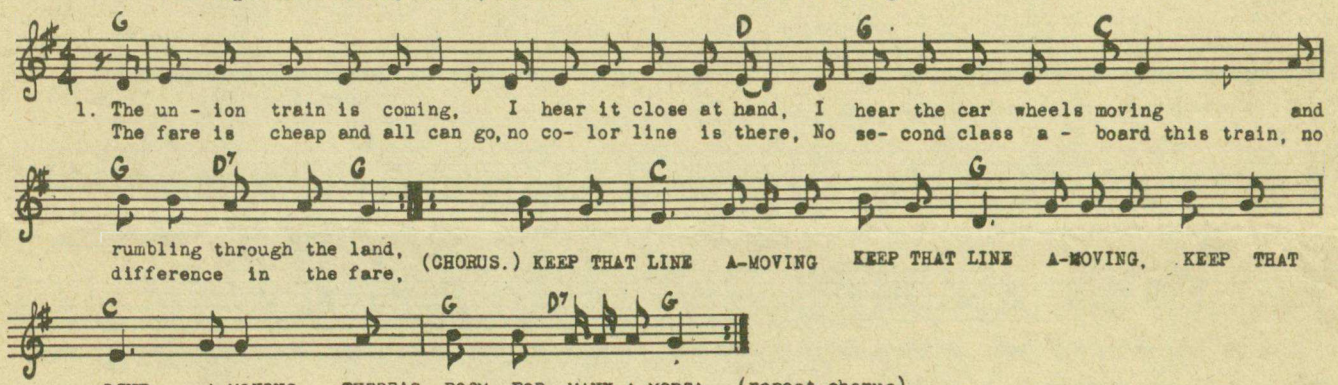
(Copyright 1946 by Lee Hays and Walter Loewenfels. Not to be reprinted without permission.)

When Lee Hays sings this, he usually adds a few lines directed right at the people he's singing for. If its an A.L.P. rally, for example, he'll add "We've got to have more of the A.L.P.; we've got to have more rallies like this, " and so on, finishing with the last linelast of the song: "And that will do....what I dreamed I did.....in Washington....with the D. D. T."

13 Keep That Line A-Moving

Words by Charlotte Anthony and Janice Trembke
Tune: The Gospel Train (Get On Board, Little Children)

When Charlotte Anthony went down to sing on the soundtruck at the Western Union picketline, she was struck by a phrase the picket captain kept shouting through the loudspeaker, and she turned it into a song.


G D G C
1. The un - ion train is coming, I hear it close at hand, I hear the car wheels moving and
The fare is cheap and all can go, no co- lor line is there, No se- cond class a - board this train, no
G D7 G C G
rumbling through the land, (CHORUS.) KEEP THAT LINE A-MOVING KEEP THAT LINE A-MOVING, KEEP THAT
difference in the fare,
C G D7 G
LINE A-MOVING, THERE'S ROOM FOR MANY A MORE! (repeat chorus)

2. We've got so many blisters
From walking up and down.
The boss has got some blisters, too,
But just from sitting down.
And why should we be slaving,
While Egan*only sits
To plan a coming out party
For his daughter at the Ritz?
(repeat chorus)

*Change to suit yourself

3. The union is behind us
To fight for better pay.
We'll stay right here on the picket line
Till the boss's hair is gray.
And though he'll try to break us,
And try to make it tough,
If we just keep a solid line
We'll surely call his bluff.
(Repeat chorus)

14 Two Popular Parodies

Words by Larry Stewart
Tune: "It's Been A Long, Long Time

We'll picket once, and picket twice,
And picket once again.
It's been a long, long time.
Haven't had a raise, my friends,
Since I can't remember when.
It's been a long, long time.
All through the war we did our best,
We kept on giving.
Now we're entitled to a
A decent living. So -
Picket once, and picket twice,
Until we win the fight.
It's been a long, long time.
(Repeat first six lines)
They say we're holding up production
On their toasters.
But if we can't buy bread
What good are toasters? So -
Picket once, and picket twice,
Till G. E. sees the light
It's been a long, long time.

15

Words by Paul Secon
Tune: "Dance With A Dolly"

I've got a date on a picketline
On a picketline, on a picket line.
I've got a date on a picketline,
Gonna join my buddies there.
I'm gonna carry a picket sign,
A picket sign, a picket sign.
I'm gonna carry a picket sign
And march with my buddies there.

We're fighting for a raise in pay,
A raise in pay, a raise in pay.
And nothing that the bosses say
Will make us change our minds, NO!
I've got a date on a picketline,
On a picketline, on a picketline
I've got a date on a picketline;
Come on and join me there.

* * * * * *

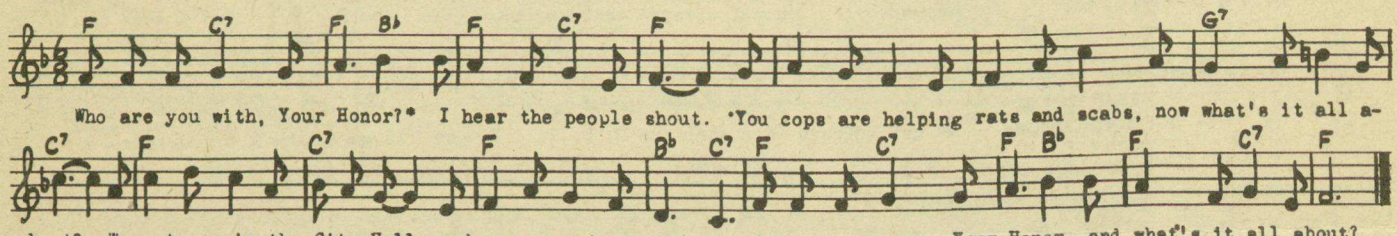
16 Join the Picket Line Today

Words: Anthony-Trembke
Tune:"Alexander's Ragtime Band"

Come on along, come on along,
Join the picket line today.
Come on along, come on along,
Join the strike for higher pay.
And if the scabs try to break us
Here's what we'll say,
"Shame on you, scab,
Did you work hard today?
We'll win a raise the union way,
In spite of you."
Come on along, come on along,
Join the picket line today
Come on along, come on along,
Join the strike for higher pay.
And when the boss is sure
He's got us licked,
We'll still be singing,
Come on along, come on along,
Join the picket line today!

17 Who Are You With, Your Honor?

Words by Shaemas O'Sheel
Tune: Where Do We Go From Here


F C7 F B♭ F C7 F G7
Who are you with, Your Honor?* I hear the people shout. 'You cops are helping rats and scabs, now what's it all a-
C7 F C7 F B♭ C7 F C7 F B♭ F C7 F
bout? We put you in the City Hall, and we can put you out, so who are you with, Your Honor, and what's it all about?

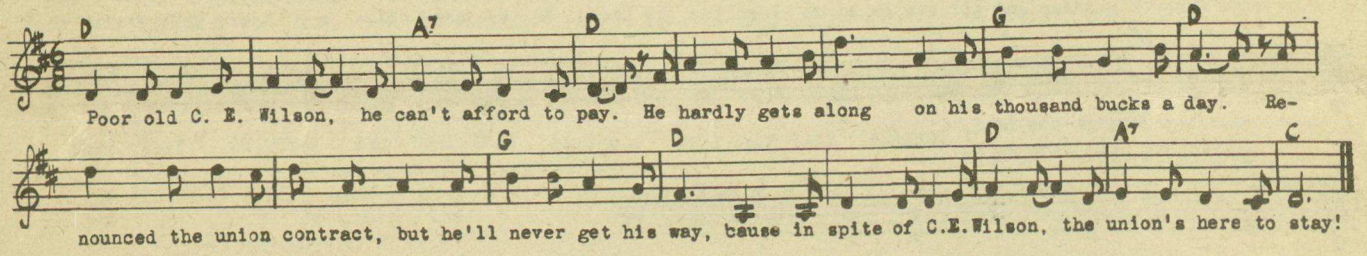
2.Who are you with, Your Honor* and who are you with today?
We're striking for a living wage, and a decent rate of pay.
Your cops are breaking picket lines, I hear the strikers say
SO, who are you with, your Honor? We want to know today.

* Use here the name of the specific mayor, or city politician, whom you are singing this to.

It is sad but true that many a politican has been elected with labor votes, and before the coming of spring has turned against the very people that helped elect him. In view of this fact, Shaemas O'Sheel turned out this little ditty, into which can be inserted the name of any specific politician you want to sing about.

18 Poor Old C. E. Wilson.

Words by Dick Levins
Tune: American folk melody


D A7 D G D
Poor old C. E. Wilson, he can't afford to pay. He hardly gets along on his thousand bucks a day. Re-
G D D A7 C
nounced the union contract, but he'll never get his way, bause in spite of C.E.Wilson, the union's here to stay!

2. The forces of reaction
In halls of Congress ride,
And desperately they're seeking
To stem the union tide.
But clear across the nation
Twelve million workers say,
In spite of their injunctions
The union's here to stay.
In spite of their injunctions
The union's here to stay.

3. They call for cooling off time
And a hundred more delays,
But NOW the kids are hungry,
And not in thirty days.
So hold your line unflinching
Until you get your pay.
From Oregon to Newark line
The union's here to stay.
From Oregon to Newark line
The union's here to stay.

* * * * * *

This song could be used especially well by either the G.E. workers or the G.M. workers, depending on whether you are singing about Charles "Electric" Wilson, or Charles "Engine" Wilson.

The three songs on this page deserve special mention, because they were composed on order by well-known songwriters for the CIO-steelworkers. In two weeks time they were composed and recorded, and played on soundtrucks on picketlines in Pittsburgh and elsewhere. It shows what can be done when a specific assignment is laid down, and money with it to carry the project through.

19 I WENT DOWN TO THE STEEL MILL

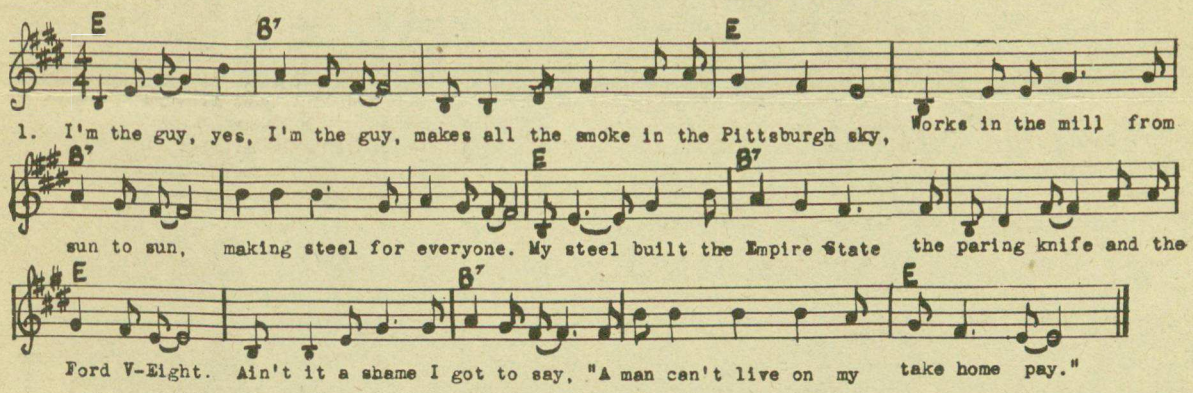
Words: Tom Glazer Tune: St. James Infirmary

I went down to the steel mill
And I saw my pay check there.
It was stretched out on the boss's table
So small, so thin, so bare.

So I took that little old pay-check
Down to the grocery store,
Where I bought a little can of baked beans
And I didn't have a pay-check no more.

20 I'm the Guy

Words and music by Eleanor Young


E
B7
E
1. I'm the guy, yes, I'm the guy, makes all the smoke in the Pittsburgh sky, Works in the mill from
B7
E
B7
sun to sun, making steel for everyone. My steel built the Empire State the paring knife and the
E
B7
E
Ford V-Eight. Ain't it a shame I got to say, "A man can't live on my take home pay."

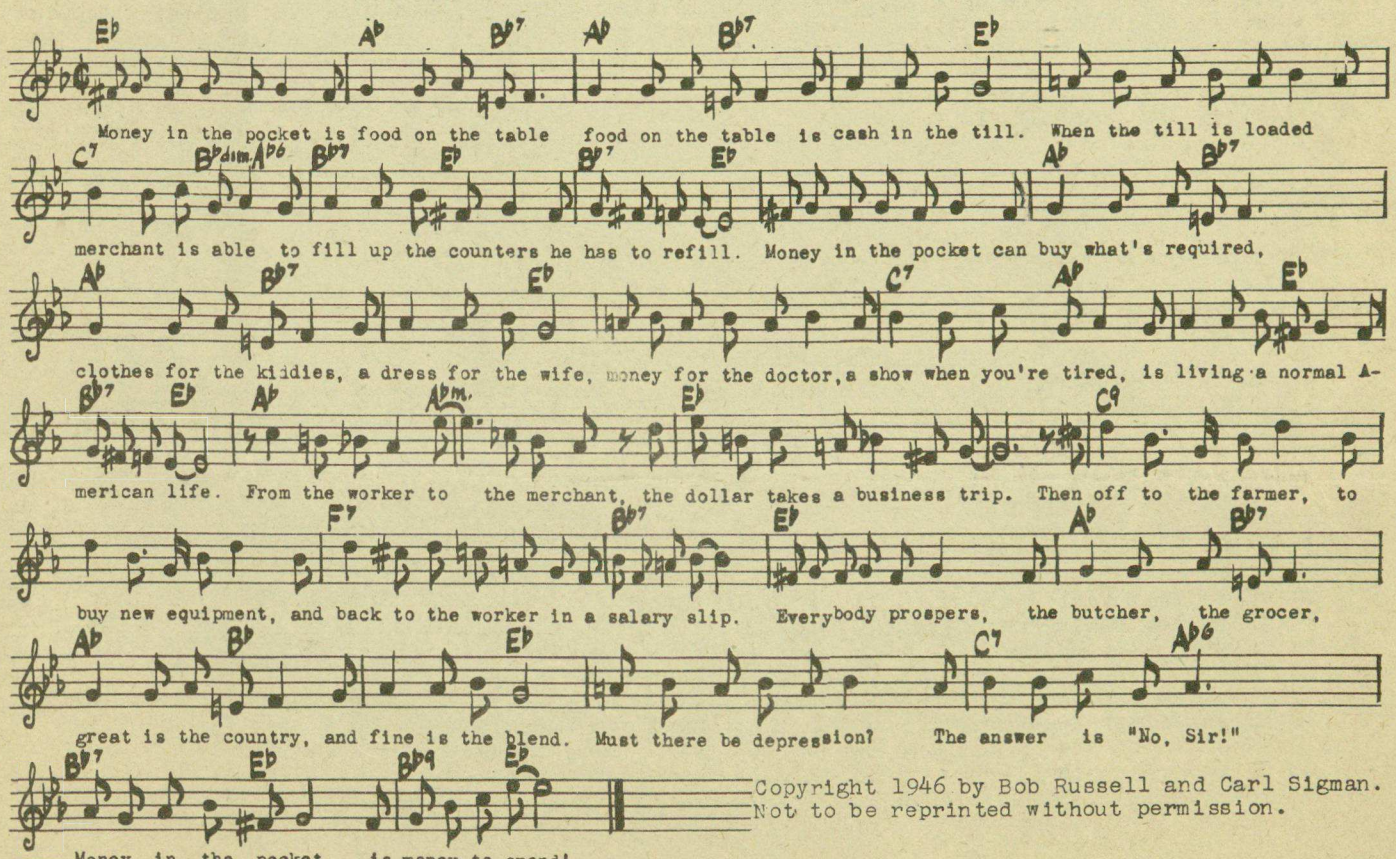
2. I'm the guy, yes, I'm the guy,
Earns a wage you could put in your eye.
And every time they raise a price,
my paycheck melts like a cube of ice.
Yes, when it comes to the old pay roll
I'm low man on the totem pole,
And that's why you'll hear me say,
"A man can't live on my take-home pay."

3. I'm a peaceful guy, just an ordinary guy,
It ain't fur coats that I want to buy.
But I've never seen the fellow yet
Could raise four kids on what I get.
I don't want to live like a millionaire,
All I want's an American share,
And that's why you'll hear me say,
"A man can't live on my take-home pay."

The two songs on this page, "I'm The Guy," and "I Went Down To The Steel Mill," and Copyright 1946 by Devon Radio Productions, Inc. and reprinted by permission of the copyright owners. All rights reserved.

21 Money In the Pocket

Words by Bob Russell Music by Carl Sigman



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Cross Country Correspondence

Following are excerpts from letters received in response to the first Bulletin of PEOPLE'S SONGS.

MASSACHUSETTS. . ."Anything we can do for you will be an extreme pleasure. Please accept our gratitude for your suggestions and great help to morale."

CALIFORNIA . . . ."Your new organization sounds wonderful. Naturally and logically and with great emphasis, I am for it. I too feel strongly that production should be the important thing, production of new songs and musical ideas, revival of old labor and people's songs with changes of words, new lyrics, etc. . ."

CALIFORNIA . . . ."I have been working on the organization of a Youth Theatre, composed of over a hundred teen age young people of Negro, Mexican, Jewish backgrounds. Last summer we put on a musical revue, on the theme of inter-cultural unity, called "Hello, Neighbor, Hello". This year we will do another revue, but the content will be a little broader - it will include a variety of problems that these kids are facing - unemployment, discrimination and housing. But we are short of good materials, particularly good songs, simple enough for our kids to sing, but with a point of view. . . The only reactionary they are really conscious of is Gerald L. K. Smith. Police brutality is one of the biggest issues, since we have a semi-Fascist group of police who are carrying on a campaign to terrify the kids of minority groups. ."

NEW YORK CITY . ."Enclosed is $5 for a membership. Since I have been collecting union and people's songs for several years, I am very interested in your project. I shall call it to the attention of my union and my ALP club. ."

ARKANSAS . . . . ."Got up to sing at union meeting Friday week ago and thought the roof would blow off. But we knew only the one song, "We shall not be Moved" and we sang the Jesus verses of it along with the union verses and then we sang both over again, and sang it on the way home. I would like to know where to get more of those old time union hymns we used to sing. Send me word. ."

CALIFORNIA . . . ."The song, 'The Rankin Tree', cute as it is, does not tell much about the man himself except that you don't like him. It is important for the people to understand, within the swell folk style set up, some of the things he has done and why he should be cut down, and why there should be great rejoicing when he does get cut down, i.e., poll tax, clever use of anti-Semitism, anti-Negro and anti-red statements, etc. Get me?" . . . (A later letter from the same correspondent also discusses 'The Rankin Tree', as follows.) . . ."Just a note to let you know that I sang 'The Rankin Tree' for a meeting of six thousand recently where it was, I must say, quite successful. . ."

FLORIDA . . . . . ."Enclosed is $5 for a membership and a little more as a contribution. The work is swell!. ."

Wordsheets Available

Songs on this list of mimeographed picketline wordsheets are for sale at 5¢ a copy. Pending publication of full music arrangements, these sheets provide only the words. Order by number.

1. Scab Song . . . . . Anonymous
2. Union Maid . . . . . Almanacs
3. I've Got a Date on a Picketline . . . . . Paul Secon
4. We'll Keep Marching . . . . . Oscar Brand
5. I'm A-looking for a Home . . . . . Bernie Asbel
6. Hold the Fort . . . . . English Transport Workers
7. Put on your old Union Button . . . . . Anonymous
8. Casey Jones (Union version) . . . . . Joe Hill
9. Roll the Union On . . . . . New Era Schools
10. Solidarity Forever . . . . . Ralph Chaplin
11. Song of the Pennies . . . . . Henry Foner
12. Join the Picketline Today . . . C. Anthony - J. Trembke
13. Keep that Line A-moving . . . . C. Anthony - J. Trembke
14. Get Thee Behind Me, Satan . . . . . Almanacs
15. Listen, Mr. Bilbo . . . . . Bob and Adrienne Claiborne
16. D. D. T. . . . . Lowenfels and Hays
17. They're Marching for You . . . . . Bernie Asbel
18. Mississippi Sweetheart . . . . . Hays and Lowenfels
19. That's for You . . . . . Larry Stewart
20. Picket Once and Picket Twice . . . . . Larry Stewart
25. UE version of Casey Jones . . . . . Hill and others
26. Poor Old C.E. Wilson . . . . . Dick Levin

PEOPLE'S SONGS, Inc.
130 WEST 42nd STREET
New York 18, N. Y.

Sec. 562, P.L. & R.

FIGHT TO SAVE OPA

PEOPLE'S SONGS

SPECIAL EDITION

Bulletin of People's Songs, Inc., organized to create, promote and distribute songs of labor and the American people.

Vol. 1, Supplement to No. 3 April-May 1946

SING TODAY— OR MOAN TOMORROW

This People's Songs Extra is emergency ammunition. It is front line materiel for the defense of O.P.A. We sing these songs loudly today or we moan the blues tomorrow.

The House of Representatives is the aggressor in the Battle of the O.P.A. The Senate is the last line of defense. We must turn this battle into a counterattack against prices already too high, against monopolies, and against the black market. In the next few days we win or lose.

Everywhere there are citizens committee meetings, rallies, union meetings. Let's make every one of these meetings a singing, shouting meeting! A song is worth a dozen speeches. If your congressman won't listen, stand under his window and sing at him!

You don't have to be a 'good' singer to sing these songs. If you believe what these songs say, just open up and let the truth roll out. Your voice is as good as the next fellow's, and maybe better. Get everybody in your union, church, lodge, school, family, saloon, singing with you.

Sing to save the O.P.A.!

33-MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Sing this to the tune of MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

They want to raise the rent on my old Kentucky home,
It's hard times and I cannot pay;
Only one way to save my old Kentucky home—
We've got to fight to save the O.P.A.
CHORUS: Write a note to Congress,
Yes, write a note today.
Write a note for a vote to save my old Kentucky home—
Write a note to save the O.P.A.

Words by Asbel

ROLL BACK THE PRICES

34

Roll back the prices,
Prices are gettin' too high.
Roll back the prices,
They're shootin' right up to the sky.
Don't want inflation,
Inflation's a heck of a note.
If Congress doesn't stop inflation,
They won't get my vote!

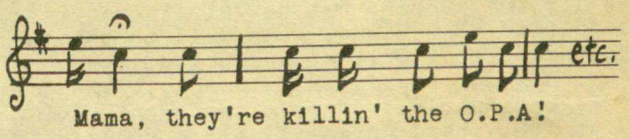
Words by Tom Glazer

For bundle orders of this People's Songs Bulletin extra apply to People's Songs, Inc., 130 West 42nd St., or telephone CH-4-6797.

OPA SHOUT

by Hy Zaret

You know the popular song "One Meat Ball"—"You get no bread with one meat ball", etc? The guy who wrote that song, Hy Zaret, saw that you might not even get the one meat ball, if Congress has its way with the O.P.A. So one day this week he rushed down to People's Songs, elbowed his way through forty-five people in the office, and began to shout!



Mama, they're killin' the O.P.A!

32 This will give you an idea of how to shout the rest of the song.

(1) Mama, they're killin' the OPA,
Mama, don't let 'em pass the bill,
Prices are plenty high today,
But if they kill the OPA
They're gonna be higher still.

(2) Mama, they're killin' the OPA,
Mama, don't let the bill go thru,
Milk'll rise, butter'll soar,
We won't eat no meat no more,
Then what're we gonna do?

(3) Mama, they're killin' the OPA,
Mama, do something right away,
Get in there and shout, hey,
Let's know you know what it's all about
Today, today, today, hey,
Mama, don't let 'em kill the OPA,
Don't let 'em kill the OPA,
Don't let 'em kill the OPA,
Don't let 'em kill the OPA,
Hey, mama, don't let 'em kill the OPA.

(4) Send a telegram today,
DON'T LET 'EM KILL THE OPA.
Write a letter right away,
DON'T LET 'EM KILL THE OPA.
Tell your Congressman today,
DON'T LET 'EM KILL THE OPA.

(Spoken, not shouted)
If they take away the ceiling on rent,
You may find yourself living in a tent.
Cigarettes were twelve dollars a carton in France,
It can happen here if you take a chance.
If they take away the ceiling on clothes,
We'll all be nudists!
(Repeat verses (1), (2), and (3).

After the storm subsided, the shattered glass swept up, and debris removed, Bob Claiborne and Peter Seeger dashed over to Moe Asch's Studio and recorded this shout, and it is being brayed from sound trucks all over New York City. You really do have to shout it at the top of your voice. Have it recorded in your community. Play it! Shout to save the O.P.A. Ma-ma!

(Copyright 1946 by Hy Zaret)

35 INFLATION TALKING BLUES

(Copyright 1946 by Tom Glazer)

by Tom Glazer

Everybody knows what a 'talking blues' is. You speak it rhythmically to the accompaniment of a guitar strum, piano, or no accompaniment at all. A chorus can chant it. You can speak it as a poem. You can improvise music to it as you go along. Just sing or speak it with a steady, even beat; and let the words be heard!

Friends and neighbors of the United States,
Come listen to a story that's sad to relate—
Takes place in a town where the hot air blows
Over the lobbies where the filibuster grows....
Hardy perennial...evergreen...stinkweed...

Now down in that town there's a feller workin' there,
He ain't a barber, but he gets in people's hair
Gets paid to squeeze, gets paid to twist.
They call this critter a lobbyist...
High pressure...all thumbs...fits any size buttonhole...'Course, he's only doing his job...hard worker...gets a bonus...from the Natl. Ass. of Mfrs...from the Natl.Ass. of Real Estate Boards...from the Natl. Ass. of dry goods merchants...big shots...

Well, this here feller, I'm sorry to say,
Is trying to kill the O.P.A.,
He's trying to kill the housing bill.
Other good things he's trying to kill...
He's a killer...but he's only doing his job...hard worker...gets a bonus...from the Natl. Ass. of Mfrs...Natl. Ass. of Real Estate Boards...from the Natl. Ass. of Dry Goods Merchants...big shots...

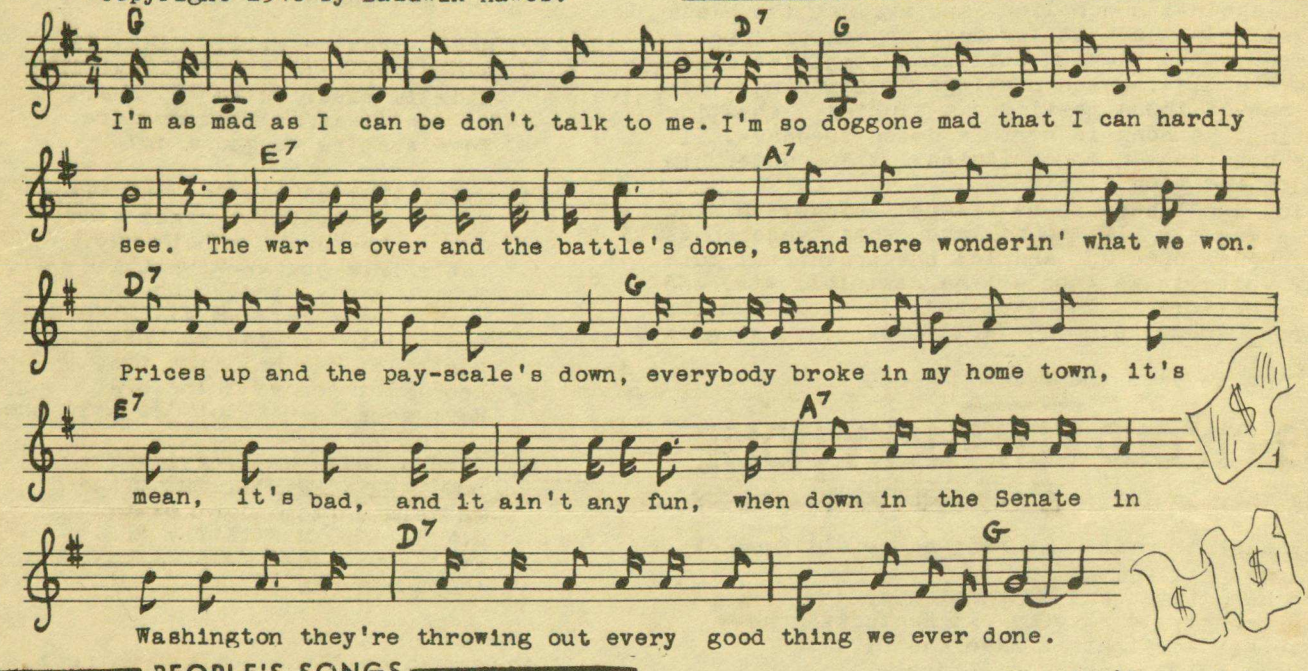
Friends and neighbors of the U.S.A.
Tell you what'll happen if they kill O.P.A.
Your beat up buck won't be worth a cent,
Prices'll fly to the firmament...
Sky high rent...sky high food...sky high everything...but the lobbyist is only doing his job...hard worker...gets a bonus...from the Natl. Ass. of Mfrs.(etc)

Now, if you don't want to spend 10 dollars a pound for steak,
And if you don't want to spend 50 dollars a pound for cake,
And if you don't want to spend 20 dollars a pound for greens,
200 for rent, Lord knows what for beans.

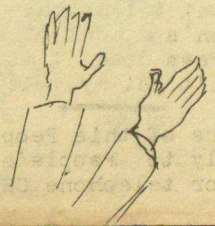
Write a card to your Congressman, now, today,
Tell him to save that O.P.A.
Tell him to fight just as hard as he's able
For the NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN PEOPLE!

36 MAD AS I CAN BE

Words and music by Baldwin Hawes.
Copyright 1946 by Baldwin Hawes.


G
D7
G
I'm as mad as I can be don't talk to me. I'm so doggone mad that I can hardly
E7
A7
see. The war is over and the battle's done, stand here wonderin' what we won.
D7
G
Prices up and the pay-scale's down, everybody broke in my home town, it's
E7
A7
mean, it's bad, and it ain't any fun, when down in the Senate in
D7
G
Washington they're throwing out every good thing we ever done.

(2) I'm as mad as I can be—don't speak to me.
I'm so doggone mad that I can hardly see.
Everybody's gotta have a job with pay,
And that's the problem till you're old and gray.
You can double-talk this and you can double-talk that,
But you can't get around that problem, Jack—
Honest pay for an honest chore,
And an honest dollar at the corner store.
That's the job I hired my Senator for.



PEOPLE'S SONGS

Vol. I, Supplement to No. 3 April-May 1946

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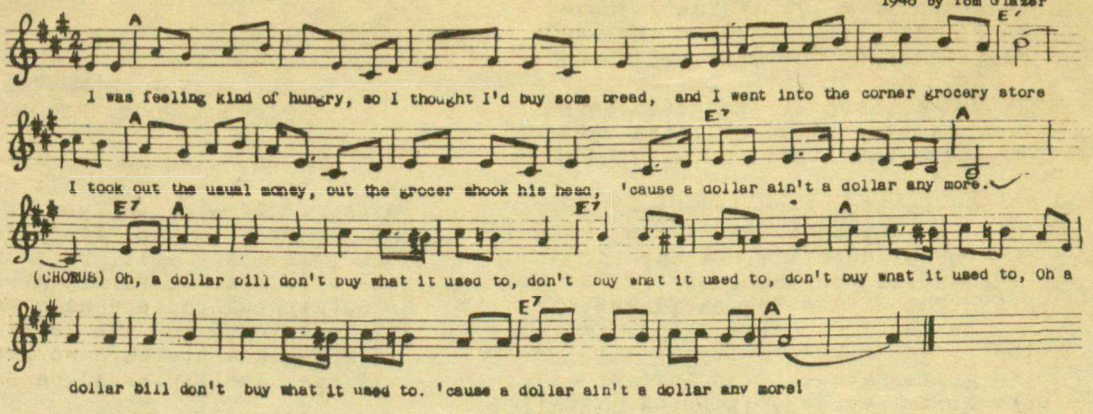
37 A DOLLAR AIN'T A DOLLAR!

Words by Tom Glazer
Tune adapted. Copyright
1946 by Tom Glazer


I was feeling kind of hungry, so I thought I'd buy some bread, and I went into the corner grocery store
I took out the usual money, but the grocer shook his head, 'cause a dollar ain't a dollar any more.
(CHORUS) Oh, a dollar bill don't buy what it used to, don't buy what it used to, don't buy what it used to, Oh a
dollar bill don't buy what it used to. 'cause a dollar ain't a dollar any more!

3. Now I live in a rooming house, my room is awful small,
As a matter of fact it's only two by four.
Then the landlord raised my rent and now I'm living in the wall
Cause a dollar ain't a dollar any more.

4. Here's a lesson in arithmetic: now one and one makes two,
And it is true that two and two makes four.
But when the prices get higher, why arithmetic's a liar,
Cause a dollar ain't a dollar any more.

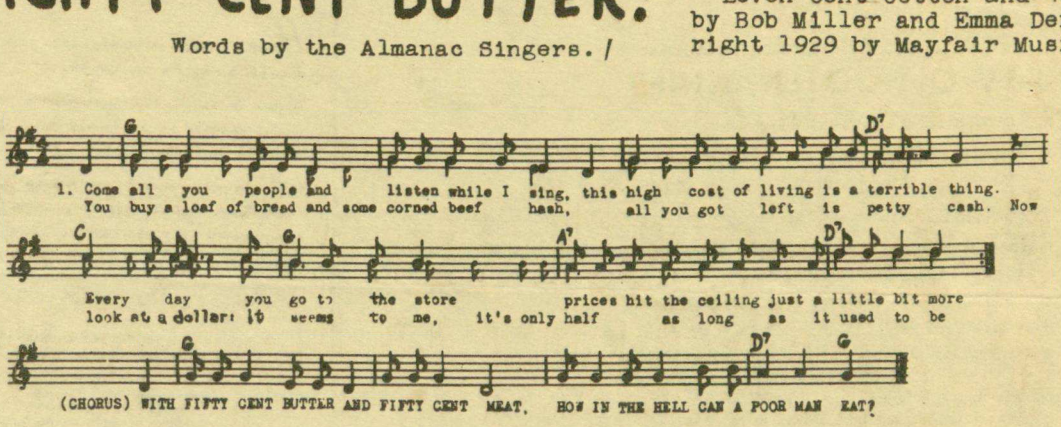
5. From the tree that grows in Brooklyn to the Gulf of Mexico,
From Florida out to the western shore,
We'll grab Congress by the collar—"Save the O.P.A.!" we'll holler,
Cause a dollar ain't a dollar any more.

6. If you want to learn a lesson; if you really want to know,
If you want to solve your problems by the score,
Fight your economic battles with the good old CIO,
Cause a dollar ain't a dollar any more.

38 EIGHTY CENT BUTTER!

Words by the Almanac Singers. /

The chorus of this song is a parody on "'Leven Cent Cotton and 40 Cent Meat," by Bob Miller and Emma Dermer. Copyright 1929 by Mayfair Music Corp.


1. Come all you people and listen while I sing, this high cost of living is a terrible thing.
You buy a loaf of bread and some corned beef hash, all you got left is petty cash. Now
Every day you go to the store prices hit the ceiling just a little bit more
look at a dollar: it seems to me, it's only half as long as it used to be
(CHORUS) WITH FIFTY CENT BUTTER AND FIFTY CENT MEAT, HOW IN THE HELL CAN A POOR MAN EAT?

2. Now, everyone'll tell you, I worked all my life
Supportin' three kids and a loving wife.
But I'm a-gonna tell you, I'm pretty darn sick;
There'd better be action and it better be quick.
My congressman spends his whole darn day
Trying to kill my O.P.A.
Gonna write my congressman something to remember
He'd better start thinking of next November.
With fifty cent butter and fifty cent meat,
How in the hell can a poor man eat?

3. When wintertime comes, there's hell to pay.
Coal's gone up the same old way.
Higher rent, kids to dress,
How I'm gonna do it is anybody's guess.
Even the bugs in the kitchen sink
Have gone on strike for more food and drink.
Well, I better get food, and clothes to boot
Or I'll starve to death in my birthday suit!
With fifty cent butter and fifty cent meat,
How in the hell can a poor man eat?

4. Now when you ask the cause of it all, they'll hand you a lie about six foot tall.
They'll cry and scream and tear their hair about the high cost of being a millionaire.
Take a full page ad in the Daily News to blame it on the strikers, the reds and the Jews.
Well I'm born in the bushes and raised in the woods,
But you can't sell me that bill of goods.
With fifty cent butter and fifty cent meat,
How in the hell can a poor man eat?

[Since the song was written the price of butter has risen and the song been changed!

39 GOTTA SAVE THE OPA

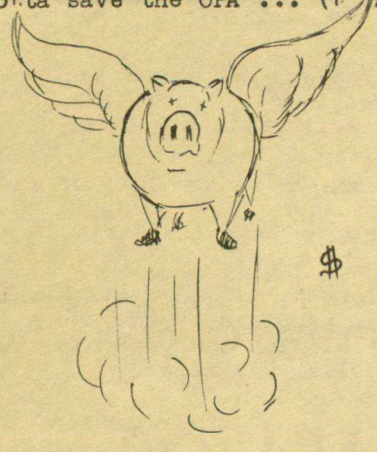
(To the tune of "Roll the Union On";
Music in People's Songs Bulletin,
Vol. I, No. 1, February 1946, p. 6)

We gotta save ... (we gotta save)
We gotta save ... (we gotta save)
We gotta save the OPA ... (Hey!)

We gotta save ... (we gotta save)
We gotta save ... (we gotta save)
We gotta save the OPA ... (O.K!)

Go tell your Congressman
High prices ain't no fun,
Low wages ain't no fun,
Go tell your Senator
Right on the Senate floor
We gotta save the OPA ... (Yay!)

We gotta save ... (no inflation!)
We gotta save ... (for the nation!)
We gotta save the OPA ... (Hooray!)
We gotta save ... (no inflation!)
We gotta save ... (it's ruination!)
We gotta save the OPA ... (t-ay!)



40 I'M A-GONNA STARVE

(To the same tune as "80 Cent Butter".
Copyright 1946 by People's Songs, Inc.)

When you go to work, you work like the devil.
End of the week, you ain't on the level.
Payday comes—you pay your rent;
End of the week, you ain't got a cent.
To buy fat-back meat, pinto beans,
Cook up a mess of turnip greens;
No use to bellyache when every day at noon
Kids get to cryin' in a different tune.
I'm a-gonna starve, and everybody will
If they don't wise up on Capitol Hill.

Patches on my britches, hole in my hat,
Ain't had a shave since my wife got fat.
No use to worry, we're all that way;
Can't get the money to move away.
25 dollars a week is all we get—
How in the hell can we live on that?
I got a wife and 14 kids,
All we got is two bedsteads.
I'm a-gonna starve, and everybody will
If they don't wise up on Capitol Hill.

PEOPLE'S SONGS, Inc., presents:

TWO HOOTENANNIES

THE PLACE: Town Hall, 113 West 43rd St.

THE DATES: "Union Hootenanny" — Thursday, May 9th
"Freedom Hootenanny" — Thursday, May 16th

THE TIME: 8:15 P. M.

THE STARS: Josh White, Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, Sonny Terry, Browny McGhee, Betty Sanders, Eleanor Young, Frank Warner and many others.

1500 tickets for each "Hoot" at $.85, 1.20, 1.50, 1.80
(20% reduction for members of People's Songs, Inc., available at the office only)

Tickets available at: People's Songs, Inc., 130 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
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Mail Orders Accepted

PEOPLES SONGS, INC.
130 West 42 St. • New York 18, N. Y.

Sec. 562,
P.L. & R.

PEOPLES SONGS has been formed to create, promote and distribute songs of labor and the American people.

Through the monthly Bulletin, members in every state in the union receive the newest songs, learn new ways of using music, and keep in touch with one another.

Other privileges enjoyed by members are: access to the Archive of Peoples Songs: discounts on specially published and recorded material; help in preparing programs, compiling songbooks, and placing original songs.

WE INVITE YOU TO JOIN US

- **Dues for Active Members:** $5 per year
- **Sustaining Memberships:** $25 or over
- **Group Memberships:** 10 or more members of a chorus, dramatic, union, fraternal or other group may become members at $1 per person. State name of person to receive all copies of the Bulletin.

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PEOPLES SONGS, Inc.
130 West 42nd Street
New York 18, N. Y.

Date.....

I would like to become a member of Peoples Songs. I enclose:

$_____ for one Sustaining Membership ($25 or more)

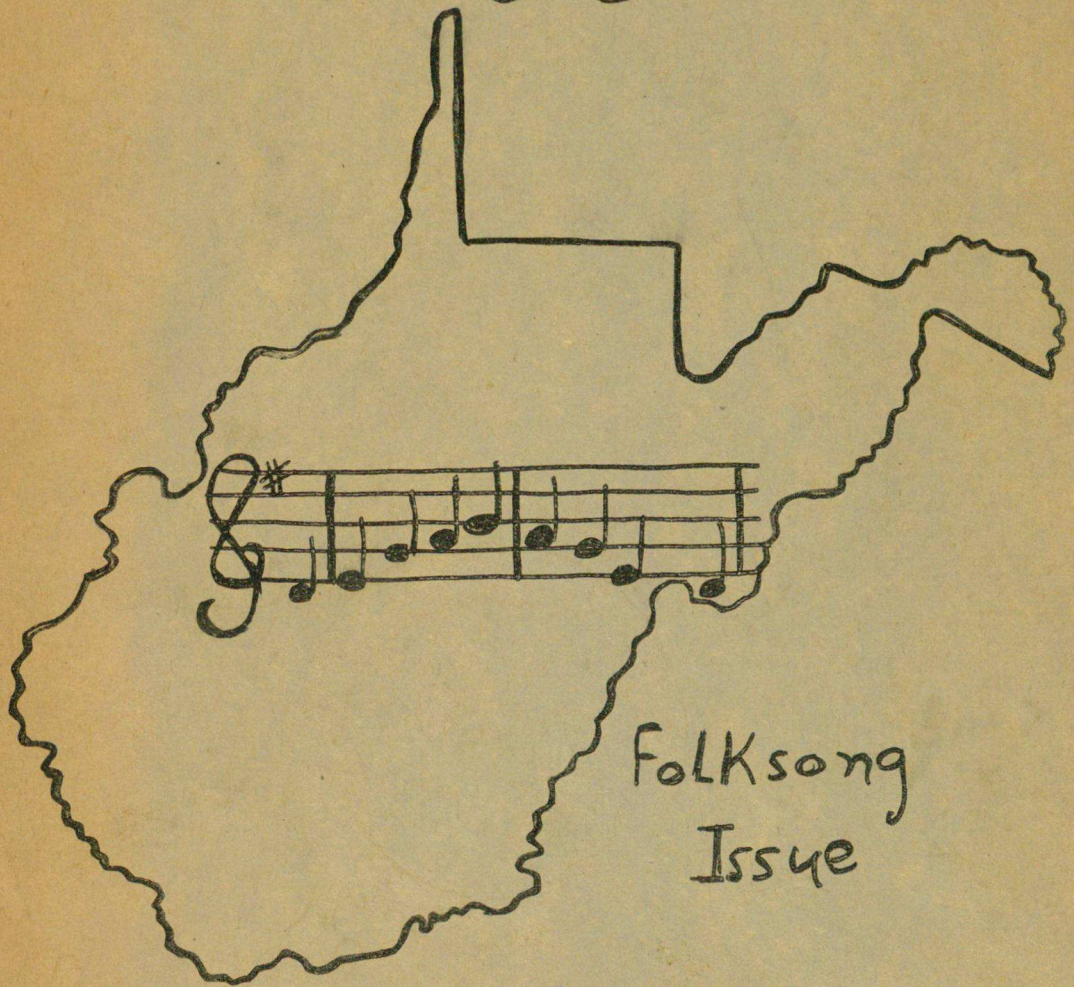
$_____ for _____ Active Memberships ($5 per person)

$_____ for _____ Group Memberships ($1 per person for 10 or more members of a group)

NAME (Please Print)_____

ADDRESS_____

WEST VIRGINIA FOLKLORE



WINTER, 1961 Vol. XI No2

Vol. XI, No. 2

WEST VIRGINIA FOLKLORE

Issued quarterly to members of the West Virginia Folklore Society, or 35¢ a copy. Membership dues per year, $1.00.

Editor: Ruth Ann Musick

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(and until further notice)

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II. Songs Sent in by Mrs. G.G. Tawney

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A. Some Remarks About the old "Copybook" Collections

I am always eager to examine so-called "copybook collections" or collections set down by someone at an earlier date -- and probably the earlier the date, the more interesting the collection. If one could find such a notebook collection of such songs sung during the days of the Revolutionary War -- or even the Civil War -- that might be extremely interesting.

I have examined a number of such collections, the four longest of which were: (1)"The Old Album of William A. Larkin", (JAFL LX, No. 237, pp. 202-252) (2) "Skeletons of a Homespunner's Closet" set down by John S. Williams in 1929, from his memories of his childhood, after he had retired as a school teacher, (3) Songs set down by William Ammons in 1909, (I believe) and (4) Songs set down by Lynn Welch's mother (then Miss Pearl Freeland) in 1910.

I will list the titles of the forty-eight songs included (when there <u>are</u> titles) and then give a number of samples of the songs. Many of these were undoubtedly popular songs of the times (or the time of her parents) but a few of them are much older. I have copied down titles and texts, as they were written in the notebooks, I believe.

B. List of Titles of the Songs Include:

(a) Contents of the first (larger, thicker) notebook:

1. The Little Gypsy girl
2. Birdies ball
3. The drunkards lone child
4. The jealous girl
5. Brother Green (Civil War)
6. Nelly Gray
7. Charles Guiteau
8. The Lone prairie
9. The Trunnle bed Song
10. If one won't some other will
11. Just as the Sun Went Down
12. Little Rosewood Casket
13. Jim and Me

14. In a dear old villiage churchyard
15. Uncle Ned
16. Texas Ranger
17. On the Banks of the Old Tennessee
18. Single Life
19. You'll never miss your Mother till she's gone
20. Riding in a sleigh
21. Neath the Old Elm Tree
22. Love Letter Long
23. Your Mother Still Prays for you Jack
24. Common Bill
25. The Pretty Mohea
26. The Darling Black Mustache
27. (no title) "The rich man slept in his velvet couch"
28. The Chewing gum girl
29. The happy girl
30. Dying from home and lost
31. I am dying for someone to love me
32. Pearl Brion
33. The Brown Girl (Lord Thomas and Fair Annet, Child, #73)
34. Redwing

(b) Contents of Second (smaller) Notebook

1. Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party
2. Gaining Knowledge
3. The Johnstown Flood
4. Riding in a sleigh
5. Single Life
6. Village Churchyard
7. Young Charlotty
8. (no title) "Just tell them that you saw me"
9. The Wedding Bells
10. Denied a home
11. Dying from home and lost
12. The baggage coach ahead
13. You'll never miss your mother till she's gone
14. It rained a mist (Sir Hugh or The Jew's Daughter, Child, #155)

C. Some Sample Songs from Two Notebook Collections

a. Young Charlotty

1. Young Charlotty lived by the mountain side
In a wild and lonely spot
No dwelling there for three miles rouhd
Except her father's cot.

2. Her father loved to see her dressed
As gay as a city belle
For she was the only child he had
And he loved his daughter well.

3. It was many a cold and wintry night
Young swain were gathered there. Her father kept
a social abode, For she was very fair.

4. It was on a stormy New Year's eve, Yet restless became
her eye, When she to the frozen windows went
To see the sleighs go by.

5. Yet restless beamed her weary eye, When his well
known voice she heard, Come driving up to the
cottage gate Young Charley's sleigh appeared.

6. There is a merry ball tonight, within fifteen miles
away, The air is freezing cold as death,
Yet her heart is light and gay.

7. Charlotty dear her mother cried, this blanket around
you fold, This is a dreadful night abroad
You'll catch your death of cold.

8. Oh! no Oh! no Charlotty said For she felt like a
Gypsy queen, To ride in a blanket all muffled up
I never can be seen.

9. My silken shawl is enough for me, You know it's
lined throughout, Besides I have my silken cloak
To tie my neck about.

10. Her bonnet and her cloak were on, She
stepped into the sleigh, Then away they rode
by the mountain side, And its o'er the hills away.

11. This is a dreadful night says Charles, These horses

I can scarcely hold, When Charlotty said in a feeble tone, I am exceeding cold.

12. He cracked his whip he urged his steed
Much faster than before, Until five of those weary miles
In silence they'd pressed o'er.

13. How fast says Charles the snow and ice
Is freezing on my brow, When Charlotty said in a sweet clear voice, I'm growing warmer now.

14. Then away they rode by the mountain side
And through the cold star light, Until they to the cottage hall, They both appeared in sight.

15. He drove up to the door jumped out, He asked her for her hand, He asked her for her hand once more
But still she did not stir.

16. He took her hand and Oh! my God
It was cold and hard as a stone
He threw the mantle from off her brow, When on it the light then shone.

17. Then back into the lighted hall, Her lifeless corpse he bore, Charlotty was a frozen girl, She never spoke no more.

18. It was there he knelt down by her side,
Whilst the bitter tears did flow. Says he my young and charming bride, You never more shall know.

19. He twined his arms around her waist, and kissed her marble brow And his thoughts run back to when she said, I'm growing warmer now.

b. It Rained A Mist (Child, #155)

1. It rained a mist, it rained a mist,
It rained all over the town
And all the boys were in our town
Went out to toss their balls, balls, balls,
Went out to toss their balls.

2. At first they tossed the ball too low
And then again too high
Till over into the Jew's garden it fell,
Where no one would dare to go, go, go,
Where no one would dare to go.

3. Out came the Jew's daughter all dressed, all dressed
In rich and gayety.
Come in, come in, my little lad,
You shall have your ball again, gain, gain,
You shall have your ball again.

4. Oh! I won't come in, nor I shan't come in,
Unless my playmates do,
For I've heard it said, whoever goes in
Shall never come out again, again,
Shall never come out again.

5. At first she showed him a mellow apple,
And then a gay gold ring
And then a cherry as red as blood,
To entice this little boy in, in, in,
To entice this little boy in.

6. She penned him in the cellar beneath,
Where no one would dare to go,
Then called for a basin as bright as gold
To catch his heart's blood in, in, in,
To catch his heart's blood in.

7. Pray lay the Bible at my head,
My prayer book at my feet,
And if my playmates inquire for me,
Just tell 'em that I'm asleep, sleep, sleep,
Just tell 'em that I'm asleep.

c. Texas Ranger *

1. Come all you jolly rangers bound on this overland
I'll tell to you a hard-ship that you may understand
To leave the friends and home you love to meet those lonely plains
Where the Indian crew will leave you and never return again.

* See Vance Randolph, Ozark Folksongs, II, pp. 169-173)

2. I leave my friends and home with many a bitter tear
My parent's voice did tremble Child oh. Child I fear,
May God protect and guide you and never leave you alone
But send this peaceful Ranger back to his Native home.

3. It was at the age of sixteen I joined the jolly band.
We marched from Saritoga down unto the Rio Grand,
Our captain he informed us I suppose he thought it right,
Before you reach next station brave boys you'll have to fight.

4. We saw the Indians a-coming we heard them give a yell
My feeling at that moment no human tongue can tell
We saw their glittering lances, their arrows around us frail
My heart did sink within me, my courage almost failed.

5. We fought for long hours at length the strife was o'er.
The like of dead and wounded was never saw before
Five hundred brave young soldiers as ever saw the west,
Left mourning they lie bleeding With the death wound on their breast.

6. There was a fair maiden grew closely by my side
She promised me faithfully that she would be my bride
I wiped away her falling tears that dimed her dark blue eyes,
My heart is ever true to her, My love will never die.

7. I thought of my dear parents when unto me they said
If you are not built for roaming at home you had better stay,
I thought them old and foolish But the best I did not know.
My mind was built on roaming and roaming I did go.

8. I have tried the fruits of roaming I know their trials well,
I have traveled o'er Rock Mountains where many a true heart fell,
I have traveled through distant Countries Where the Indian crew was wild,
I will never forge(t) the home I left and parents lovely smile.

9. Perhaps you have a father likewise a mother too
Perhaps you have a sweetheart to weep and mourn for you.
And if this be your condition Although you love to roam,
I advise you by experience you had better stay at home.

d. Single Life

Chorus: Single life is a happy life single life is lovely
I am single and no man's wife and no man can control me.

1. Some folks say there's nice young men, I don't know where you find them, I have searched this wide world o'er if there's any I can't find them

2. Some will court you for a while court you to deceive you, Till they win your affections smile
And then they'll turn and leave you.

3. Some will go on Saturday nights some will stay till Sunday, And if you give them a chance to talk
They don't go home till Monday.

4. The Boys would stay till broad daylight, if the Girls would leave them Then they would turn and say good night And go away a-laughing.

5. I would not marry a flirting fop
I would not marry a dandy
But give to me the sweet single life
And I can live quite handy.

e. I'm Dying for Someone to Love Me *

1. For seven long years I've been married
I wished I had died an old maid
For I haven't seen nothing but trouble
My husband won't work at his trade.

Chorus: I'm dying for someone to love me
For someone to call me their own
Someone to stay with me always
I'm tired of living alone.

* This seems to be a mixture of some kind. The chorus and last stanza are similar to "The Prisoner's Song".

2. I have to get up in the morning
And work and toil all day
And then come home and get supper
And put the dear children to bed.

3. He promised me when we were married
That I should go gallant and gay
And every night in the weektime
I should go gallant and gay.

4. It's go to the ale house and find him
And bring him home if I can
Dear girls you will never see trouble
Until you are tied to a man.

5. I wish I had wings like an angel
Or even wings like a dove
I'd spread them over the ocean
And rest in the arms of my love.

f. The Darling Black Mustache

1. Oh girls I had a charming beau
I loved him dear as life,
And I surely thought the time would come
That I would be his wife.
His pockets they were filled with gold
And oh he cut a dash
With a diamond ring gold watch and chain
And a handsome black mustache.

Chorus: Oh that little black mustache,
That little black mustache,
And every time I think of him
My heart beats quick as flash;
That darling black mustache,
That darling black mustache,
Oh girls you must know I've lost my beau
With that darling black mustache,

2. He came to see me Sunday night
He stayed till almost three
He said he never loved a girl
As dear as he loved me.

He said we'd live in the grandest style
For he had lots of cash
And then he pressed upon my lips
That darling black mustache.

3. So then there came a sour old maid
She hung her weight in gold
She had false teeth and wore false hair
She was forty-five years old
He carelessly deserted me
For that old maid's cash
So girls you must know
I've lost my beau
With the darling black mustache.

4. And now they live in yonder mansion
Just across the street
She married him for his black mustache
He married her for her gold
So girls remember my sad fate
And never be too rash
But let alone those stylish chaps
That wear the black mustache.

II. Songs Sent in by Mrs. G.G. Tawney of Looneyville, W. Va.

A. Songs Contributed by Mrs. C.C. Canterbury

a. The Battleship, the Maine

1. Many homes are filled with sorrow and with sadness,
Many heart are filled with anguish and with pain,
And the nation is now draped in deepest mourning
For the heroes of the battleship, The Maine.

2. They were thinking of their mothers, wives and sweet-
hearts;
They were dreaming of their loved ones left at home;
And perhaps some lad had left the old folks grieving;
Thus were writing them from far acress the foam.

3. Just then there came a loud and terrible explosion;

Like a stone she sank down in the bay,
And two hundred fifty noble hearted sailors
Perished on the shores of Havana, far away.

4. Some are sleeping beneath the waters of the harbor;
Some repose beneath the mounds of Spanish clay;
And their spirits seem to cry aloud for vengeance
On the shores of Havana, far away.

b. The Lone Prairie

1. "Oh bury me not on the lone prairie ---"
Those words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day.

2. He had wasted and pined 'til o'er his brow
Death's shadows were slowly gathering, now.
He thought of his home and his friends so nigh
As the cowboys gathered to see him die.

3. "Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the wild kangaroo can howl o'er me,
Where the buffalo roams and the wind sports free;
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie."

4. "I want to be laid where a mother's prayers
And a sister's tears can mingle there,
Where friends may come and weep o'er me;
Oh bury me not on the lone prairie."

5. Again they listened to the well known words,
To the wind's soft sigh and the sound of birds.
He thought of his home in the cottonwood bower,
The same he had loved in his childhood hour.

6. "Oh, bury me not ---" and his voice failed there,
But they heeded not his dying prayer.
In a narrow grave just six by three,
They buried him there on the lone prairie.

7. Where the dewdrops fall and the butterflies rest,
And the wildflowers bloom on the prairie's crest,

Where the buffalo roams and the wind sports free,
We buried our boy on the lone prairie.

c. These Boys Around Here (Tune similar to "The Irish Washerwoman")

These boys around here, they think themselves men;
You can't say a word but they'll tell it again;
They'll add more to it, they will if they can;
There's many a boy set out for a man.

Chorus: And O dear, but they think they are some!
And O dear, but they think they are some!

They'll mount the best horse their father has got;
They'll sometimes gallop and sometimes trot;
They'll whip and they'll spur, and if that won't do,
They'll have a gold watch and a duster, too.

With a few rusty coppers in their pockets for chink,
Away they'll go to see the fair pink;
.....
.....

****

These girls around here, before they're half grown,
Will cling to a man's arm like a dog to a bone;
They'll primp.....
.....

These crooked-backed girls and withered old maids
Put on their fine dresses and have their parades;
They'll go to the glass, comb back their hair,
And wonder why those boys ain't there.

d. After My Ship Comes In

Now, Jack, who was a sailor aboard of a whaler
That soon was to sail o'er the sea
Had just got an order to go right aboard her
When a friend said, "Jack, listen to me:
It may appear funny, but I want that money,
That money you borrowed last May.

Now do not delay it, for, Jack, you must pay it."
Jack sang as he sailed away:

First Chorus:
You'll have to wait till my ship comes in,
Ship comes in, ship comes in,
For when I return I'll have money to burn,
After my ship comes in!"

Now, Jack's ship was whaling; a gale began galing,
And frightfully damaged the craft.
Old Captain O'Conner said, "Boys, she's a goner,"
And all hands escaped on a raft.
When back home they landed, just like a troop stranded
The same old friend stepped from the crowd.
He said, "Jack, come show me. Now pay what you owe me,"
Jack smiled as he hollered out loud:

Second Chorus:
You'll have to wait till my ship comes in,
Ship comes in, ship comes in,
For that's the time you'll get your tin --
After my ship comes in."

e. The Man Behind the Plow

Oh, I'm not so much at singing as your high-faluting chaps;
My voice is rather husky and a little harsh perhaps,
For I have been out plowing with a lazy team, you see,
And it's kept me pretty busy with my "Get up," "Whoa", "Haw",
and "Gee".

But if you'll pay attention, I have a word to say
About a great mistake you make, you do it every day.
In dealing out your praises, I want to tell you how
Too often you forget the man behind the plow.

You talk of all your learned men of wit and wisdom rare;
Your painters and your poets, they get praises everywhere.

They're well enough to make a show, but will you tell me how
The world would ever do without the man behind the plow?

Oh, 'tis nice to go to college; 'tis nice to read and write;
'Tis nicer still to dress up fine and sport about at night;
But 'twill never fill the stomach of a downright hungry man.
The work of the staid, old farmer is the only thing that can.

Then boys, don't be too anxious to leave the good old farm;
Your father's strength is failing and he'll need your youthful arm;
And if you're true and honest, at your feet the world will bow,
For the greatest of the great men is the man behind the plow.

f. Twenty Years Ago

How wondrous are the changes since twenty years ago
When the girls wore woolen dresses and the boys wore pants of tow,
And girls took music lessons upon the spinning wheel,
And practiced late and early on spindle, swift and reel.
A boy would ride a horse to mill, a dozen miles or so,
And hurry off before it was day, some twenty years ago.

Chorus: Just twenty years ago, just twenty years ago,
The men and the boys, the girls and the toys,
The work and the play, the night and the day,
Have all turned 'round since twenty years ago.

Ah, well do I remember that Wilson patented stove
That father bought and paid for with cloth the girls had wove,
And how the neighbors wondered when we got the thing to go,
And said, 'twould burst and kill us all -- just twenty years ago!

g. Poor Little Joe

While strolling one night through New York's gay throng
I met a poor boy; he was singing a song;
And though he was singing, he wanted for bread,
And though he was smiling, he wished himself dead.

Chorus:

Cold blew the blast and down came the snow;
He'd no home to shelter him, no place to go;
No mother to guide him, in the grave she lies low;
Cast out in the cold street was poor little Joe.

A carriage passed by with a lady inside
Who looked on Joe's face and saw that he cried;
He followed the carriage; she not even smiled,
But fondly caressed her own darling child.

I looked on this waif and thought it was odd;
Was this poor, ragged urchin forgotten by God?
As I saw by the lamplight that shown on the snow,
The pale, deadly features of poor little Joe.

The lights had gone out and the clock had struck one;
Along came a policeman whose duty was done.
You could tell from the sound of his dull, heavy tread;
You'd think he was sinking the graves of the dead.

"Oh, what is this!" the policeman, he cried.
'Twas poor little Joe. On the ground he had died.
With his face turned to heaven, all covered with snow;
Died on the cold street, had poor little Joe.

h. The Winds That Blow 'Cross the Wild Moor

'Twas on one cold winter night
As the winds blew 'cross the wild moor
That Mary came wandering home with her babe,
Till she came to her own father's door.

"Oh, Father, dear Father," she cried,
"Come down and open the door,

Or the child in my arms will perish and die
By the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor!"

But the old man was deaf to her cry;
Not a sound of her voice reached his ear;
But the watchdog did howl and the village bell tolled,
And the wind blew across the wild moor.

Oh how must the old man have felt
When he came to the door in the morn!
Poor Mary was dead, but the child was alive,
Closely pressed in its dead mother's arms.

Half frantic, he tore his gray hair,
While the tears down his cheeks they did pour,
Saying, "This cold winter night she has perished and died
By the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor."

B. Other Contributor's Songs

a. Billy Verero * (Contributed by Mrs. Maude McCune of Triplett Rt., Spencer)

In Arizona town one day, Billy Venero heard them say
That a band of Apache Indians were upon the trail of death.
Heard them tell of the murderin' done; three men killed at Rocky Run;
They're in danger at the cow ranch," said Venero under his breath.

Cow ranch, forty miles away, was a little place that lay
In a deep and shady valley in the mighty wilderness.
Half a score of homes were there, and in one a maiden fair
Held the heart of Billy Venero, Billy Venero's little Bess.

.....

Loud and clear, a rifle shot woke the echo of the spot.
"I am wounded!" cried Venero as he swayed from side to side.

* See Vance Randolph, Ozark Folksongs, II, pp. 222-227. Evidently, as pointed out by Prof. Edwin Ford Piper, "Bill Vanero" is from "The Ride of Paul Venarez", (a poem) by E.E. Rexford.

"I will save her yet!" he cried. "Bessie Lee shall know I tried!"
And for her sake hid in the shadow of the hill.

From a limb a twig he broke, and he dipped his pen of oak
In the warm blood that was spurting from the wound above his heart.
Fast he wrote before too late, "'Pache warriors lie in wait.
Goodbye, Bess. God bless you, darling." And he felt the cold tears start.

Then he offered up a prayer that went winging through the air.
Tied himself into the saddle, and he gave his horse the rein.
Just at dusk a horse of brown, wet with sweat, came panting down
The path unto the cow ranch and it stopped at Bessie's gate.

But the cowboy was asleep, and his slumbers were so deep
Little Bess could never wake him if she tried for evermore.
You have heard the story told by the young and by the old
.....
.....

b. The Shanty Boy * (The Jam on Gerry's Rock)

(Contributed by Mrs. Opal Buchanan of Otto Rt., Spencer)

Come all of you bold shanty boys and list while I relate
Concerning a young river man and his untimely fate;
Concerning a young river man, so manly, true and brave.
It was on the jam of Garion Rock he met his watery grave.

It was on one Sunday morning, as you will quickly hear;
The logs were piled up mountain-high; we could not keep them clear;
When the foreman said, "Turn out, brave lads, with hearts devoid of fear.
We'll break the jam at Garion Rock and for Eagerson Town we'll steer!"

* See John Harrington Cox, Folksongs of the South, 1925, pp. 236-238.

Now some of them were willing while others, they were not,
For to work on jams on Sunday, they did not think they ought;
But six of our Canadian boys did volunteer to go
To break the jam at Garion Rock with their foreman, young Monroe.

They had not rolled off many a log till they heard his clear voice say,
"I'd have you boys be on your guard for the jam may soon give way."
These words were scarcely spoken till the mass did break and go,
And carried off those six brave youths and their foreman, young Monroe.

They took him from his watery grave, brushed back his raven hair;
There was one from among them whose sad cries filled the air;
There was one fair form among them, a maid from Saginal Town, (Saginaw)
Whose mourns and sighs rose to the skies for her true love who'd gone down.

Fair Clarie was a noble girl, the river man's true friend,
She with her mother dear lived at the river's bend.
The wages of her own true love the boss to her did pay,
And the shanty boys for her made up a generous purse next day.

They buried him with sorrow deep, 'twas on the first of May,
Come all of you bold shanty boys and for your comrade pray.
Engraved upon the hemlock tree that by the grave did grow
Was the name and the date of the sad, sad fate of the shanty boy, Monroe.

Come all of you bold shanty boys, I'd have you call and see
Those green mounds by the river bank where grows the hemlock tree.

The shanty boys cleared off the woods while the lovers they lie low;
'Twas the handsome Clarie Vernon and her true love, Jack Monroe.

c. Logan County Jail (See Cox, Folksongs pp. 212-214)

(Contributed by Mrs. Scott Nichols of Looneyville)

Oh, when I was a little boy I worked in Market Square;
I used to pocket money; I didn't do it fair;
Oh, when I rowed out on the lakes I learned to rob and steal,
And when I made a big haul, how happy I would feel!

I used to wear a white hat, my horse and buggy fine;
I used to court a pretty little girl, I always called her mine.
I courted her for beauty, her love for me was great,
And when I'd go to see her she'd meet me at the gate.

Last night when I was sleeping I dreamed a mighty dream
I dreamed I was a merchant down on the gold(en) stream.
I woke up broken hearted in the Logan County jail,
Not a friend around me, not one to go my bail.

d. Song of the Counties (Contributed by Mrs. Dove Stone of Looneyville)

First Ohio, Brooke and Hancock
With old Marshall, here we see;
In a group they stand together
Just as snug as they can be;
Making our great panhandle,
And gay Wheeling here we see.

Then comes Wetzel, Tyler, Pleasants
With old Wood and Jackson, too.
Hie to Mason, on to Cabell,
Then great Wayne is brought to view;
On to fair Ohio River,
All the counties are found.

Lincoln, Logan, Mingo, Boone, Wyoming
And McDowell next we spy,

With great Raleigh and old Mercer
In the southwest they lie;
South of the great Kanawha,
In the mountains they lie.

Pochahontas and Greenbriar,
With young Summers and Monroe
Pendleton and Grant and Hardy
Mineral and Hampshire, too;
On the southeastern border
In the mountains they lie.

Berkley, Jefferson, and Morgan,
A panhandle next we spy
In the east on the Potomac,
These three counties quiet lie,
Making our eastern panhandle
In the east it does lie.

Monongalia, Preston, Tucker,
Marion and Taylor, too;
Doddridge, Harrison and Barbour,
Are the next we bring to view;
Counties north of the center,
And prosperous counties, too.

Ritchie, Lewis, Upshur, Randolph,
Wirt, Calhoun, and Gilmer spy
Braxton, Roane, and Clay and Webster,
And old Nicholas close by;
These are our midland counties,
For in midland they lie.

Fayette, Putnam and Kanawha,
In a valley rich and great,
Ends there the song of every county
In our fair and thriving state,
Making fifty-five counties
In our fair and thriving state.

* Mrs. Tawney writes: "Probably you have this. All elderly people learned it in school, and many still remember it."

PEOPLE'S SONGS

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people's SONGS inc.

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To all members

The following statement was released by the National Board of Directors of People's Songs after a special board meeting held in New York City on March 11, 1949:

THIS was to have been a gala Third Anniversary issue of the People's Songs Bulletin, full of songs, articles, advertising, and big plans for the future. As it is, these plans have been filed away, and Volume 4, Number 1 is the final issue. The national office has been forced to close its doors for lack of funds.

The staff has been instructed to meet all outstanding financial obligations to the best of their ability and to take legal steps necessary to end the functioning of the national organization.

People's Songs was started on a shoe-string, and it was a miracle that so much was accomplished on so little. But, while many members made loans and gifts and staff members went for weeks without salary, sooner or later printers and other commercial concerns had to be paid.

In its three years existence as a national organization, People's Songs filled a great need, and filled it well. The 33 issues of this Bulletin with its 319 songs went to thousands of singers across the country. The People's Songbook has already been read and used by hundreds of thousands around the world. Millions heard people's songsters during election campaigns and fights for social legislation. Unions, civic and fraternal organizations, people's groups of every kind have heard songs related to their particular struggle. And a dozen or so branches were organized from coast to coast and in Canada where composers and singers disseminated "songs of labor and the American people" through workshops, booking services and the famed Hootenannies.

Obviously, the work begun by People's Songs will continue, for, more than ever, America needs the singers, musicians, and composers who have said that they know which side they are on. We suggest that people's songsters in every city get together immediately to discuss the singing and song writing activities in their own communities, and to evaluate their own work in the light of this resolution. The American people, along with the people of the rest of the world, have a fight on their hands for peace, democracy and security, and the members of People's Songs, we know, will be in the thick of this fight.

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People's Songs, Inc

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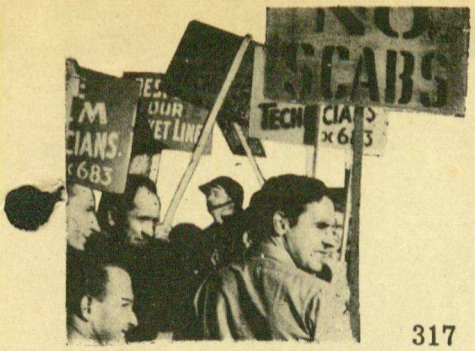


317

SWINGIN' ON A SCAB

(From the Los Angeles picket lines)

A scab is an animal that walks on his knees
He sniffs every time the bosses sneeze
His back is brawny but his brain is weak
He's just plain stupid with a yellow streak
But if you don't care whose back it is you stab
Go right ahead and be a scab

(Cho):
Are you gonna stick on the line
Till we force the bosses to sign
This is your fight brother, and mine
—Or would you rather be a fink?

A fink is an animal that smells like a skunk
He's two brackets lower than a punk
He makes his living out of breaking strikes
Cause busting unions is a job he likes
But if you get so you kinda like the stink
Go right ahead and be a fink!

(Cho) —Or would you rather be a stool

A stool is an animal with long hairy ears
He runs back with everything he hears
He's no bargain though he can be bought
And though he's slippery he still gets caught
But if your brain's like the rear end of a mule
Go right ahead and be a stool!

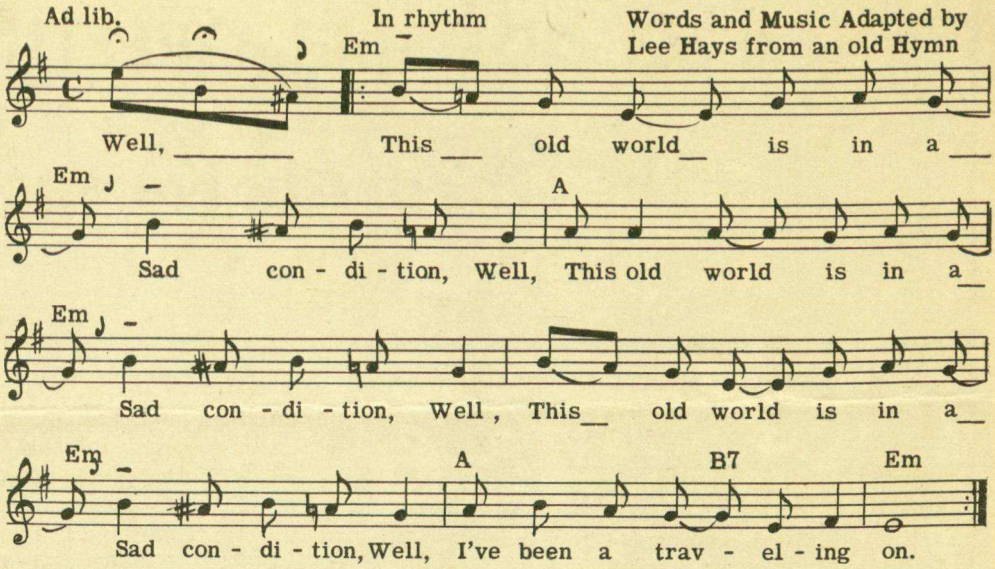
(Cho) —Or would you rather be a goon

A goon is an animal that's terribly shy
He can't stand to look you in the eye
He rides to work on the cops' coat-tails
And wears brass knuckles to protect his nails
But if your head is like the hole in a spitoon
Go right ahead and be a goon!

(Final Chorus):

You don't have to lead with your chin
You can pick your side and pitch in
Cause the union's going to win. . .
Until the day the bosses sign—
We're gonna stick right on the line!

318 This Old World

. . . is a fitting song to feature in the very last issue of the People's Songs Bulletin. It sounds best when sung in harmony by a group. Succeeding verses are never sung exactly like the first. Let it out free, with heavy syncopation.

Ad lib.
In rhythm
Em
Words and Music Adapted by
Lee Hays from an old Hymn
Well, This old world is in a
Em
A
Sad con - di - tion, Well, This old world is in a
Em
Sad con - di - tion, Well, This old world is in a
Em
A
B7
Em
Sad con - di - tion, Well, I've been a trav - el - ing on.

Well, I've traveled with the rich and then I've
Traveled poor

Well, I've traveled in the mountain traveled
Down in the valley

Well, I've traveled cold and then I've
Traveled hungry

Gonna keep right on a-traveling on the
Road to freedom

One of these days I'm gonna
Stop all my traveling

JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YOU 319

The famous melody, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" was once a drinking song called "Johnny, Fill Up The Bowl." In its native Ireland it underwent many topical parodies. One of the most piercing and poignant of these is "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye," which dates from the 18th Century when Ireland's youth was drafted wholesale to fight England's wars throughout the globe. It was recently rediscovered by Betty Sanders who has made a beautiful recording of it, available through Alco Distributors, 167 W. 69 St., N.Y.C. When you sing it, take it easy, and mean every word you sing.

With your drums and guns and guns and drums, huroo, huroo
With your drums and guns and guns and drums, huroo, huroo
With your drums and guns and guns and drums
The enemy nearly slew you
Darlin' dear, you look so queer—Johnny, I hardly knew you

Where are your eyes that were so mild? huroo, huroo (Repeat)
When my heart you so beguiled
Why did you run from me and the child—Johnny, I hardly knew you

Where are your legs that used to run? huroo, huroo
When you went for to carry a gun
I fear your dancin' days are done—Johnny, I hardly knew you

I'm happy for to see you home, huroo, huroo
Oh my darlin' so pale and wan
So low in flesh so high in bone—Johnny, I hardly knew you

THE NAMES of our friends who took ADS and GREETINGS in the Third Anniversary issue

Argosy Music Corporation, New York
Arrowhead Lodge, Ellenville, N. Y.
Bondy Distributors, Inc., 220 W. 42, N. Y.
Boni and Gaer, New York
Berliners Music Shop, 154 - 4 Ave, N. Y.
Byron Jewelry, 179 W. 4, N. Y.
Camp Woodland, New York
Charter Records
Circle Records, 13 E. 3, N. Y.
Folkraft Records, 7 Oliver St., Newark, N.J.
Gensup Stationery Co., 41 E. 14, N. Y.
Guitar Review, 409 E. 50, N. Y.
Arthur King Jewelry, 184 W. 4, N. Y.
New Dance Group Studio, 9 E. 59, N. Y.
Prompt Press, 113 - 4 Ave, N. Y.
Passantino Printing, 250 W. 49, N. Y.
Ruth The Leafleteer, 575 - 6 Ave, N. Y.
Stinson Records
Millard J. Thomas, Classical Guitar Teacher
Tribune Subway Gallery, 100 W. 42, N. Y.
Vector Laboratories, 95 - 2 Ave, N. Y.
Village String Shop, 184 Bleeker, N. Y.
Noah Wulfe String Repairs, 111 W. 48, N. Y.

Charlotte Anthony
Joseph and Elaine Arnstein
Moe Asch
Paul Bain
Gladys Bashkin
Renee and Harry Berlow
Elmer and Pearl Bernstein
Marc Blitzstein
Ben Botkin
Oscar Brand
Max Chere and Orchestra
Fran Dellorco
Jean Leon Destine
Laura Duncan
Sidney Finkelstien
Mort Freeman
Furriers Joint Council of N. Y.:
Locals 101, 105, 110, 115, 70, 120 and 125
Woody Guthrie
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people's SONGS inc.

JANUARY 1949 Vol 3 No 12

IT'S A HELL OF A NOTE

THE Disc Company of America is no more. This outstanding independent recording company was forced into bankruptcy in October 1948. Unsold Disc records were taken over by a pressing company which will sell them to satisfy creditors' demands, but will re-press only a few when the stock is gone.

This news points a paradox of 1948 American business life: the good commodity is not necessarily the marketable one. Disc had received high awards for certain of its releases. Only last month the "Songs To Grow On" series was cited by the American Schools and Colleges Association as "the best examples of records embodying the basic elements of child education." None of the big companies with large assets have ever been so honored.

Disc was owned by Moe Asch, one of the sons of novelist Sholem Asch. With no previous experience, Asch got a small studio and began to record albums of folk songs and unusual documentary material. Of his work the Saturday Review said, "Asch specializes in what might be called the Authentic, and notably where the Authentic is contrasted to the Commercial. His recordings are homespun and genuine." This new approach to recordings began in 1941.

Asch Records sold well during the war. Dealers, faced with short orders from major companies, seized upon Asch and other records from small companies. Then Moe Asch, feeling he had the experience to do what he wanted to do, set up Disc Company of America, with an ambitious program. He recorded many albums. Magnificent album covers, done by artist David Stone Martin, made recording history by joining good art to good music.

But times had changed. Major companies again had raw materials and were moving in to take over the field. Small companies which had grown during the war went under, one by one. Records are not sold for their intrinsic artistic value. They are sold as soap is sold. Dealers are forced to carry the whole line of a major company, if they are to get any of their output. Dealers feeling the pinch of buyer resistance will easily forget to push the records of small companies, in favor of the passing hit.

There were other reasons for Disc's failures. Disc jockeys complained that Disc surfaces were bad. Some performers said that the artistic album covers, no matter how high their quality as art, did not sell the performer to the casual customer.

Asch himself feels that his error was putting too much time and money on popular jazz and classical records. He did this to introduce his entire catalog to the public. Now he feels that "good" records should be sold to a small circle of persons who will buy them, and gradually widen that circle as the quality of the records becomes known.

Asch has lost what personal resources he had but nonetheless has turned down an offer to work for a major firm. He is associated with another small firm which will continue some of the ethnological records and "Songs To Grow On" for which Disc was famous. Cub Records (a branch of Folkways Records) will sell by mail, directly to retailers and educational organizations, in an attempt to cut out distributors' overhead so as to sell a 98¢ plastic disc.

Some of the new Cub Records are "Swimmy-swim", "Grow, grow, grow," by Woody Guthrie, for 1½ year-olds; lullabies by Adelaide Van Wey; "Shoo Fly" and "Bow Belinda" and other dance songs by Fred Hellerman. First issues in the "Ethnic Folkways Library" are an album, "Music of Equatorial Africa," and an album, "Music of the Sioux and Navaho."

Moe Asch wanted, and still wants to put out the Authentic, as contrasted to the Commercial in people's music. He is to be congratulated for his defeat at the hands of the major companies as well as for his significant contribution to American people's culture.

ADDENDA: Asch Records are still sold by Asch-Stinson Records, 27 Union Sq., N.Y.C. Disc Distributing Company, 557 - 1st Ave., N.Y.C. is selling what are left of the 100 or more albums produced by Disc. Some of the best-sellers may be re-pressed, but more likely Disc albums will rapidly become collectors' items. Cub Records, a branch of Folkways Records, 117 West 46 St., N.Y.C.

~~people's SONGS inc.~~

Vol. 3 No. 12 Jan. 1949

EDITOR: Mario Casetta

MUSIC EDITOR: Waldemar Hille

EDITORIAL BOARD: Harold Bernz, Bob Claiborne, Fran Dellorco, Jean Fox, Lee Hays, Bob Lebowitz, Ernie Lieberman.

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COMMENTS

Wilhelm Furtwangler, Nazi, has been selected to conduct the Chicago Symphony Orchestra for 12 weeks. He was a favorite of Hitler and Goering, who gave him cabinet rank in the Prussian Council of State.

Behind the move is L. Ryerson, president of the symphony, and head of Inland Steel Corp.

Furtwangler is the man of whom Toscanini said, "Anyone who conducts in Nazi Germany has not the right to conduct Beethoven."

Protests have already been received from celebrated American artists including Pons, Kostelanetz, Rubenstein and Horowitz who refuse to appear on the same stage with Furtwaengler.

Kirsten Flagstad went to Carnegie Hall recently to sing, and as usual had to cross a picketline protesting her appearance. The Norwegian singer has been booed off European stages as a sympathizer with Nazi collaborators but has been well received in New York City.

Among the many who did not cross the picketline was Olin Downes, New York Times music critic. One gentleman stepped out of a limousine, was surrounded by pickets who explained why they were protesting the pro-Nazi singer's appearance, and promptly, top hat and all, joined the picket line.

Newspapers generally gave superlative reviews to her singing. Report from one critic, however, was that Flagstad did not sing with any great quality, and that she had a peculiar accident: At an exit from a group of songs, she fell flat on her face.

LET'S WRITE A SONG TOGETHER

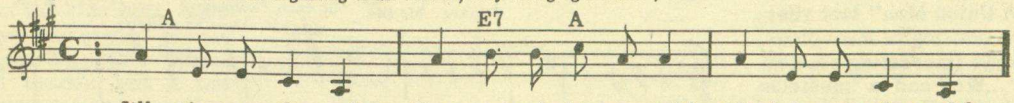
HERE are the makings of a good new song, as thought up by Lee Hays and Walter Lowenfels. It is a cumulative song in which all verses are sung as each new one is added. Originally it was 'Green Grow The Rushes—O', now it's 'Star-Spangled Banner—O'. Songwriters are invited to send in as many new lines as they wish. We shall select the twelve best and publish as a complete song, with all the credits, in the March, third anniversary issue. Sample verses appear with the music below. Note that the first three verses consist of 8 beats each, while four to twelve have only 4 beats each. 'Twelve, twelve, the Liberty Bell' is a sample closing verse. When finished, it will be the first song ever written by a nation-wide corps of songwriters. Let's see what kind of song we can roll out with these makings! —Music Editor

307 Star-Spangled Banner-O

Music: Traditional

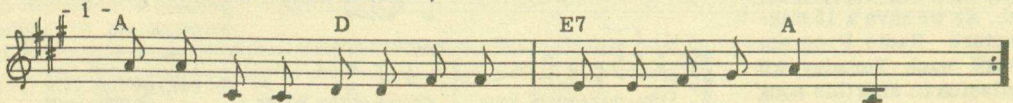
Words: Still to come!

(Sing these three measures at beginning of all verses, only changing number)

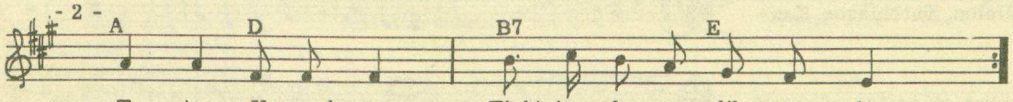


I'll sing you One - O, Star-span-gled ban-ner O! What is your One - O?
I'll sing you Two - O, (Three-O, etc.) What is your Two - O?
(Skip down to "2" . . .)

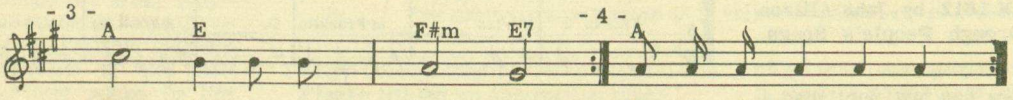
(Sing these two measures at the end of all verses)



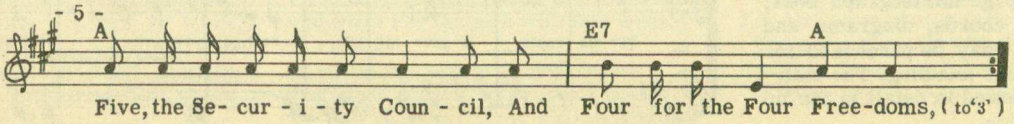
One is peace up - on the earth and ev - er more shall be so.
(back to beginning)



Two, two, You and me, Fight-ing for our lib - er - ty,
(Back to '1')



Peace, free-dom, a - bund - ance, Four for the Four Free - doms,
Back to '2') (Back to '3')



Five, the Se- cur - i - ty Coun - cil, And Four for the Four Free-doms, (to '3')
(Six . . . . etc. . . . . Five, the security . . . etc.)

NAT'L BOARD MEETS IN N.Y.C.

People's Songs is today at a higher rate of productivity and exercises a greater influence in the country than ever before, despite financial difficulties and other growing pains. This was the conclusion reached by the national Board of Directors of Peoples Songs who recently met in New York.

Plans for a full-time, two-week summer workshop for People's Songs leaders was one of the Board meeting highlights. The training school will begin this summer in the east.

The Board also heard reports on branches, election campaign work, the bulletin, and finances. The Board elected eight new members, named Jean Fox as National Treasurer, and unanimously approved the report and plans of Mario Casetta, Editor, which call for a new Bulletin format with more pages, advertising, and a broader readers' appeal.

OFF THE PRESS

Music Publications Co., a small publisher in Elkins Park (North Philadelphia), who put out Serge Hovey's "Lullaby For A Union Man" last year, did an extensive mailing of it to unions, and received some interesting replies. Here's one: "...We had a musician review it for us at a Forum party, put on by the forum committee of the Hutchinson Central Labor Union, and all members families. All enjoyed the piece very much. As we have a 15 minute Public Feature Radio Program over Station KWHK each Tuesday, we would like permission to sing this song on one of these programs. Fraternally. J. A. Marshall, Recording Secretary, Central Labor Union, Hutchinson, Kansas.

A limited number of copies of notes on Ballads Of The American Revolution and War Of 1812 by John Allison are on sale through People's Songs. 12 pages, 50¢.

People's Songs has just published a "Five-String Banjo Manual" by Pete Seeger. A 43 page mimeograph book, complete with chords, diagrams and instructions, it may be purchased for $1.59 plus 10¢ for handling. The manual will be reviewed in detail in the 3rd anniversary issue.

308 Ballad Of F.D.R.

January 30th is Roosevelt's birthday. We remember Roosevelt because we remember the best years of our lives as a nation and a people.

In the New Deal, we found ourselves culturally, as well as politically.

We had the beginning of a great people's culture, in theater, art, literature, music -- all the expressions of our talent and our hope for a better land.

Through Farm Security photographs we saw our own faces for the first time and learned that we were not all wealthy, handsome movie stars.

In theater we saw the true drama of ourselves as the ill-housed and ill-fed and ill-clothed one-third of a great nation.

Novels and other writing of the New Deal days were a social literature, and in it we saw a larger reality than we had ever seen in any American literature.

During the New Deal, the Archive of American Folk Song at the Library of Congress grew into a comprehensive collection of our own living song history.

We remember Roosevelt, and revere his memory, as an inspirited leader with faith in our own ability to make a living people's culture.

We remember him, and so we remember ourselves as we were in those days. Roosevelt was just as big as we were, and no bigger.

And when we build our own people's culture, it will be as great as ourselves. It will be greater because Roosevelt was with us for a while and helped us begin.

Words and music by Tom Glazer
Choral arrangement by Sonny Vale
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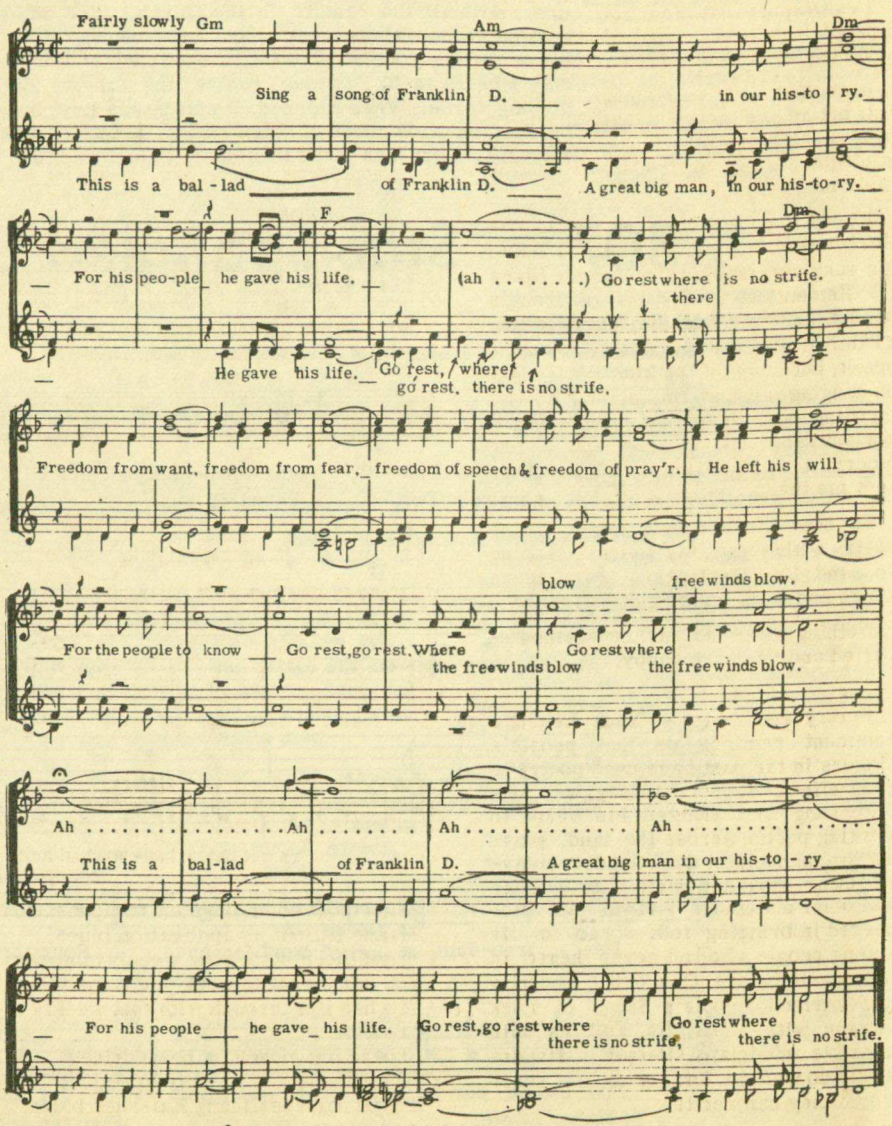

Fairly slowly Gm
Am
Dm
Sing a song of Franklin D. in our his-to-ry.
This is a bal-lad of Franklin D. A great big man, in our his-to-ry.
F
Dm
For his peo-ple he gave his life. (ah .....) Go rest where there is no strife.
He gave his life. Go rest, where go rest, there is no strife.
Freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of speech & freedom of pray'r. He left his will
blow
free winds blow.
For the people to know Go rest, go rest, Where the free winds blow Go rest where the free winds blow.
Ah ..... Ah ..... Ah ..... Ah .....
This is a bal-lad of Franklin D. A great big man in our his-to-ry
For his people he gave his life. Go rest, go rest where there is no strife, Go rest where there is no strife.

NEW PEOPLES ARTIST

309 Unemployment Compensation Blues

By Les Pine

YANK Levine is the brother of Irene Paull, the labor poet who is known as Calamity Jane among Minnesota lumberjacks. He likes to act and to recite his sister's poems, but until recently did not consider himself a singer. Here is Levine's account of how he discovered, to his astonishment, that he could sing.

* * * * *

A student committee at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, was putting on a civil rights dance, and wrote to People's Songs asking where they could get a folk singer for the affair. They referred them to me.

I replied that I was not an experienced singer. I did mostly poems but that I might be able to lead singing with someone else at the piano. I took the booking.

I can report that from now on I am a people's singer. Lord, Lord, what a wonderful affair!

It started slow, with about 25 present, but as we got warmed up more people came in until we had about 400 students sitting on the floor singing their lungs out.

I used the People's Song Book, the Burl Ives book, and the Fireside Book. We sang everything from Atomic Blues to Clementine. I did one of Irene's poems, and Langston Hughes' Freedom Train. After about 35 songs I took a break, but some of the kids kept right on singing around the piano. It was thrilling and inspiring. One Negro student sang Abe Lincoln and a few others. I was getting tired but they kept me there.

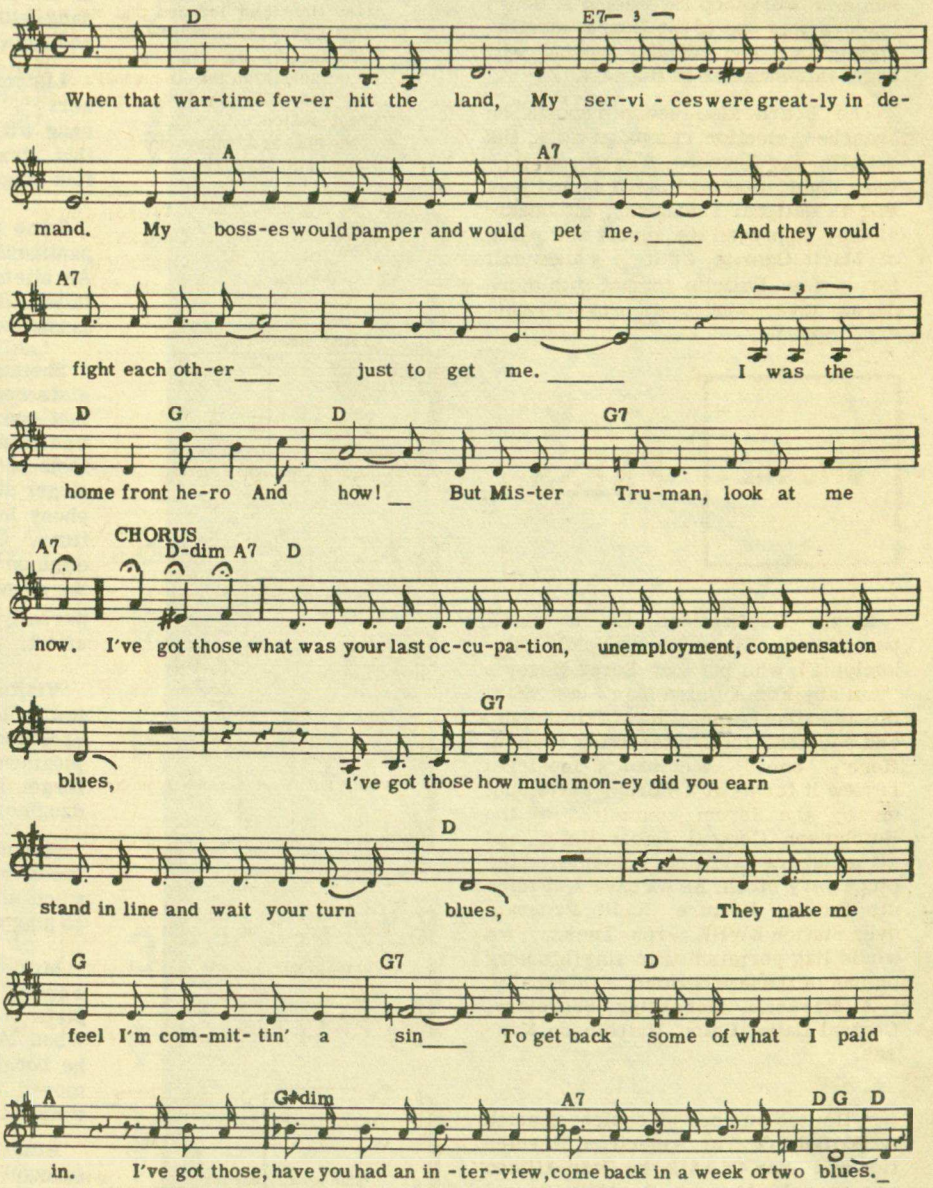
So now I see how I can combine poetry with songs. My voice is shaping up, and I'm starting to learn more songs and work up the guitar a bit.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained -- I tried and I'm sure happy.

* * * * *

Poetry and songs -- Yank Levine's comment reminds us that people's singers in the past have used poetry to good effect. Vachel Lindsay was one who sang and chanted his verse to working people across the land, playing the mandolute. Carl Sandburg played guitar, sang and recited to college and other audiences and in fact pioneered in bringing folk songs to life among people who had never heard of folk music before. One critic recently has advised People's Songs to work closely with poets, as well as with creative musicians. People's singers would do well to find or write verse which they can recite.

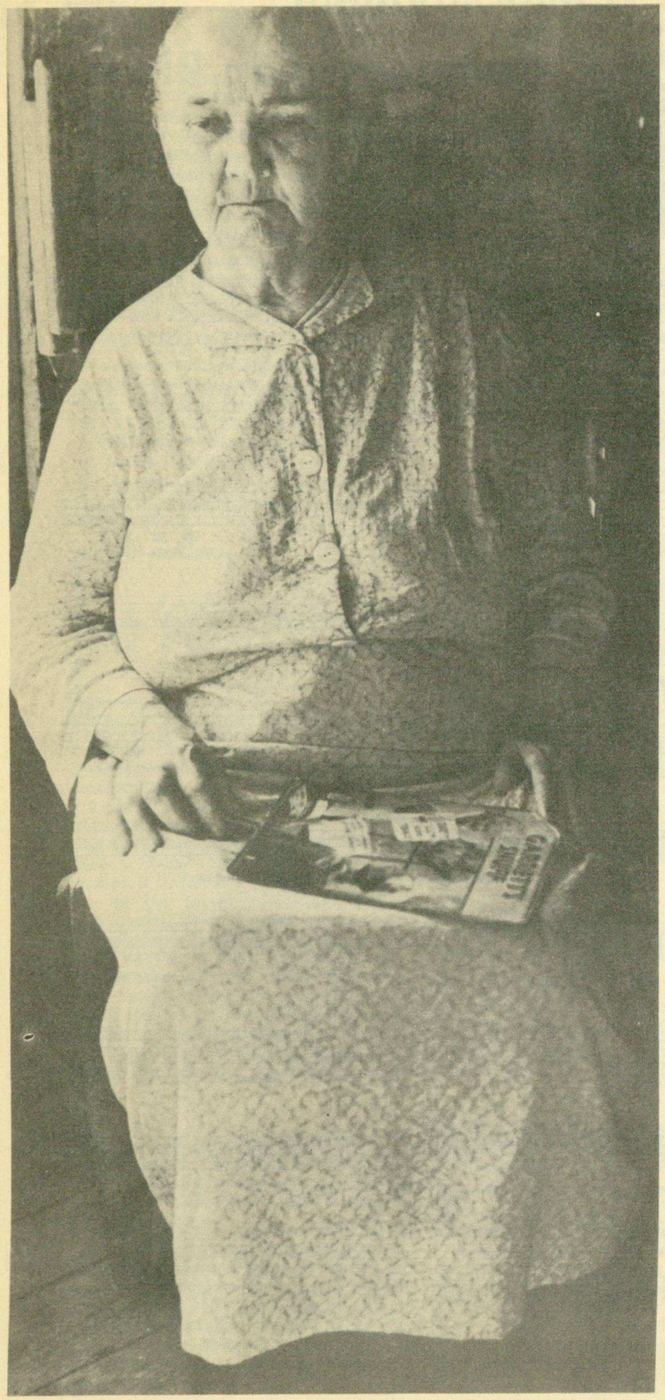
Les Pine has written some of the most effective topical songs of our day. Originally from Chicago, he is now active in the Los Angeles branch of People's Songs, and is also writing plays for the famed Actors Lab. "Unemployment Compensation Blues" satirizes a very real problem—ask any veteran who has applied for 52-20!


C D E7
When that war-time fev-er hit the land, My ser-vi - ces were great-ly in de-
A A7
mand. My boss-es would pamper and would pet me, And they would
A7
fight each oth-er just to get me. I was the
D G D G7
home front he-ro And how! But Mis-ter Tru-man, look at me
A7 CHORUS D-dim A7 D
now. I've got those what was your last oc-cu-pa-tion, unemployment, compensation
G7
blues, I've got those how much mon-ey did you earn
D
stand in line and wait your turn blues, They make me
G G7 D
feel I'm com-mit- tin' a sin To get back some of what I paid
A G#dim A7 D G D
in. I've got those, have you had an in - ter-view, come back in a week or two blues.

I've got those unemployment compensation
Please fill out an application blues,
I've got those state your weekly minimum
You don't want to work you bums blues;
And when I'm through with that weekly routine
I spend my money on benzedrine,
I've got those it's so easy to collect
If your name is Chiang Kai-shek blues.

I've got those unemployment compensation
It ain't worth the aggravation blues,
I've got those won't you wait just have a chair
Nothin' in my frigidaire blues.
I'm just as mad as a fellow can be,
I'm going to work with the ALP (IPP)
And lose those out of work humiliation
Unemployment compensation blues.

THIS WAS EMMA DUSENBERRY



MRS. Emma Dusenberry was the classic type of folk singer. She was blind. She was not an educated woman. She had travelled very little since she came to Arkansas as a girl of twelve. She knew hundreds of old songs. Her voice was old and cracked. She sang with little beauty of tone but with rare intensity and rare belief in what her songs were saying.

Listening to Mr. Hille's recordings of Mrs. Dusenberry's songs reminds us again that, although she sang without musical accompaniment, she sang with that strange sure rhythm so characteristic of classic folk singers.

Some singers cannot sing without musical accompaniment. Mrs. Dusenberry could not sing with it. An attempt to have her sing with guitar and fiddle failed. She had her own rhythms, and they had small kinship with the rhythms of the instrumentalists.

She had no key. Rather, she had a key; musicologists would have a fine time debating what kind of key that one was. It shifted, from time to time, and it was loaded with half and quarter tones and modal effects of which she was entirely unaware. A woman singer attempting to imitate her would sound a rare phony indeed. In fact, there have been such imitations. Certain singing groups, including one heard often on the radio these days, have tried to reproduce the sounds of such singers as Mrs. Dusenberry, apparently with no awareness of the poor taste of the effort.

Visitors to Mrs. Dusenberry's home were interested to learn how the farm people of West Arkansas accepted her as a singer, without question, with no judgment of her tone, no embarrassment when she forgot the words and had to be reminded by her daughter, Ora.

Her neighbors came to hear her sing, and they listened respectfully. They never sang with her, but when she got tired, someone would always be ready to sing while she rested.

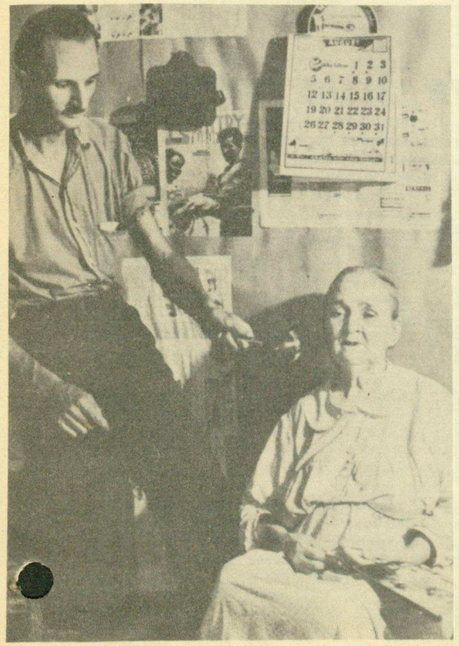
Mrs. Dusenberry was a very poor, almost helpless woman. Her "blind check", when it came from the State of Arkansas, was only a few dollars a month. When Mr. Hille took his leave of Mrs. Dusenberry, he bought her a cow as a parting gift. She was so moved that she said he had made her the happiest woman in the world.

Although dependent most of her life, she was a forceful character. But in a different sort of way from Aunt Molly Jackson, (who made up Ky. mining songs). She never wrote a song, and she changed words in songs only by accident or faulty memory, never by design. She was a living repository of folk songs. Ben Botkin reminds us that she once said that when she was a girl her aim was to learn all the songs in the world. But she failed "because people kept making up new ones." And this may be her main value in American folk music, that she had a large respect for the songs she knew, and preserved inviolate in her head the lore of the past. In listening to Mr. Hille's historic records of her songs, one very readily forgets her manner of singing and becomes absorbed in the songs themselves.

She was at the opposite pole from the professional folk singer who has learned showmanship, who can adapt himself to many kinds of audiences, who builds himself a personality and sells it. And she is dead in her Arkansas grave, and there are no more like her, anywhere.

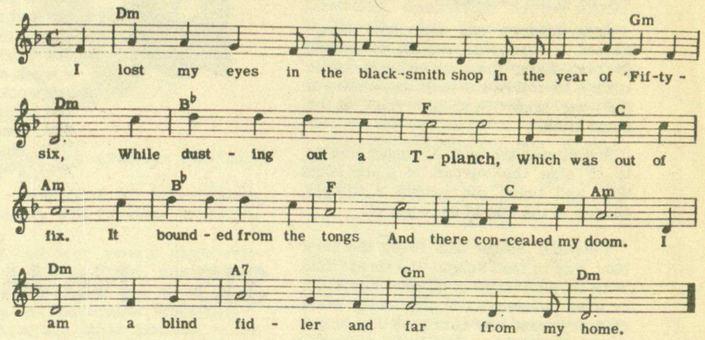
HERE are three songs, from the hundreds which Mrs. Dusenberry knew, of which about a hundred were recorded and notated by Mr. Hille. "The Blind Fiddler" is hard to trace. It has not been printed before, to our knowledge. ("T-Planch" is a T-shaped iron utinsel used in a blacksmith shop.) "London Bridge" is an interesting variant of the well-known English play party song. "Sister Phoebe" is sometimes listed among children's rhythmic songs.

Cover picture and photographs of Emma Dusenberry and Waldemar Hille are by SID GROSSMAN of NYC.



310 The Blind Fiddler

American Ballad

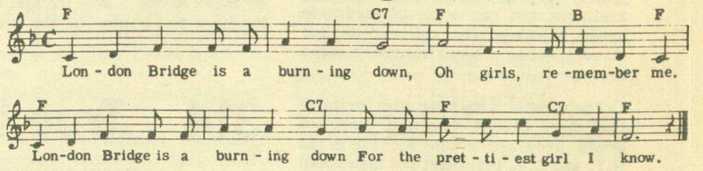

Dm Gm
I lost my eyes in the black-smith shop In the year of 'Fif-ty -
Dm B♭ F C
six, While dust - ing out a T - planch, Which was out of
Am B♭ F C Am
fix. It bound - ed from the tongs And there con-cealed my doom. I
Dm A7 Gm Dm
am a blind fid - ler and far from my home.

I've been to San Francisco,
I've been to Doctor Lane,
He operated on one of my eyes,
But nothing could he gain.
He told me that I'd never see,
And it's no use to mourn:
I am a Blind Fiddler and
Far from my home.

I have a wife and three little ones,
Depending now on me;
To share all my troubles,
Whatever they may be.
I hope that they'll be careful
While I'm compelled to roam.
I am a Blind Fiddler and
Far from my home.

311 London Bridge

Game Song

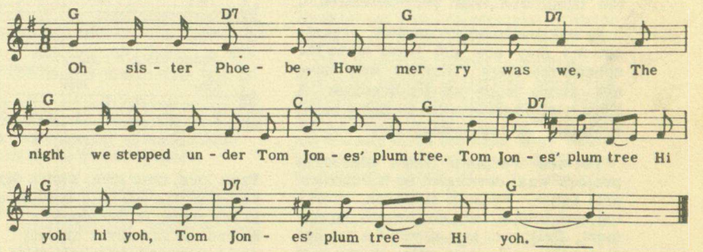

F C7 F B F
Lon - don Bridge is a burn - ing down, Oh girls, re -mem-ber me.
F C7 F C7 F
Lon-don Bridge is a burn - ing down For the pret - ti - est girl I know.

2. Choose you one as you march around,
3. Take her by the right hand and tell her
how you love her...

4. Hug her nice and kiss her twice,
Oh, girls, remember me.
Hug her neat and kiss her sweet,
For the prettiest girl I know.

312 Sister Phoebe

Rhythmic Song


G D7 G D7
Oh sis - ter Phoe - be, How mer - ry was we, The
G C G D7
night we stepped un - der Tom Jon - es' plum tree. Tom Jon - es' plum tree Hi
G D7 G
yoh hi yoh, Tom Jon - es' plum tree Hi yoh.

Come take this hat on your head, keep your
head warm,
And take a sweet kiss, it'll do you no harm.
No harm in kisses I know, I know,
And anothern' won't hurt you, I'm sure.

Tom Jones he took down his old rifle-shot gun,
And he swore he would shoot us if we
didn't run;
And he made us scotch-gravel by-Jo, by-Jo,
And he made us scotch-gravel by-Jo!

THE FILM STRIP

Song leading is not a fine art, but it is a very useful one, and a difficult one. People singing together make a kind of music which is bigger and better than the mere sum of all the single voices in the audience.

Song leaders can distribute songsheets or wordbooks and ask the people to sing from the printed word, while trying to follow the hand directions of the song leader and his voice at the same time.

Sometimes the best a singer can do is to sing the verses of a new song solo, and teach the people a simple chorus at the end of each verse.

People's Songs has found the very best way to lead songs—the strip film. With it, audiences of dozens, hundreds or even thousands can sing every word of every verse and chorus of any brand new song after hearing the tune once.

This technique calls for a simple 100 or 200 watt strip film projector, of a type which can be purchased for some $30, or rented in many cities for about $2 an evening.

The machine projects 35mm. film, one frame at a time upon a screen of any size up to 10 feet. It can be projected upon the walls, if no screen is available, and can even be used upon brick buildings for out-of-door and street meetings. Any reasonably clean surface will do.

The trouble with song film strips is that there haven't been any. People's Songs produced a few in 1946 in the N.Y. and L.A. branches, but high costs and technical problems forced an early abandonment of the project.

But now it has become possible to produce film strips at low cost, with a minimum of technical difficulities, and to produce them quickly! Quality is not of highest professional levels, but the films are still very effective.

In addition to songs on film, organizations may now get films made for special meetings. Singers may have new songs made up for bookings. A library of songs on film is being built, available at low rental fee.

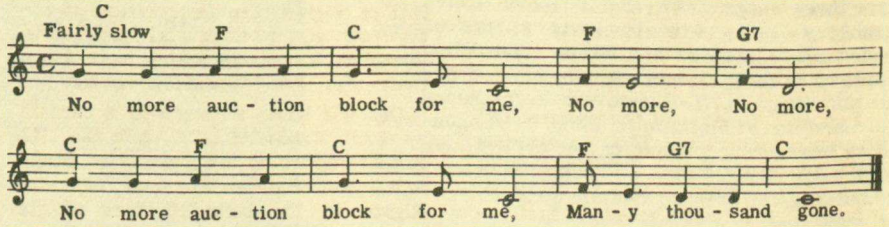
The new People's Songs film strip project was developed by a Philadelphia artist, Francis Dellorco. Working with simplified, make-shift equipment, Dellorco has devised a method of turning out strip film at low cost in either black and white or color.

Information on process and special assignment projects may be had by contacting the national office of PS.

2 SONGS FOR ALL TIMES

THE WEEK of February 12-22 will recognize the major contributions of the Negro people to the history and culture of America. National Negro History Week, originated by the Negro Historical Society of New York and numerous other organizations, will be a week of discussion, concerts, exhibits of significant work done by Negro citizens in all fields of art and industry. These national activities will remind us that songs like "True Love" ("Black Girl") and "No More Auction Block" are for singing all the year-round in addition to the week of February 12.

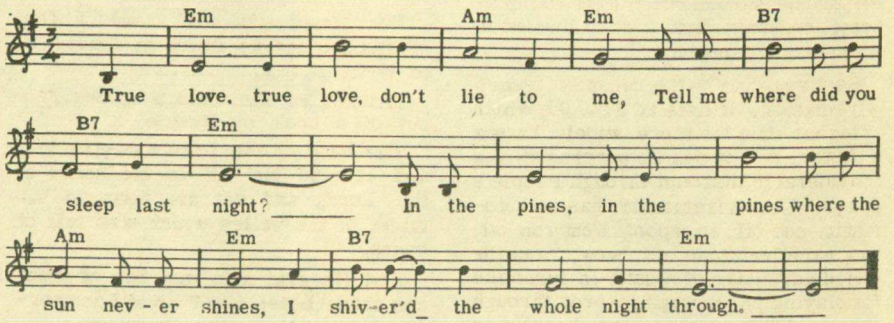
313 No More Auction Block

Emancipation Song

No more driver's lasn for me, etc.
No more pint o' salt for me, etc.

No more mistress' call for me, etc.
No more hundred lash for me, etc.

314 True Love, True Love

Negro Ballad

That this song truly reflects the reality of life in the South is shown in a recent headline from Savannah, Georgia: "Wife of Slain Negro Spends Night in Woods"

True love, true love, where did you go?
I went where the cold wind blows,
In the pines, in the pines, -
Where the sun never shines,
And I shivered the whole night through.

My husband was a railroad man,
Killed a mile and a half from town,
His head was found in a driver's wheel,
And his body has never been found.

True love, true love, don't lie to me,
Tell me, where'd you sleep last night?
In the pines, in the pines,
Where the sun never shines, -
And I shivered the whole night through.

THE MAGNETIC RECORDER

The following article was expressly written for People's Songs by the electronic expert of a leading consumer testing concern. —Editor's Note

Wire and tape magnetic recorders have one advantage for the musician. They do not have to be pampered, unlike the disc recorders. There is no thread to watch, no needle to replace, no pressure to adjust. Turn the switch and record for an hour, with no attention whatever!

Wire and tape may be erased and used again indefinitely. Recording need not be done all at one time, but may be done in sections and spliced or edited to the best advantage.

Tape is preferable to wire. When wire tangles, invaluable material may be lost. Tape runs at lower speeds and stops quickly. Wire and tape cost about the same, approximately $5.00 per hour, and there is a more expensive cellulose tape available.

People's Songs can recommend two magnetic recorders: The Wilcox-Gay 8U12 portable tape recorder lists at $229.50, but may be had for $175.00. It has a fast forward speed, a fast rewind (3 minutes for 30 minute spool) and has a place indicator for locating any point on the tape. The machine has fairly high fidelity and very little "wow" or waver usually found on the cheaper models.

Many magnetic recorders do not have a fast forward speed. To reach a song at the end of an hour spool the preceding 55 minutes must be played through. The Wilcox-Gay machine solves this with a fast forward speed shift. Some tape machines, such as the Brush Soundmirror, have cumbersome controls and are too limited in frequency response.

Best wire buy is the recently issued Wiremaster. It lists at $169.00, which is higher than the more widely known Webster, but it can be purchased at a considerable discount through People's Songs. The Wiremaster has an automatic cut-off so spool wont run off, has excellent tone, no "wow," and the added advantage of a built-in turntable for playing phonograph records through the amplifier or recording directly on the wire without using the microphone.

When used with a place indicator, careful editing, and a little common sense, the recording machine becomes a very practical tool, useful for transcribing whole symphonies from the radio, dubbing rare phonograph recordings, doing field work, and an infinite variety of exciting projects.

LEE HAYS

THE BIRTH OF A SONG

All things are grist for the songwriter's mill:

Love comes first, for some reason, and probably will not lose its standing.

Unrequited love runs a close second, with murder, war, mine disasters, train wrecks, and other topics following at reasonable distances.

But there are other sources -- the Bill of Rights. the Declaration of Independence, presidential speeches, timeless documents which have found their way into American music.

One wit looks forward to a cantata by Earl Robinson built upon the 13th annual report of the Bureau of Fisheries and Hatcheries upon Riparian Rights in the Inland Waters of the State of Catawba, delivered to Congress by President Tompkins.

Still, if Riparian Rights fail Earl, let him look, as he has done before, to the source of many great ideas -- the Bible.

Let Earl beware such Biblical passages as:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted. . . Ye have heaped treasure together for the very last days."

For James, who said it, was a kind of radical and no doubt un-American to boot.

Instead let him take a milder tale out of a book by Ezekiel.

The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones.

And He said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, Thou knowest.

Again He said unto me, Prophesy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.

So I prophesied as I was commanded; and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone.

And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above; but there was no breath in them.

Then said He unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breathe, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.

So I prophesied as He commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

Then He said unto me, Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel; behold, they say, Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost; we are cut off for our parts.

. . . O My people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel.

. . . And I will make them one nation in the land . . . neither shall they be divided . . . any more at all. (From Ezekiel 37)

Now whether you take this as pure gospel, the spoken word of God and the prophet, as folklore, as a promise that the Jews should have their own republic of Israel (if they ever got an exceeding great army and fought and won it), or however -- there are many meanings besides, and one great meaning which is so obvious I will not even state it.

And that is the truth which ought to make a great song. Dry bones . . . hear the word of the Lord . . . bone to his bone . . . hear the word. . . .

When these were slain, wild beasts scattered their bones. When their dry bones came together (when they heard the word) they were one, a whole nation, and one people, no more to be divided as Jew, Catholic, Negro, red, blue, or green. Is this only a pretty fable, or the dream of mankind for a one-world brotherhood of all people?

So for making a good song we ought to symbolize this coming thgether as Ezekiel did when he pictured all these lifeless ones being knitted together.

One bone was knitted to another. . . Toe bone knitten to the foot bone, foot bone knitten to the ankle bone, ankle bone knitten to the leg bone . . . and all the way up to the head bone where the brains are, and the intelligence to hear the word of unity, which is life.

Since this is only an illustrative example, I will not take time to finish this song. But if Earl wants to try it, he is welcome to do so under the terms of our usual percentage arrangement. It ought to make a great song.

SINGING PEOPLE

Pete Seeger went to a picnic where he sang the ballad about Harry Simms. When he finished, a young woman came up to him and with tears in her eyes told him that she had worked with Harry Simms in the South before he was murdered by gun thugs. She had never known that a comrade of the 19-year-old Communist youth had written the song.... "Death Of Harry Simms" is recorded by Pete Seeger on Charter Records, C-45.

NBC Television is finally catching up with the rest of the world. Officials of the network finally gave the go-ahead to the televising of inter-racial square dance groups on their program from the Village Barn. Congratulations to Piute Pete, star performer on the show, for going to bat with NBC big-wigs for this kind of program.

Bernie Asbel, Chicago people's songster, now working full time on the staff of the Illinois Standard, new Midwest progressive weekly. Bernie writes a regular column in addition to reporting general news.

Barbara Allen made Hollywood this fall when the ballad was used in "Roseanna McCoy" Sam Goldwyn's story of the famous feud.

If you are a square dance caller, don't think the only tunes you must dance to are mountain melodies. Ace caller Ralph Tefferteller on N. Y.'s lower East Side gets his pianist to use familiar marches and old pop tunes, so his city novices can hum a more familiar melody while sashaying about.

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PEOPLE'S SONGS
for only
$2.00

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CITY _____ STATE _____

Fill in and mail to:

People's Songs, 126 W. 21st, NYC

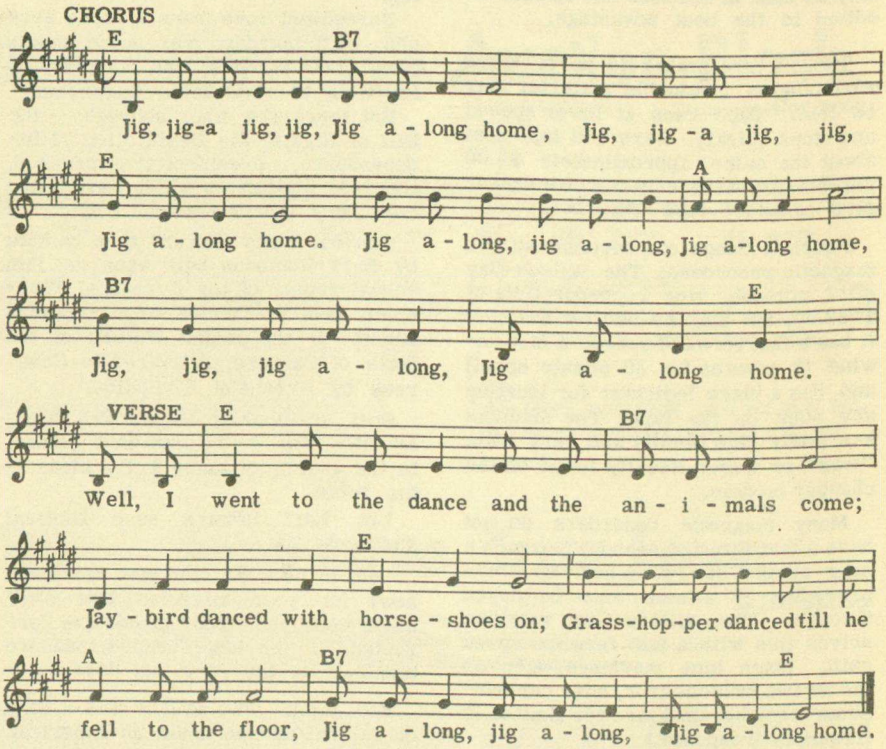
SONGS TO GROW ON

by Woody Guthrie

Photo by Sid Grossman

315

Jig Along Home


CHORUS
E
B7
Jig, jig-a jig, jig, Jig a - long home, Jig, jig - a jig, jig,
E
A
Jig a - long home. Jig a - long, jig a - long, Jig a-long home,
B7
E
Jig, jig, jig a - long, Jig a - long home.
VERSE
E
B7
Well, I went to the dance and the an - i - mals come;
E
Jay - bird danced with horse - shoes on; Grass-hop-per danced till he
A
B7
E
fell to the floor, Jig a - long, jig a - long, Jig a - long home.

Well, the fish warmed up the fishing reel;
Lobster danced on the peacock's tail.
Baboon danced with the rising moon,
Jig along, jig along, jig along home.

And the rooster cut his weevily wheat,
The catfish tromped the cuckoo's feet.
The ostrich stomped with the kangaroo,
Jig along, jig along, jig along home.

And the mama rat took off her hat,
Shook the house with the old tom cat.
The alligator beat his tail on the drum,
Jig along, jig along, jig along home.

The boards did rattle and the house did shake,
The clouds they laughed and the world did quake.
New moon rattled some silver spoons,
Jig along, jig along, jig along home.

The nails flew loose and the floor broke down,
Everybody danced around and around.
The house come down and the crowd went home,
Jig along, jig along, jig along home.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Mr. Hille,

I have just seen a copy of "The People's Song Book" and am writing to say what a fine production I think it is. It is by far the best of all...song-books I have seen, and I have been searching hard for them now for years.

A few comments. "Dinky Die" I am very pleased to see; even in Australia I have never been able to get hold of a complete copy. It is however a song of World War I, not II, and was little sung during the last war. At any rate, compared to many it was little sung.

Dinky die as a phrase comes from the Australian colloquialism "dinkum" meaning variously true; honest; absolutely straight. "Blodger" (we spell it "bludger")means an S.O.B.; a slacker; a prostitute's bully.

...I am sorry not to see the following songs in your book: "Carmagnole" (the complete version, not the one in "Rebel Songs"); "Salute to Life;" "Hans Beimler" and possibly others of the Spanish Civil War.

Incidently, you would be interested to know the extent we in Australia draw on American labor traditions as well as those of England and our own.

With congratulations to you and your fellow-workers on the songbook, and

Fraternal regards
S. Murray-Smith
Australia

Dear Editor:

I heard a fine song on the radio a few months ago, and have since learned it was "I Met a Man," with words by Lewis Allan, music by Jennie Wells. Why haven't you printed it?

Sincerely,
G. A.
Toledo, Ohio

Dear G. A.

The composer plans to put his own music to it, and till that is done, does not want it printed. —Ed.

Dear Editor:

On the subject of translations I wish to say only one thing: Vel verbum e verbo, vel sunsum e sensu, vel ex utroque commixtum, et medie temperatum genus translationis.

Au gratin
J. S. T.
New York City

Dear J. S. T.,

Ad hoc: Our deepest thanks. Translators should be careful not to strain their verbum reddere verbo! And that's our last word on the subject.
—Ed.

Dear People,

Next month is our third anniversary. As is our custom we will publish a combined February and March issue. It will be a fat issue with the kind of songs no other periodical offers—the songs America sings.

Future plans call for a new format with a broader readers' appeal, more songs per issue, definitive and provocative articles on classical, modern, folk, and popular music and its relation to the musical tastes of the people; and a great many exciting new projects.

More pages per issue means simply more ads per page—we must concentrate on building a greater circulation, and we must begin to obtain advertising. Our publication is a natural for people in the music business. Will you help us? The size and scope, and the number of songs that will be published in the Third Anniversary Issue are in direct proportion to the number of greetings and ads that our readers can obtain for us.

A handy blank is printed below. The deadline for all copy is February 10th.

Sincerely Yours
People's Songs

3rd ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS

PEOPLE'S SONGS, INC.
126 WEST 21st STREET,
NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

DATE ..... 194....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Please insert our greeting in the 3rd Anniversary issue of the People's Songs Bulletin.

Enclosed find payment in the amount of $ ..... for a ..... page greeting.

☐ Copy attached. ☐ Copy will follow.

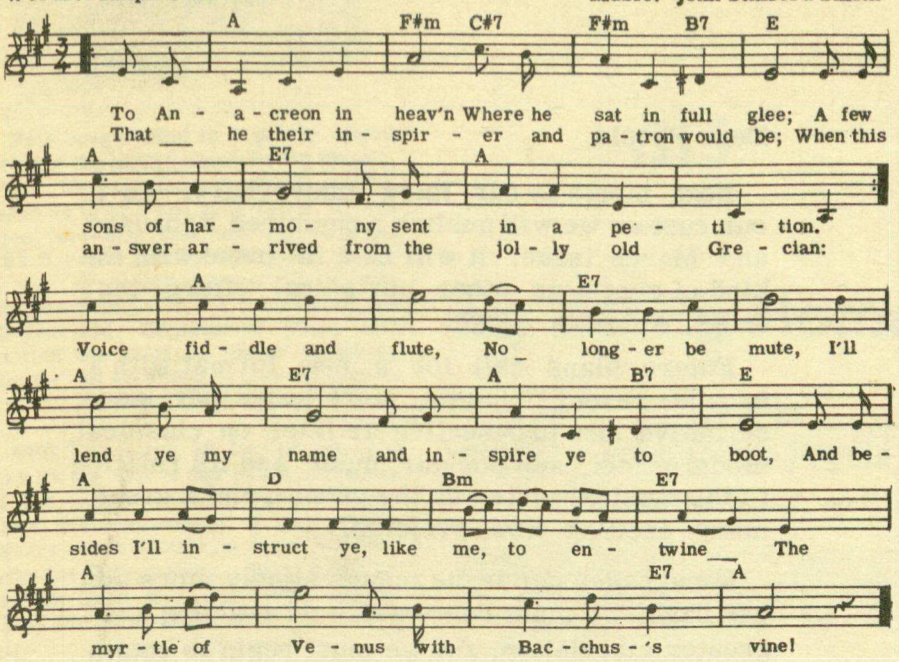
..... Signature

GREETING RATES

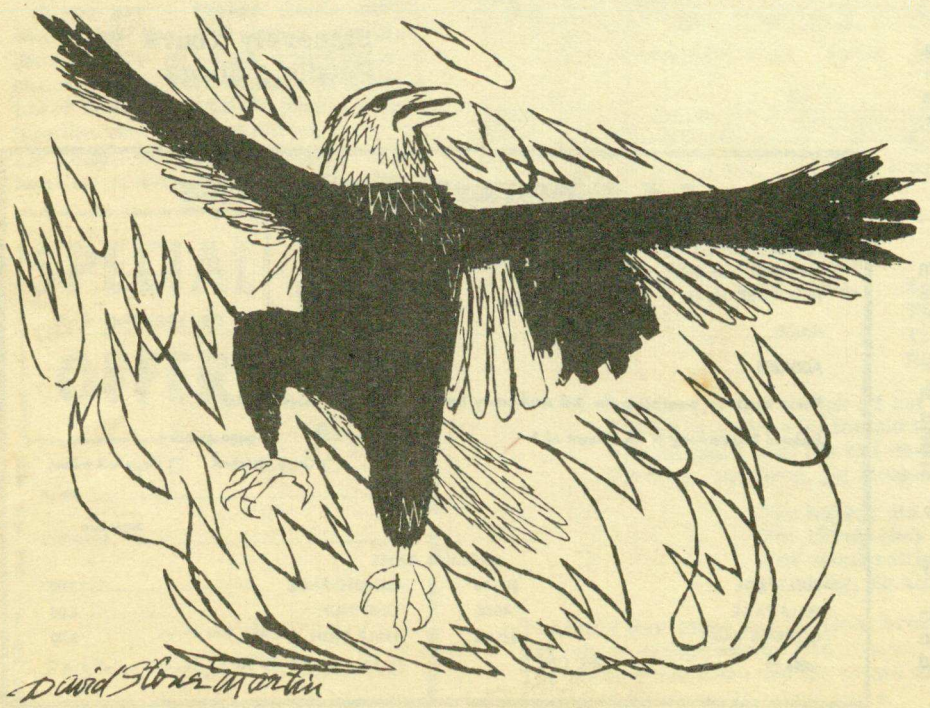
FULL PAGE	$80.00	EIGHTH PAGE	15.00
HALF PAGE	40.00	ONE INCH	5.00
QUARTER PAGE	$25.00	HALF INCH	3.00
ONE LINE	$1.00		

316 To Anacreon In Heaven

"Oh say can you see by
the dawn's early light. . ."

Words: Ralph Tomlinson Music: John Stafford Smith

A F#m C#7 F#m B7 E
To An - a - creon in heav'n Where he sat in full glee; A few
That ___ he their in - spir - er and pa - tron would be; When this
A E7 A
sons of har - mo - ny sent in a pe - ti - tion.
an - swer ar - rived from the jol - ly old Gre - cian:
A E7
Voice fid - dle and flute, No_ long - er be mute, I'll
A E7 A B7 E
lend ye my name and in - spire ye to boot, And be -
A D Bm E7
sides I'll in - struct ye, like me, to en - twine___ The
A E7 A
myr - tle of Ve - nus with Bac - chus - 's vine!

Apollo rose up; and said, Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,
Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below!
Your thunder is useless —then, shewing his laurel,
Cried, Sic evitabile fulmen, you know!
  Then over each head
  My laurels I'll spread,
So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,
Whilst snug in their club-room, they jovially twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

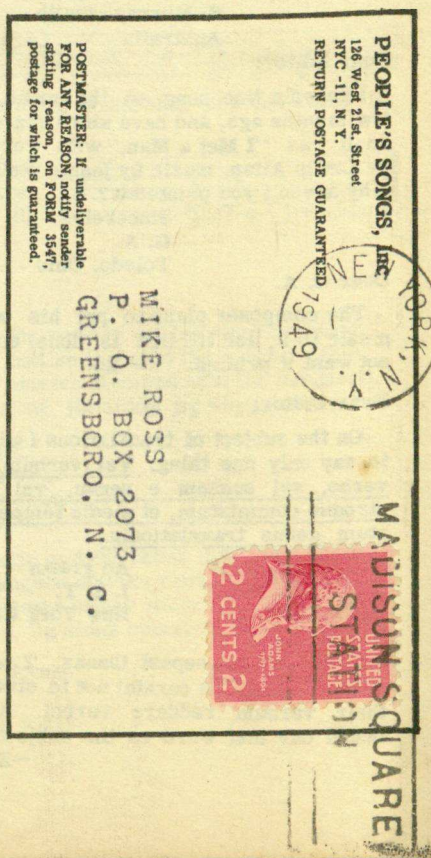


WHILE it is well-known that this publication accepts the principle of the topical parody of an older melody, we also believe it is fair play that the earlier version also be heard in court. To that end we present some rarely heard lyrics. Here is the song which Francis Scott Key used in 1812 for his patriotic song which became our National Anthem by Act of Congress on March 3rd.. 1931.

Samuel Arnold is often given credit for this tune, but the musicologist, O. G. Sonneck, in a complete and scholarly "Report on The Star-Spangled Banner," clearly proves Smith's right to be considered the composer. There are many slight variations in the melody, which has always, of necessity, been a flexible affair.

It seems that "To Anacreon In Heaven", originally the theme song of a blue-blood drinking and singing club in London, the Anacreontic Society, later became tremendously popular throughout all the colonies. True gentlemen would never sing this song in the presence of ladies.

Anacreon, of course, is the ancient Greek poet (B.C. 563-478) whose chief writings were in praise of love and wine. He is said to have died at the ripe old age of eighty-five as a result of choking on a grape seed.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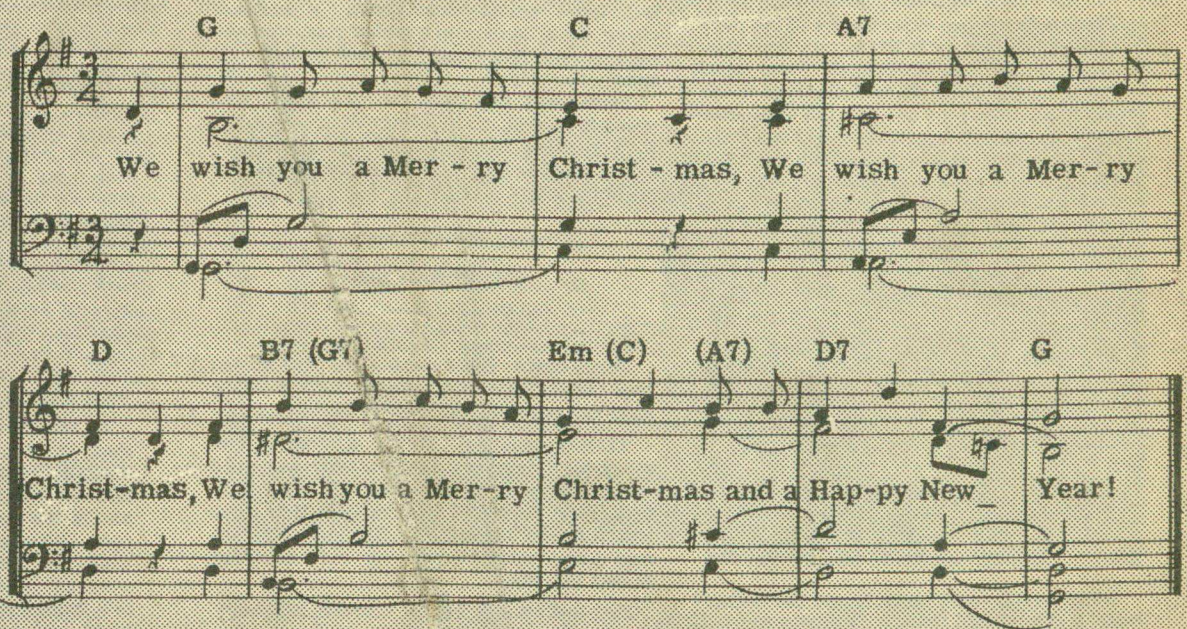


2. We want some figgy pudding (3 times)
And a cup of good cheer.

3. We wont go until we get some (3 times)
So bring it right here.

PEOPLE'S SONGS

DECEMBER 1948 VOL. III NO. 11

The Caravans

One of the highlights of the election campaign was the terrific work done by dozens of young people organized by the Wallace Caravans. While most of their material came from People's Songs, their repertoire also included dances, skits and many other cultural forms.

Wilmington, Del....A preacher witnessed a Caravans program of songs and skits, was convinced he should join the Progressive Party, got up and delivered an extemporaneous sermon about it.

...Ticonderoga, N.Y....A Caravan faced a hostile audience sprinkled with tomato-toting hoodlums, appealed for a democratic hearing and put on a program for an attentive and peaceful audience.

These are but two experiences of the seven or eight Caravans in 10 states where they labored during the campaign. They used borrowed cars, lived off contributions of the local people for food and gas (An estimated $40,000 worth of equipment was raised). And these young people, whose average age is 22, made cultural history, proving that groups can accomplish more than any one of them could do singly.

Local people will never forget the enthusiasm of Caravans, their willingness to work at all kinds of jobs—canvassing, passing out leaflets, leading discussions—in addition to performing.

Caravans will continue work for the Progressive Party and labor unions. Three teams are still in the field. As Caravans works out its organizational problems and matures, it will become an even more vital part of the growing independent cultural movement.

MUSIC CENTER OPENS

Harvey Matt, formerly of the Jefferson School Bookshop, has been appointed head of the new People's Songs Music Center. The center was opened at the national office, 126 W. 21st St., NYC, as a place where people could get people's music from those who know more about the records than the average dealer. Folklore books are also carried by the center. Members of PS are allowed from 10 to 20% discount on all purchases.

Harvey can invariably be seen at labor and progressive meetings representing PS, "getting the music to the people". He first became interested in PS when he was returning to the US from Germany. Aboard ship, he and a few other GI's were singing folk songs from the Kentucky coal mine district. The ship's chaplain came along and told them he was very much opposed to folk music. He was from Harlan County and he said that every time there was a picket line, "somebody would start singing, and by God we'd have a riot!"

"This was the first time I realized that people's music could really do something", Harvey said. As soon as he got back he became a member of PS and started promoting people's songs.

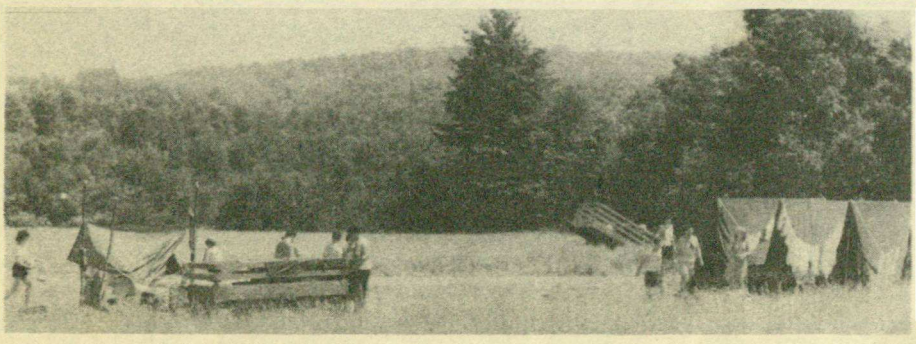
COMMENTS

Small cities voice complaints that all the best talent leaves them as soon as it is any good and goes to New York or Hollywood.

There is one very simple answer to this. When local progressive organizations want a cultural movement enough to help support it; that is, by paying its leaders enough to make it a full time occupation, then only will they find these leaders developing and remaining in that locality.

Until that time it will be a constant history of discouragement because no one person can volunteer enough of his time and energy to do the necessary job for a thriving Peoples Songs movement. P/S branches should bring this before local organizations, and advise us of the attitudes expressed.

Caravan performers (above) singing for Wallace in the south; and (below) a Caravan bivouacked in the Catskills.



PEOPLE'S SONGS is a non-profit organization formed to "create, promote, and distribute songs of labor and the people."

Vol. III No. 11 Dec. 1948

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USE YOUR LIBRARY

Often this Bulletin receives requests to print songs which are already available in the music library of any big city, and it occurs to us that many members may not realize what facilities are available to them along this line. The New York Public Library Music Division will, for example, answer routine questions and provide researchers for special jobs at nominal rates. In their Americana collection, several songs printed in this Bulletin were originally discovered (such as "Fair and Free Elections" last month).

In the New York Public Library, they have 200,000 volumes and 350,000 individual song title cards, and 125 shelves of current periodicals in the music field. In the reference department, besides music dictionaries and Library of Congress records of copyright entries, there are filing cabinets with 500,000 clippings and encyclopedias of recorded as well as printed music.

Popular songs are filed by the year. Microfilm or photostated copies can be got at a nominal rate for any music for which this is not forbidden by the copyright law. In other words, you can get copies of anything over 56 years old.

Considering that half of the best folksong collections of recent years have been made by assiduous researchers with an ear for a good song, People's Songsters should make it their business to see what their own city library offers. A very fine little magazine, "Music Library Notes", edited by some of the staff workers of the Library of Congress Music Division, is also the country's best source for information on latest acquisitions of music libraries across the states. Subscriptions to the magazine can be obtained by becoming a member of the Music Library Association, at $3.00 per year. The address is 121 E. 58 St., NYC.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO PLAY GUITAR

All leading People's Songs branches now arrange guitar classes for members who want to accompany themselves on the instrument. Some include also other instruments such as mandolin and banjo. In addition, some members teach similar classes at private and public institutions, from college on down.

Main innovation to note is that most of these classes skip lightly over use of the instrument in solo work, and concentrate on teaching the beginner to formulate a tasteful accompaniment. Even so, there is a great difference between styles of guitar playing, and students should be aware of which one his teacher prefers. There is the hill-billy-blues style, ranging from Woody Guthrie, Josh White, to Leadbelly; on the other hand you have the classicists, ranging from Richard Dyer-Bennett, Gomez and Segovia, to the straight Flamenco and Spanish folk-styles.

Most practical for People's Songsters' workingclass pocketbooks seems to be a ten-week term, priced about $20, more or less, depending on how many students are in each class. So far no special P/S manuals have been published, though one on the 5-string banjo should be rolling off the mimeograph machines by the end of the month. It will be reviewed when completed.

PEOPLE'S DANCERS ORGANIZE

People's Dance Group: Bunny Rosen, sect'y, 825 Lexington Ave. New York City. RH 40883
Or: People's Songs, 126 W. 21

Dance Center: 462 N. Western Ave. Los Angeles, California HO 0739

New York - The People's Dance Group, a new dance organization, has been formed here. The group announces that it will produce dances of vital social content and high artistic quality for trade unions and mass organizations, as well as for the concert stage. Musicians, writers, designers have been invited to join the new group, in addition to dancers themselves.

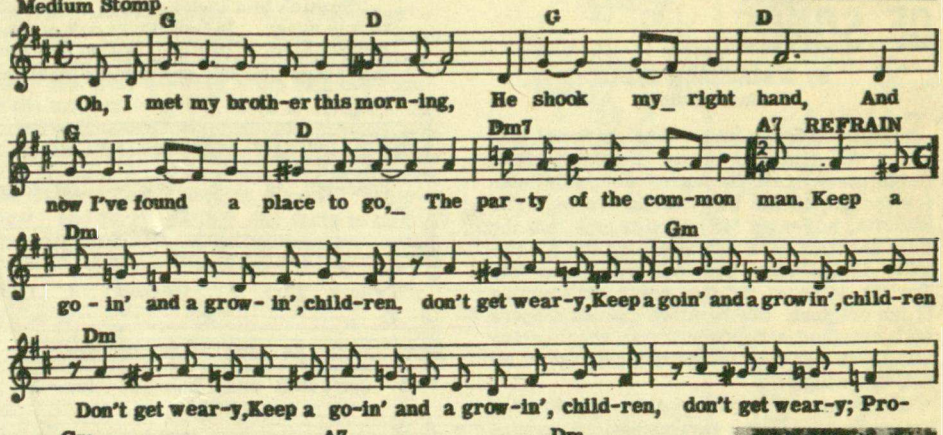
People's Songs was instrumental in forming the group in New York, and the group's production units will be booked through the People's Artists Bureau. The new organization parallels Los Angeles' 'Dance Center,' the now independent group set up by the People's Songs branch there.

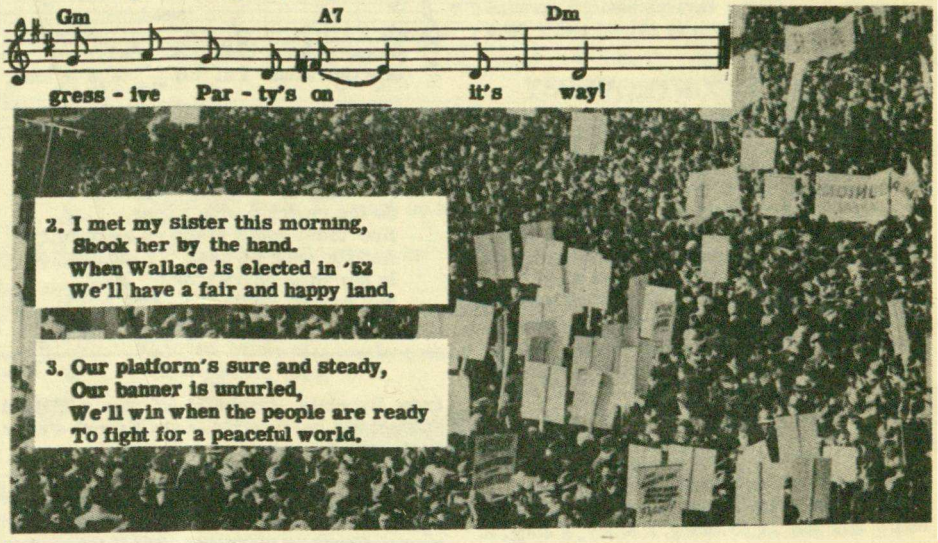
Both groups are eager to work with new forms, musical and dance, to relate their dancing talents to the needs of the people.

294 Keep A Growin'

-By Alan Lomax

Start with Chorus.
Medium Stomp


G D G D
Oh, I met my broth-er this morn-ing, He shook my right hand, And
G D Dm7 A7 REFRAIN
now I've found a place to go, The par-ty of the com-mon man. Keep a
Dm Gm
go-in' and a grow-in', child-ren, don't get wear-y, Keep a goin' and a growin', child-ren
Dm
Don't get wear-y, Keep a go-in' and a grow-in', child-ren, don't get wear-y; Pro-
Gm A7 Dm
gress-ive Par-ty's on it's way!

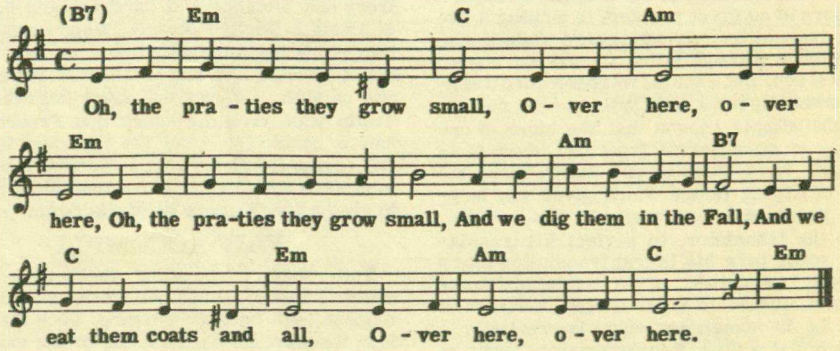


2. I met my sister this morning,
Shook her by the hand.
When Wallace is elected in '52
We'll have a fair and happy land.

3. Our platform's sure and steady,
Our banner is unfurled,
We'll win when the people are ready
To fight for a peaceful world.

295 The Praties

Irish "Potato Famine" song
Dates to 19th Cen. immigration to U.S.


(B7) Em C Am
Oh, the pra-ties they grow small, O-ver here, o-ver
Em Am B7
here, Oh, the pra-ties they grow small, And we dig them in the Fall, And we
C Em Am C Em
eat them coats and all, O-ver here, o-ver here.

Oh I wish that we were geese,
Night and morn, night and morn,
Oh I wish that we were geese,
For they fly and take their ease,
And they live and die in peace,
Eatin' corn, eatin' corn.

Oh we're trampled in the dust,
Over here, over here,
Oh we're trampled in the dust,
But the Lord in whom we trust
Will give us crumb for crust,
Over here, over here.

(Repeat the first verse softly)

ON THE TRANSLATION OF SONGS

By WALDEMAR HILLE
Music Editor

Should Yiddish and other national folk songs be translated into English? Ruth Rubin, an authority in Jewish and Palestinian folk songs, thinks they should not be. (PS Bulletin, July-Aug. '48) She argues that the tone and text of a national song are practically inseparable; and that translation into English destroys the true color and meaning of the original. She believes that all singers both amateur and professional should actually learn and sing the native language of all national songs.

She says: "By translating into English the songs sung by the various national groups in our midst, very little is gained and a good deal is lost."

ZHANKOYE CONTROVERSY

The problem is highlighted by the song "Zhankoye" which is being widely sung in America today. Originally written in Yiddish the song tells the story of Jewish collective farmers and has a wonderful singing chorus which has made it among the most popular of current people's songs. Many people's songsters have undertaken to learn the Yiddish and have sung the song in both Yiddish and English to all kinds of audiences. Peter Seeger for example likes to sing "Zhankoye" with another singer, swapping the Yiddish and English verses, with audiences joining in the chorus. Ruth Rubin analyzed and found that the English words, in her view, were far less meaningful, less poetic and even less true than the original.

Now, the translator's lot is not a happy one. His job is to bring a story, a song, a poem, ideas, words, from one language into another. There is hardly any difficulty in translating ideas. The translator may write a French idea into English and never use a single literal word of the original, yet be true to the meaning of the original French.

There is no great problem in writing a literal translation, as any Latin student who has ridden through Julius Caesar on a 'pony' can tell you. But a literal word-for-word translation usually is not intelligible to the reader, for the simple reason that the idiom of one tongue is so different from the idiom of another. Idiom is color and flavor, taste, the way of saying things which gives any language its special character.

So the translator, to perfect his translation, must turn his literal translation into a "free" translation. It is the translator's art and license to write freely. Because of this, he is sometimes equal in creativity to the original writer. Rabelais wrote Garguantua and Pantagruel; Putnam's translation of these books brought the fresh vigor of Rabelais into English for the first time. Many readers who know only English now know Rabelais, thanks to Putnam's skillful and artistic re-creation of the French writer in our own language.

We all know Mark Twain's excellent comical study of the problems of translation. He found a copy of "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" in French, and if there ever was a problem in translating idiom, the "Jumping Frog" was it. It was full of Westernisms and Americanisms. The French translator had done a masterful job of finding equivalent French expressions to convey the irony and violence and sarcasm and humor of Twain's English story. Twain translated this story back into English from the idiomatic French and the result was ludicrous and painful. And yet one must believe that Twain was probably happy that Frenchmen had a chance to read the "Jumping Frog" and certainly he knew that 50 million Frenchmen were not going to learn English in order to read a single story by Mark Twain.

FAIT ACCOMPLI

Ruth Rubin's positive declaration that national songs should not be translated into English is a little frightening. Look through back issues of the PS Bulletin, or the various collections of people's songs, and see how many songs there are which are popular among Americans today which would not be known at all if we were bound by Ruth Rubin's dictum. How about "The 15th Brigade"? Or "The Four Generals"? Or "Freedom"? Red Army Songs, the "Marseillaise", Greek partisan songs, "Chee-Lai" and other Chinese people's songs? Many singers are able to reproduce the language of these national songs very effectively but for the most part we know these songs as English translations. Other Yiddish scholars besides Ruth Rubin have criticized the English translation of Zhankoye and yet we must ask whether a mediocre translation--if Zhankoye is mediocre--is not better than no translation at all.

TOWARD UNDERSTANDING

With these things in mind it seems clear that we have been arguing false issues. It seems clear that Ruth Rubin has misstated the problem, that she is reacting against poor translations of national songs. It seems clear that she would accept and be glad to sing and to know that other singers were singing good translations. We want finer poetic translations; but this is no reason for damning all English uses of national songs because our translators in these fields are until now imperfect and unskillful.

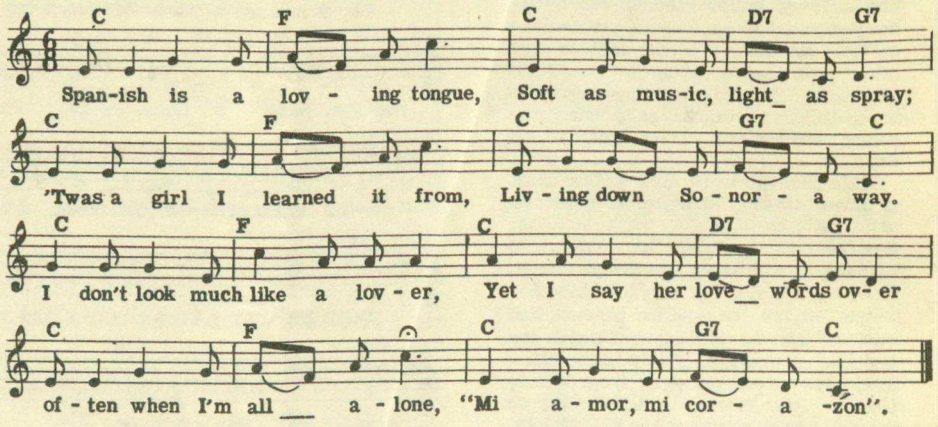
People's Songs feels that a great deal of what Ruth Rubin says is correct. The distribution of the songs of all language groups is so important that every possible way of getting them to the biggest possible audience and making them intelligible to all those audiences must be used. We must translate and get singable versions to the people in their own tongues. There are hazards in the process yet we are still in favor of it.

We think that if Ruth Rubin considers the times we live in, times in which walls are being built, times in which heroes are tearing down walls, times in which our very salvation lies in international understanding, she will be in favor of it too.

296 Spanish Is A Loving Tongue

Southwestern Folksong

"Spanish is a loving tongue"-- the phrase is pure poetry like so many good lines in folk songs. In fact, there are some experts who can prove that folk verse is the highest form of poetry. We do not know how high it is, but we do know that many folk songs like this one contain startling and beautiful ways of saying poetic things.


C F C D7 G7
Span-ish is a lov - ing tongue, Soft as mus-ic, light_ as spray;
C F C G7 C
'Twas a girl I learned it from, Liv - ing down So - nor - a way.
C F C D7 G7
I don't look much like a lov - er, Yet I say her love_ words ov- er
C F C G7 C
of - ten when I'm all ___ a - lone, "Mi a - mor, mi cor - a -zon".

Moonlight on the patio,
Old senora nodding near
Me and Juana talking low,
So the madre couldn't hear.
How those hours would go a-flying,
And too soon I'd hear her sighing,
In her little sorry tone,
Mi amor, mi corazón.

Never seen her since that night,
I can't cross the line, you know,
Wanted for a gambling fight,
Like as not it's better so.
Yet I've always sort of missed her,
Since that last sad night I kissed her,
Left her heart and lost my own,
Adios, mi corazon

PEOPLES CHORUS JOINS PEOPLES SONGS

New York.- Elmer Bernstein, pianist and composer, is the new director of the American People's Chorus here. The chorus is a part of the New York City branch of Peoples Songs. First seasonal concert of the group was held November 5 at Irving Plaza. New works performed at the concert were, Prokofieff's choral treatment of his "Alexander Nevsky Cantata" and "Strange Lullaby", by Herbert Haufrecht. The chorus also sang "Wasn't That A Time", a new song by Lee Hays, a group of international songs of struggle, and a number of traditional American folk songs arranged by Mr. Bernstein.

The chorus has openings for a number of singers. Bernstein says the ability to read music is not a prerequisite for new members.

STORY

THIS IS A STORY TOLD TO Richard Dyer Bennet by Augustine — who makes guitar strings for Dyer-Bennet and Segovia. The story came to us from Elynor Walden, who got it from Jeppy Madison, to whom Dyer-Bennet told it (this is known as 'the folk process').

Segovia was rehearsing for a concert when his bass E string—of which there was only one other in the world—broke. He called up Augustine to get the other string to him at once.

Augustine proceeded to look for the string which he had completed some time before. After an unsuccessful and frantic search, he suddenly recalled why he was not going to find it.

One day, he had noticed a little man dressed in faded dungarees standing with his wife in Tatay's guitar shop gazing longingly at the guitars which were apparently priced beyond his means.

Augustine was so moved that he called the man's wife aside and pressed Segovia's string into her hands, saying, 'When your husband feels discouraged because he cannot have a Tatay guitar, give him this.'

As the man and his wife left, Augustine watched, puzzling over an inscription painted across the face of the guitar:

THIS MACHINE KILLS FASCISTS

* * *

Confirmation from Woody:

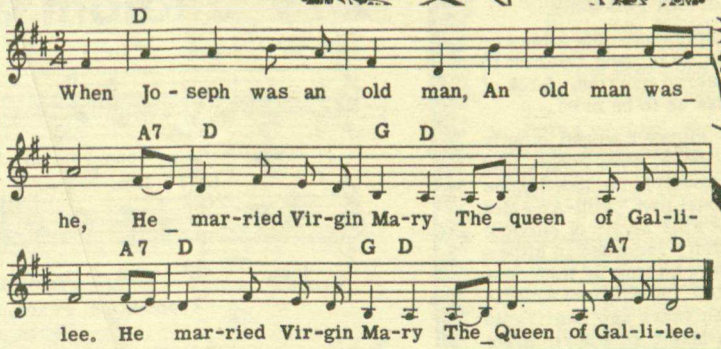
The pair of (only) E strings (wound bass) are now owned by Segovia and me.

(Or was) —W.G.

The Australian poet, John Manifold, long a friend and correspondent of this Bulletin, this month returns to his home after several months in England where he was very active in the Workers Music Association.

297 Cherry Tree Carol

Did you know that Jesus was born on January 6th? Many southerners believe it, at any rate, and celebrate "Old Christmas". They take their reckoning from facts: The Julian calendar places Christmas on that date, and it is a sworn truth that cows are in the habit of kneeling down at midnight of January 6th and moaning soft prayers to celebrate Christ's birth. For those mountain families who live under Old Christmas, the Cherry Tree Carol is standard equipment, and to go against the facts is to go against all reason.


D
When Jo - seph was an old man, An old man was_
A7 D G D
he, He _ mar-ried Vir-gin Ma-ry The_ queen of Gal-li-
A7 D G D A7 D
lee. He mar-ried Vir-gin Ma-ry The_Queen of Gal-li-lee.

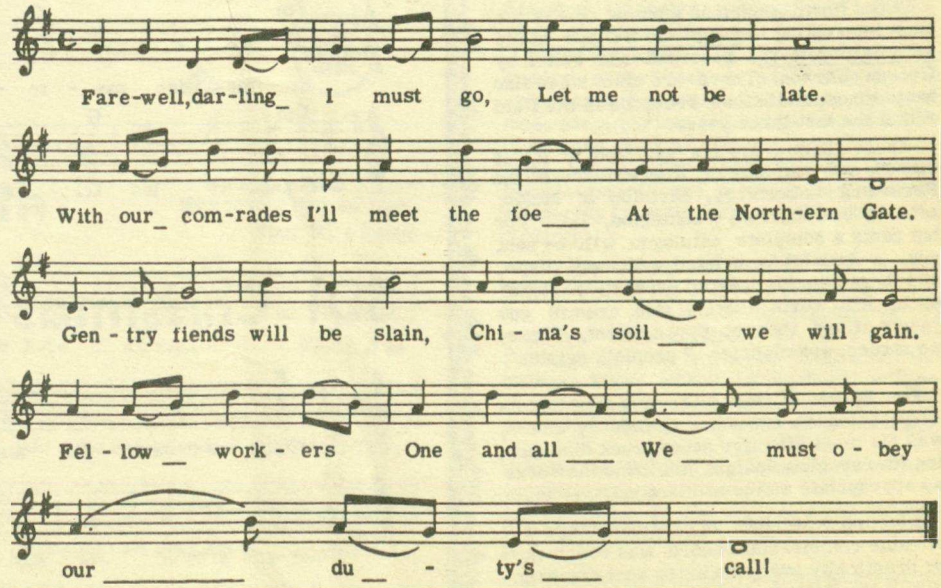
Then Mary spoke to Joseph so meek and so mild,
"Joseph, gather me some cherries, for I am with child."

Then Joseph grew in anger, in anger grew he:
"Let the father of thy baby gather cherries for thee."

Then Jesus spoke a few words, a few words spoke he:
"Let my mother have some cherries, bow low down, cherry tree!"

The cherry tree bowed low down, bowed low down to the ground,
And Mary gathered cherries while Joseph stood around.

298 Farewell, Darling

Chinese soldiers song
Recorded by Paul Robeson
'Chee Lai Keynote 109

Fare-well, dar-ling_ I must go, Let me not be late.
With our_ com-rades I'll meet the foe___ At the North-ern Gate.
Gen - try fiends will be slain, Chi - na's soil ___ we will gain.
Fel - low __ work - ers One and all ___ We ___ must o - bey
our _____ du __ - ty's ____ call!

Let's embrace, dear wife, once more,
Kiss our baby son.
Tell him Dad has gone to war,
Carrying a gun.

We will fight for the soil,
For the products of our toil;
Fellow comrades one and all,
We must obey our duty's call.

ON THE RECORD

IN the June-47 issue of this publication, we reviewed some eleven of the best folkmusic albums in the U.S. - those put out by the Library of Congress. The discs were the cream of 10,000 field recordings with over 40,000 different songs and ballads, fiddle tunes, harmonica and banjo pieces in the famous Archive of American Folk Song.

Ten more such albums have now been released, and each will be of such interest to our readers as to deserve mention. Lack of space, however, forces us to be brief.

Whereas the first eleven covered mostly ballads, blues, dance tunes, work songs, and spirituals from this country, the new issues contain some sensational new Latin-America folkmusic including - Folk Music of Mexico: weird pre-hispanic stuff, recorded in hitherto inaccessable areas of Mexico by Henrietta Yurchenco (who started the original American Music Festival ten years ago over radio station WNYC); Folk Music of Puerto Rico: recorded and edited by Richard Waterman, which contains ancient, modern and topical ballads; Folk Music of Venezuela: edited by Juan Liscano and Charles Seeger, full of exciting music; Afro-Bahian Religious Songs From Brazil: edited by M. and F. Herskovits with material that is more authentic of ancient Africa than almost anywhere else in the world - just as many a Kentucky ballad is close to the original Elizabethan.

Needless to say, the above differ from the stuff palmed off by Xavier Cugat and what is represented to most Americans as Latin American music; like the difference between Leadbelly and Guy Lombardo!

Of the North American albums, one of the most interesting is Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miners: recorded and edited by George Korson. There are also some fine banjo tunes, and ballads recorded in the field within the last three years.

These albums are not available in music stores, and can only be ordered through the Recording Laboratory, Division of Music, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. For ten cents a complete catalogue will be sent you. A booklet is printed with each album, and these can be ordered separately for 25¢ each. It's worth looking into, even if you cannot afford them at the moment. These, we stress, are classics of people's music.

Jim Imbrie of New Jersey reports that an English march recording, "Side by Side", was his most effective sound truck disc during the recent campaign. Jim found the words as appropriate as the militant march tempo.

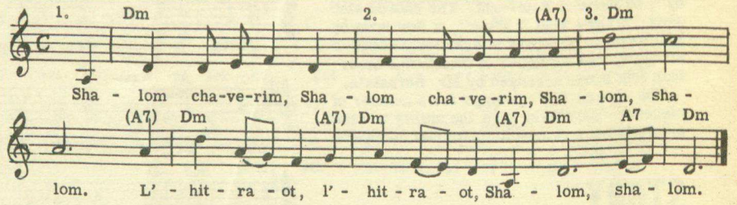
Election postcript: an extraordinarily applicable commercial record was overlooked by practically everyone in the past campaign. It's " the Donkey And The Elephant ", a sophisticated Calypso by one Jesse Jones, backed up by a full swing band. You might look it up for future campaigns: Victor DJ-20-2988A

SINCE primitive times festivals have been held at this season the world over. In Rome, houses were trimmed with evergreen to ward off evil; in Asia, torches were lighted on the shortest days of the year to call back the waning sun. Superstitions have changed, but the magnificent spirit of goodwill, joyousness and peace in all the people's festivals can be highlighted with our songs. Whether Christmas or Chanukah—whether old or new, it's a season for singing, and here are songs for peace and joy.

Christmas

299 Shalom Chaverim

Palestinian Round



Translation: Peace, comrades, farewell till we meet again.
Peace, comrades, farewell.

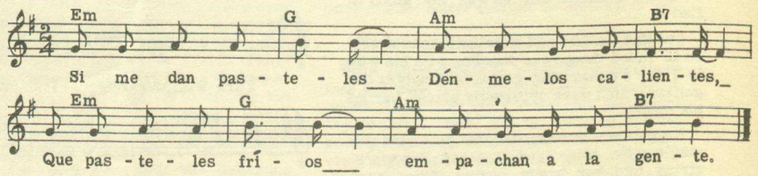
300 Aguinaldo

Porto Rican Folksong

Eduardo Reyes, who gave us the information on page eight, told us of an "aguinaldo" - a Christmas song - sung by Porto Rican children during the Christmas season, which in Latin-American countries is called the time of the "Three Kings". Groups of kids go from house to house beating on tin cans and scraping graters to make, as best they can, the sounds of the guichero and maracas. They come to a doorway and sing about the lady and gentleman of the house, how good they are to listen to their serenade, and how they are expected to come out with a gift of money or food. The little stanza goes:

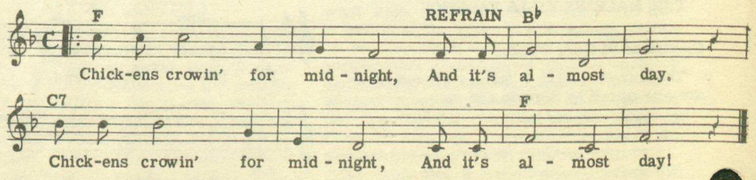
"If you give me little meat pies, give them to me hot, for cold meat pies will give people indigestion."

"But," says Reyes, "you should hear what the kids sing when they don't get a gift! The people of such a house are as tight as drums, with skins as tight as goatskin drumheads! And that really is funny."



301 Christmas Play Party

Amer. Folksong

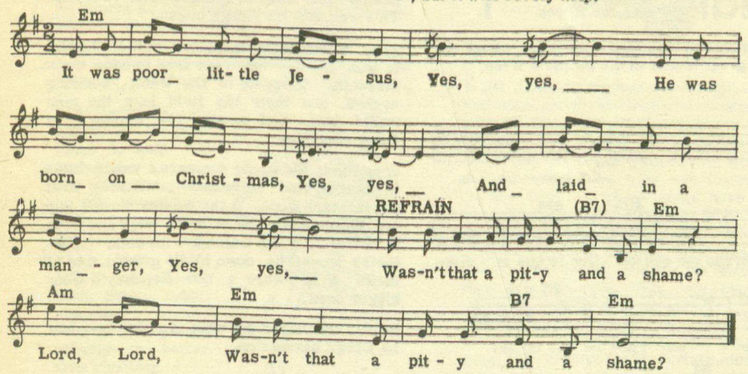


2. Santa Claus is coming (etc)
3. I think I heard my mother say (etc)
4. I think I heard my papa say (etc)
5. Christmas is a coming (etc)

6. Children are all happy
on Christmas day
Children are all happy
on Christmas day

302 It Was Poor Little Jesus

Spiritual

Negro slaves were especially fond of Jesus. Though he was a white man's god, he became, through his own suffering and pain, a friend of their own. They sang about him, and their songs became shouting songs of faith in a better world than the one they knew. Songs like "It Was Poor Little Jesus" are sung today by Negro congregations, and their sympathy and tenderness still shout of a better world to come on earth. Singing about Jesus won't bring it, but it will surely help.

Em
It was poor_ lit- tle Je - sus, Yes, yes, ____ He was
born_ on ___ Christ - mas, Yes, yes, _ And _ laid_ in a
REFRAIN (B7) Em
man _ - ger, Yes, yes, ___ Was-n't that a pit-y and a shame?
Am Em B7 Em
Lord, Lord, Was-n't that a pit - y and a shame?

Poor little Jesus, Yes, yes
Child of Mary, Yes, yes
Didn't have no cradle, Yes, yes
Wasn't that a pity and a shame?
Lord, Lord
Wasn't that a pity and a shame?

Poor little Jesus, Yes, yes
They took him from a manger...
They took him from his mother...

Poor little Jesus, Yes, yes
They bound him with a halter...
And whipped him up the mountain...

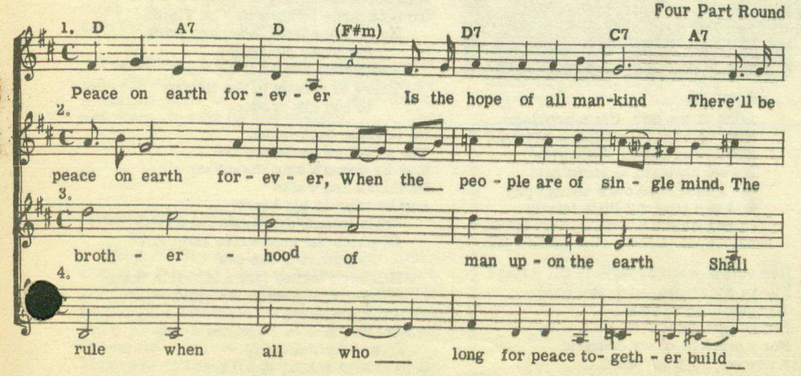
Poor little Jesus, Yes, yes
They nailed him to the cross, Lord...
They hung him with a robber

Poor little Jesus, Yes, yes
He's risen from darkness...
He's ascended into glory...

He was poor little Jesus, Yes, yes
Born on Friday...
Born on Christmas

303 Peace on Earth

Music by Hans Eisler
New words by Lee Hays
Four Part Round


1. D A7 D (F#m) D7 C7 A7
Peace on earth for - ev - er Is the hope of all man-kind There'll be
2.
peace on earth for - ev - er, When the_ peo - ple are of sin - gle mind. The
3.
broth - er - hood of man up - on the earth Shall
4.
rule when all who ___ long for peace to- geth - er build_

OFF THE PRESS

AMERICAN FOLK SONGS FOR CHILDREN by Ruth Crawford Seeger. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. 190 pp. New York: Doubleday and Co. $4.00.

Reviewed by Beatrice Landeck, editor Disc records childrens series; teacher at New York's Mills school. Her own collection for children, "Songs To Grow On," will soon be off the press and will be reviewed in this column. Ed. Note.

Ruth Crawford Seeger is well known in the folk field, having served as music editor and arranger of the Lomaxes' OUR SINGING COUNTRY, and as joint editor of their FOLK SONG: U.S.A. She brings to this collection of songs for children all of her experience in the field as well as a love and deep understanding of children. The combination affords a book that can make an enormous contribution to a child's musical growth and emotional stability.

It has been my experience in 20 years of teaching that the best possible music training for youngsters is a familiarity with traditional songs of the kind that refuse to stay within the school walls - songs that children sing with their friends and families - songs that fit into daily living, changing or adapting them to suit their purposes - songs they dance to or hum or act out - in short, songs that children take to their hearts. "American Folk Songs for Children" furnishes material for such an education. There are 96 songs in this book, some of which are fairly well known but many of which appear here only as a result of Mrs. Seeger's extensive research and unfailing sense of appropriateness.

There are many pages of text in the beginning of the book in which Mrs. Seeger gives explicit examples of how she has used authentic American folk songs with children of all ages without softening or simplifying them. She also gives many valuable suggestions to parents and teachers as to how the songs may be sung with and without accompaniment.

It is my feeling and sincere hope that this book's philosophy of music education will, in the not too distant future, supplant the dry pedagogy still practiced in most schools. Parents can do much to bring about this change. They, as well as teachers, will derive benefit from reading this book and pleasure from making a generous use of its songs.

Refer to PS Vol. 1 #11 for the best modern Christmas song we know, Sir Lancelot's calypso, "Walk In Peace." In same issue is "Children, Go Where I Send Thee."

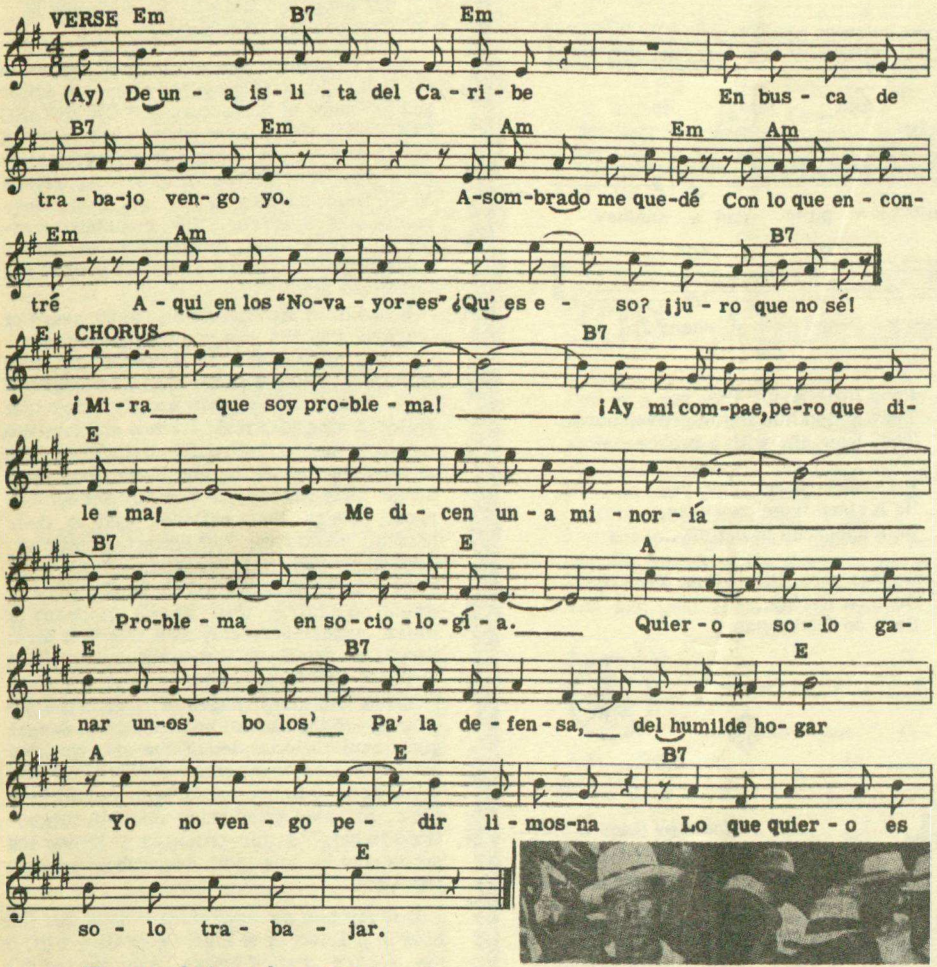
Any library will have numerous authoritative collections of Christmas Carols. We can recommend at least two: The Oxford Book Of Carols (reviewed P/S Vol.I#11) and Noels, by M. and A. Oberndorfer. Both give not only a good selection, but in the preface go into the historical basis for the songs.

WE continue our series of recorded interviews of workers and their songs. Some of our greatest American folk songs—songs with guts and feelings—recount experiences of those who have settled here. There's "Pat Works On The Railway" for one. But many of them never get beyond "the ghetto." This month Eduardo Reyes of New York City describes (1) how he wrote "Problema Social," (2) the Birth of La Conga and (3) the famous "Lamento Borincano." Transcribed by Francis Dellorco.

304 Problema Social -By Eduardo Reyes

1.

I decided to write a lyric that would make people happy and let them dance more because of the music and rhythm—but which would also bring home a message about the very great truths in the people's lives.


VERSE Em B7 Em
(Ay) De un - a is - li - ta del Ca - ri - be En bus - ca de
B7 Em Am Em Am
tra - ba-jo ven- go yo. A-som-brado me que-dé Con lo que en - con-
Em Am B7
tré A - qui en los "No-va - yor-es" ¿Qu' es e - so? ¡ju - ro que no sé!
E CHORUS B7
¡ Mi - ra que soy pro-ble - ma! ¡Ay mi com-pae, pe-ro que di-
E
le - ma! Me di - cen un - a mi - nor - ía
B7 E A
Pro-ble - ma en so - cio - lo - gí - a. Quier - o so - lo ga-
E B7 E
nar un-os bo los Pa' la de - fen - sa, del humilde ho- gar
A E B7
Yo no ven - go pe - dir li - mos-na Lo que quier - o es
E
so - lo tra - ba - jar.

Yo, que peleaba en la guerra
Americano al fin, como nací.
Aunque sirvo pa' pelear
Yo no puedo votar
Pa' el presidente de la patria
Y al venir a trabajar
(Repeat Chorus)

TRANSLATION

From a little island in the Carribean,
I came to the good old U.S. A.
But what a shock I got...
I find that I am not...
Welcome in my good old country,
Excepting to get shot!

CHORUS:
Look at me now, I'm a problem!
Boy, oh boy... isn't that a hot one?
Now... I'm called 'minority',
A real problem in sociology.
All I want is to earn enough pay
So I can feed my little family.
I don't want charity...I don't shirk,
All I want is just a chance to work.

Remember when I fought in the Army?
I'm an American, born and bred.
The gun I had to tote...
Did not get me a vote...
For president of my country;
And when I ask for work...
(Repeat Chorus)

2. BIRTH OF LA CONGA

There was slavery in Cuba—about 1870 I'd say. Once a year the slaves were allowed to hold a comparsa. On that one day the slaves were free to do anything they wanted and they usually got drunk.

The comparsa was a group of dancers, 16 men and 16 women. They'd have a business, a pole with candles and paper streamers on it. The guy at the head would carry that, twirling it in the air, with the others dancing behind him. They originated their own step. This was how the Conga began.

They danced with machetes in their hands. It was the day they were free to show their strength. Stripped to the waist, wearing sashes, and their big field hats, the men would dance and sweat. The women wore fancy costumes.

Sometimes the whole comparsa would dress in exaggerated costumes mimicking what the masters wore. If the master wore a high hat, theirs would be twice as high and wide. If he wore a white tailcoat with satin lapels, theirs would be down to the ground and all satin. If he wore a bow tie, they'd wear bigger ones.

In 1898 the slaves got what is called freedom. La Conga carries on.

3. LAMENTO BORINCANO

"Lamento Borincano" by Rafael Hernandez is dear to every Porto Rican. Borinquen is the true name of the island of Porto Rico.

It is early in the morning
The sun is coming over the mountains;
Purples, yellows, lavenders are forming
in the sky
Reflected off the clouds over the sea.
A farmer is taking produce to market
And as he goes he walks and thinks
of this song to the beat
Of the hooves of his little mare
He is happy, and he sings in his heart
About the wonderful feeling he is
going to have
When he gets to market and sells his wares
And takes the money and buys a dress
To take home to his wife, La Viajita.
He reaches town, now, and finds
the place deserted;
Everybody seems to be dead;
There is nobody in the market
to buy his produce

He is going back home.
The music is the same, but
Now he doesn't sing, he cries;
He thinks and walks
And he says in his heart:
'This island, this beautiful island
Of which the poet wrote and called
the pearl of the sea
Has been turned into a horrible thing!
What will happen to my children,
my wife?'
'Borinquen, now that you are dying
from your suffering
Let me sing a song of sadness
to you also.'

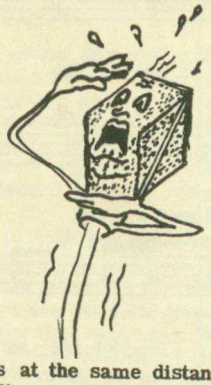
The Frightened Mike

In most meeting halls, people's singers find poor sound systems which make their voices sound like steel rasps, or fog horns. I have had to struggle with many lousy microphones and have seen many performances loused up because I, or other singers, did not know how to use the mikes properly. Even a poor mike can be used properly or improperly.

People's singers should study sound systems as one of the techniques of their trade -- almost as important as playing an instrument or singing on pitch.

1) Prime a friend in the hall to signal you from the audience if you are too loud or soft.

2) Don't be afraid to ask the audience to help you gauge the way you are using the mike, to tell you if your voice is not right. Try it near, far, high, low, right, left. Experiment with your voice; sometimes speaking quietly and clearly is better than shouting.



3) Keep your lips at the same distance from the mike, don't move back and forth except on high notes which might blast.

4) Get your instrument near enough the mike so it will be picked up as well as your voice. This is nearly impossible with some very poor p.a. systems but if the instrument is not being heard beyond the first row you might as well not play at all.

5) The biggest headache is placing a group. No two voices are alike. One will blast, another will not be heard. Only experiment will get a good balance in which all voices are heard and no one voice drowns out the other.

6) The mike should pick up as little sound from the speakers as possible -- speakers must be set in front of the mike. to one side. If the mike picks up too much sound you get a feedback squeal. Then you have to turn down volume until you have to practically kiss the mike to be heard.

Personally, I am so disgusted with most p.a. systems that I have about decided to get a special mike built to suit my own height and noise, to take on all bookings.

—Pete Seeger

AMERICA IN SONG

Margaret Bradford, whose brightly illustrated "Fireside Book of Folksongs" was a best-seller last year, is working on a social history of America in song. From Plymouth Rock to the present, it will contain songs telling the story of every period, and every class and group. Expect it about a year from now.

LEE HAYS CONCLUDES ALMANAC HISTORY

THE Almanac Houses were regular song factories, and the visitors who came to sing with us would sound like an honor roll of creative artists, if their names were listed here. More than once, at these early hoots, a new song was improvised on the spot -- which would have given Nick Ray new fits if he had tried to list the authors -- there were dozens of authors, tossing verses back and forth across the room, and by the time the final selection was made, who knew just who had written what verse?

Songs by the dozen. Songs for every occasion. Go to a booking, find out that a song was needed for a certain situation, come home, sit down and make that song on the spot. Couldn't sleep till it was done, felt uneasy till that gap was plugged. Songs about peace, white collar workers, air raid wardens, the sinking of a destroyer, love, unemployment, coal miners, songs about the Almanacs themselves, and how cold it was that winter in Almanac House, and songs that punctured some little balloon of personal ambition that one of us had launched, to set him down amongst us again, songs about our foibles and weaknesses, and about our pride in the Almanac Singers, and songs celebrating our common brotherhood. I can speak only for myself, but I felt that the Almanacs were my own brothers and sisters, and I have never had any better ones, or loved any more.

This feeble description does not indicate what I had in mind. In youth there is a virtue in just going ahead and doing what has to be done, without too much thought of the causes and ramifications -- the theory, the approach, the philosophical basis for creative action -- whatever you call that thing. When the Almanacs are old and wiser maybe we'll know more, about why we did what we did. I think our remarkable production came out of a way of life. There came a time when Almanacs questioned that way of life and found it wrong, and blamed failures on it, and tried to take the Almanacs into more customary channels of production. There was talk of agents and pulling punches so as to get higher fees, and radio and recordings and even Hollywood. We were to do "as other folks do, and go out and get some money too." But our way of life was rooted in necessity, no matter how some of us have tried to put it forward as a principled system, and it would not have survived commercialism. It was a fine way, and I have Pete Seeger's word for it that he thinks the songs that came out of that kind of life have never been equalled. Yet Pete agrees with me that it is a way which can never be set up again, for these are new times, and the necessity which told the Almanacs how to live and make good songs is not the necessity of today.

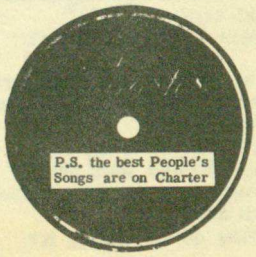
Almanac royalties have amounted to more, since Almanac days, than the royalties the Almanacs made when they were writing and performing together. The one album 'Talking Union' still sells as many copies as its producer allows to be sold, and its songs are practically the official songs of the labor movement. They are heard from sound trucks at every picketline, and will help to win strikes as long as strikes are permitted in free America. Novels have been written with songs like 'Which Side Are You On?' as their theme. 'Round and Round Hitler's Grave' was heard all over the world in celebration of the people's victory over fascism. One or another of the Almanac songs, already written, will surely be known to history as the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' of our times.

And though no single Almanac history will tell the whole story, all of them together might help to define how the Almanacs worked and lived by the necessity of their day. That would help songwriters of today to find their own necessities.

Once Theodore Dreiser embarrased the hell out of the Almanacs when he jumped up after a song and gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek in front of the crowd, and declared that "if we had six teams like these boys we could save America." Well, we know now that it will take a few more than six, but that it will take teams, the Almanacs have proved.

C-45 Just Released

"HOUSING" - Goodson and Vale (backed by)
"DEATH OF HARRY SIMMS" and "WINNSBORO COTTON MILL BLUES" - Pete Seeger



DISTRIBUTORS:

Record Mdse., 1903 W. Pico, Los Angeles - Alco Dist., 267 W. 69, New York City

CHANGES

Denver is not to be outdone by Boston, to the tune of Acres of Clams:

Here is to the City of Denver
The City of silver and gold
Where the old folks come to get younger
And the young folks never get old.

Jenny Wells writes that her new version of Los Quatros Generales goes over well in New Mexico. The repitition inviting group participation is:

1. Las cuatro libertados (3 times)
   Mamita mia
   Con Henry Wallace, con Henry Wallace
2. La libertad de prensa
   (freedom of the press)
   Con Henry Wallace, con Henry Wallace
3. La libertad de la palabra
   (freedom of speech)
   Con Henry Wallace, con Henry Wallace
4. La libertad de temor
   (freedom from fear)
   Con Henry Wallace, con Henry Wallace
5. La libertad de pobreza
   (freedom from poverty)
   Con Henry Wallace, con Henry Wallace.

Correction: In the article on recorders two months ago we mentioned the Lehrer Recorder. It is not sold at the store mentioned, but at many other music stores throughout USA (in N.Y., Fisher's on West 57th Street).

Postscript for Recorder Players: Hargail Music Press, 130 West 56 Street, New York sells nearly fifty collections of music for the recorder, ranging from Bach and ancient airs to folk songs.

WHY

By IRWIN SILBER

The poet looks at the ocean
and questions the waves.
Mirrors,
examines,
glories in the water,
wonders at the depth
and says
"How do we cross it?"

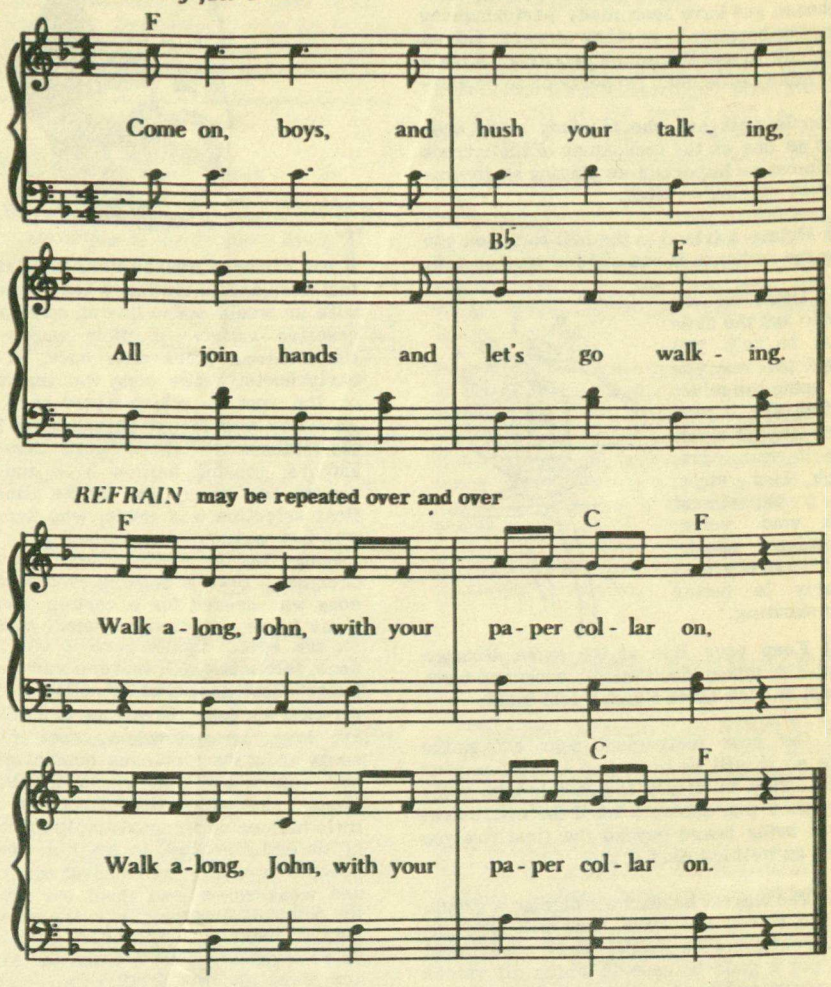
The poet looks at the sky
and questions the stars.
Describes,
analyzes,
appreciates,
wonders at their magnitude
and says
"How do we get there?"

The poet looks at the earth
and questions all of history.
Depicts,
judges,
falls in love with man,
wonders at the way of the world
and says
"How do we change it?"

"SONGS TO GROW ON"

305 Walk Along, John

Moderately fast ♩= 88

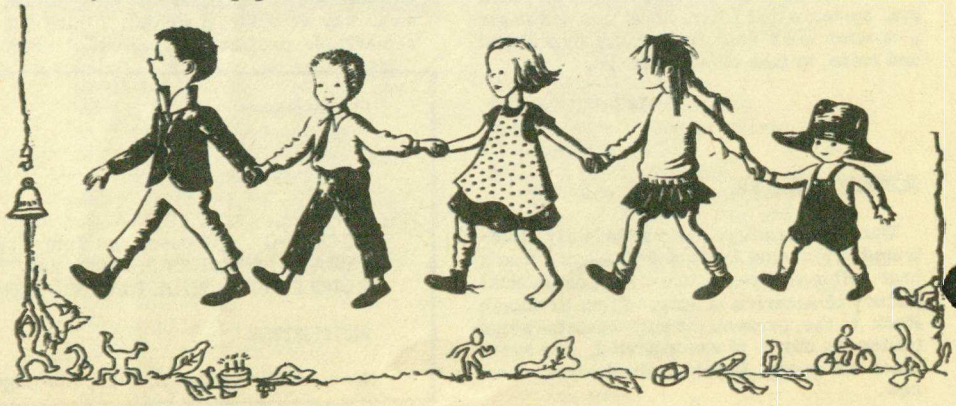

F
Come on, boys, and hush your talk - ing.
B♭
F
All join hands and let's go walk - ing.
REFRAIN may be repeated over and over
F
C
F
Walk a - long, John, with your pa - per col - lar on.
C
F
Walk a - long, John, with your pa - per col - lar on.

Walk (or come) along, Judy, with one shoe on,
Walk along, Janet, with your hair falling down,
Walk along, Mike, with your dad's old hat, . . etc.

Come on, Bill and hush your talking,
Let's join hands and go a-walking,
Walk along, Bill, with your blue pants on,
Walk along, Bill, with your blue pants on.

From "American Folk Songs For Children" by Ruth Crawford Seeger, illustrated by Barbara Cooney, published by Doubleday and Co., reprinted by permission, reviewed on page seven.

(Like any good children's song, this one should be acted out; add new words to suit the situation—the children weaving their way through the room.)



CORRESPONDENCE

This bulletin is received every month by trade union leaders, teachers, and lovers of people's music in every continent of the world. The following is a typical reply just received from a correspondent in Czechoslovakia.

Dear People's Songs:

Excuse me for not writing sooner. I was very busy at the Exposition of Czechoslovak Broadcasting Corporation where I did the propagation for folk songs and the songs of American people especially.

We are very pleased of the exchanging of gramophone records, and as the first packet we have prepared thirty-two records from the Youth Festival. This packet we'll send off as soon as the sending off formalities will be finished. I think it will be the best if we exchange one record for one. Our Gramophone Records Co. has published many folks songs. All of these you can have.

And now, what we should like from you: You will be surprised that it will not be folk songs this time since we can get these from American Information Service, records with Leadbelly, Josh White, Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger and others. First of all we are interested in the music of Mexican and South American Indians, folksongs of the West Indies, voodoo, calypso, etc., orchestras as Stan Kenton, Boyd Raeburn, etc., and especially the latest records of Be-Bop.

Endly, the Czech public would be interested in the songbook of Henry Wallace's Party. I hope it will not get you much troubles to prepare these records and send them off as soon as it will be possible.

Yours Sincerely
Ludvik Cermak
Prague, Czechoslovakia

Dear Editor:

I cannot identify all the people in the center of your summer Bulletin. Would you please identify them better next time?

H. L.
Boston

Dear H. L.:

O.K. Get out last summer's issue. Center page starting on the left hand column and reading down!

Leadbelly, Earl Robinson, "Hootin' Lil", Josh White, Lee Hays, Joe Hill, the Hutchinson Family.

Right column, "Boots" Casetta, Vern Partlow, Goodson and Vale, Paul Robeson, Berni Asbel, Woody Guthrie, Marc Blitztein, Harry Sims, Wally Hille.

Good lookers, aren't they? Ed.

Dear People's Songs:

I have been a member of People's Songs, Inc., for some time now, and I am indeed proud of my membership with your organization. I have featured numerous times many of your songs, and I have had the pleasure and privilege of meeting some of your outstanding men, such as Earl Robinson.

Please send me any material which you know will be of interest to me, and be assured of my sincere appreciation for this kindness.

With every good wish to you and yours, I am,

Cordially yours
Cantor Moses J. Silverman

Dear Editor:

We were very interested in hearing that Pete Seeger had made the recordings of "Conversation With A Mule", "The Farmer Is The Man" and "Join The Farmers Union". Will you please consider this an order for one copy each of the records as soon as they are out. We would certainly appreciate receiving them by October 20th for use at our state convention.

We are always interested in the work you folks are doing in making music available which can be used by People's groups such as ours. This is especially valuable to us in such areas as Montana which very few of your people get out this far to demonstrate. Please write us when we can be of any help.

Sincerely yours,
Ruth E. Vogt
Acting Director of Education
Montana Farmers Union

Dear People's Songs:

We did a lot of digging in the old days at Ashland Folk School, Grant, Michigan, for the kind of stuff you specialize in. That was twenty years ago and I am glad there has been enough progress in folk-singing to make possible regular publication of more findings. I will be glad to see your music.

Very truly yours
Helen B. Schreiber
Hinsdale, Ill.

The translator's lot is not a happy one. Hille discusses problems of bringing words and ideas from one language into another..... An answer to Ruth Rubin. (see page four)

Dear Sir:

Lee Hays never fooled me. All this Arkansas preacher, hobo, rough diamond stuff, I mean. A long way back I had him spotted for a poet and a critic, and an aesthete to boot. Now he proves it with his remarks about rhythm and rhyme. Amen, brother, Amen!

Not long ago someone wrote that poetry should be written to read or sing, not solve. I've done a lot of skirmishing on that front in the last few years. I've been able to help confirm the trend toward rhythm and rhyme in such top-flight people's poets as Aaron Kramer, Fred Blair, Martin Garnet and Gordon Murray. It isn't going to do a good cause a bit of harm to have Lee Hays enlisting in it.

For what Lee says makes sense. Maybe he'll let me suggest a clarifying notion or two. "Breathing, the flow of blood in our bodies, the way our limbs move...these are rhythm," says Lee. Right, but these are also meter. I chuckle at Lee's insinuation that one reason versifiers today shun meter is that it's hard work. But he seems to give up the field there too easily. No one knows better than Lee that when a song really gets under the skin, we show it by tapping our feet, or swaying our bodies, or clapping our hands. The poem not sung, not set to music, merely read or recited, which yet has metrical rhythm, if it does not set us tapping or clapping or swaying outwardly, nevertheless does so inwardly. Anyone can learn why just by putting his finger on his pulse: our blood flows not only rhythmically but metrically.

Now about rhyme. This was invented by the Irish "poets" of remote pagan times. They were really genealogists and annalists. They had to memorize thousands of lines of legend and tribal history. Same with other peoples -- the Jews invented repetition, the Greeks devised hexametric rhythm as memory-aids; the Irish hit on rhyme, the best memory-aid of all. If you want a song or a poem to be remembered, the surest way is to tip your lines with rhyme.

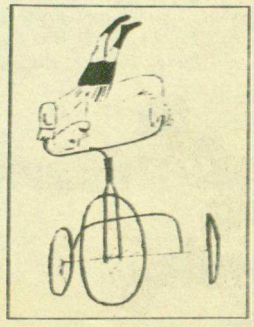
Yours lyrically,
Shaemas O'Sheel

Dear Ed.:

When I drink I feel, I feel
Visions of poetic zeal;
But drunker yet I get, and reel
On praise from Shaemas, The O'Sheel

—Lee Hays

Dear People's Songs,



'Merry Xmas' —Ben Shahn

SINGING PEOPLE

A great loss to the American theatre was suffered when Richard Huey died last month of a heart attack. Readers will remember him in "Bloomer Girl", and most especially for his singing the spiritual and preaching the sermon in the Robinson-Lampell cantata, "The Lonesome Train". His last record was fitting: a disc made for the Progressive Party campaign.

Alan Lomax's class in History of American Folk Music at N.Y.U. made newspaper columns last month when the classroom was discovered to be Cafe Society downtown which is not otherwise used on Monday nights by the club.

The Dean's office hastened to point out that the course, which is non-matriculated, was located at the night club in order that the noise of both the folk songs, and the jazz sessions that follow, would not interfere with other classes being held at the same time.

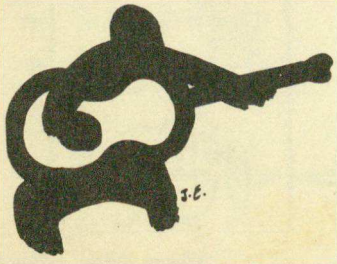
There is neither bar nor kitchen service on Monday nights, and students must get their inspiration from the music alone!

Josh White was in an automobile accident near Boston last month, and broke several ribs, in addition to other cuts, bruises, and bumps. But he is back in shape now, and recently dropped by this office to swap songs.

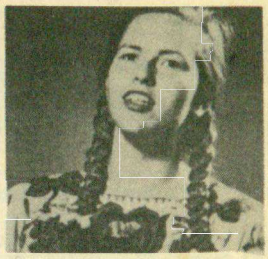
After many years of turning down Hollywood offers in which he would have to play a stereotyped 'Uncle Tom', Josh finally took a part in the movie "Walking Hills", in which he plays himself! He is shown singing in a California nightspot when he gets involved in the action, taking place in Death Valley. It was filmed last spring, will be released in February. Josh does four songs in it.

Win Stracke, Chicago, writes in that perhaps other trained singers besides himself might like to know more about published works to supplement their People's Songs Bulletins.

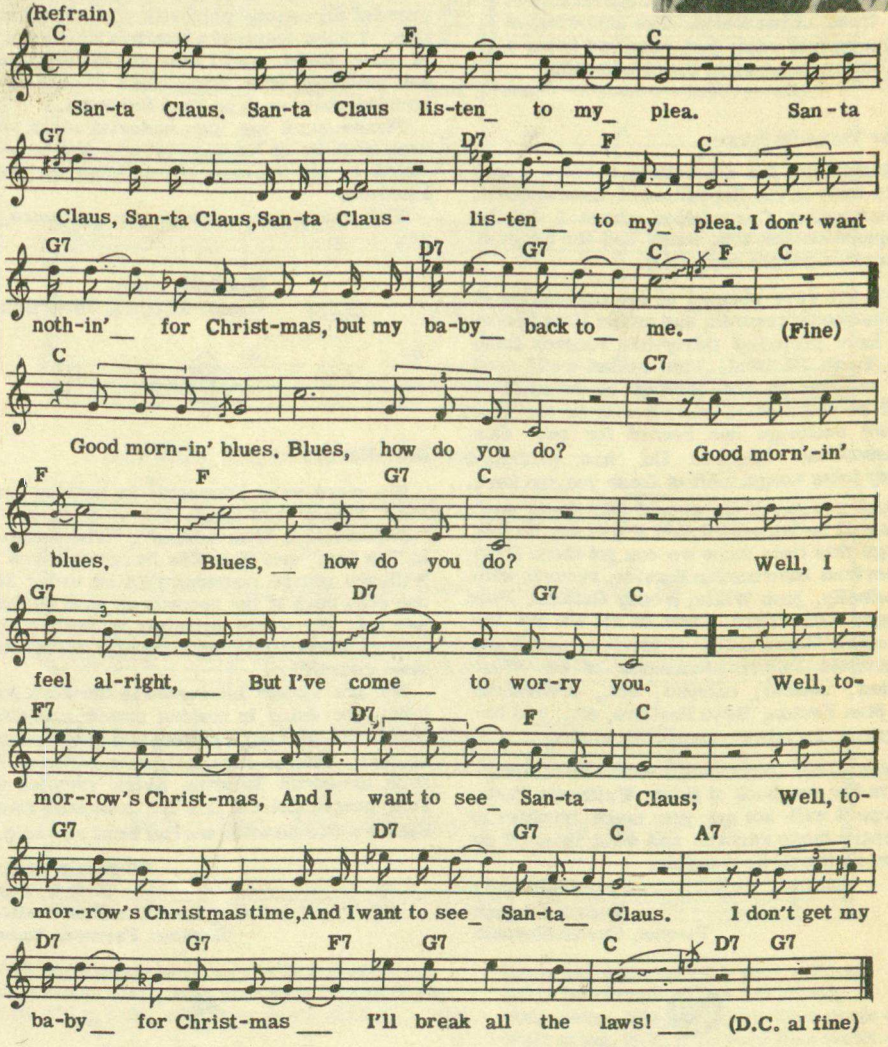
His own preferred list is as follows:
Negro Speaks Of Rivers, (Bonds and Langston Hughes), pub. by Handy; Freedom Road, (Harper-Hughes), pub. by Musette; When the King Went Forth To War, (Koeneman) pub. by Chester, Ltd., London; Invocation (very good, says Win), (Balakareff) published by Schirmers in "Masters of Russian Song," Vol. II; Bill of Rights, (Gorney) Mills Music.



306 Santa Claus Blues



Have you ever heard a Christmas carol played by a boogie-woogie pianist? We have, and thought it very sincere, moving and proper. "Each poet must sing in his own voice." And now comes another wonder - a Christmas blues. Made of verses from blues, it was introduced at the Village Vanguard by Hallie Wood. Well, can't a person feel blue at Christmas time?


(Refrain)
C F C
San-ta Claus. San-ta Claus lis-ten_ to my_ plea. San-ta
G7 D7 F C
Claus, San-ta Claus, San-ta Claus - lis-ten__ to my_ plea. I don't want
G7 D7 G7 C F C
noth-in'__ for Christ-mas, but my ba-by__ back to__ me._ (Fine)
C C7
Good morn-in' blues. Blues, how do you do? Good morn'-in'
F F G7 C
blues. Blues,__ how do you do? Well, I
G7 D7 G7 C
feel al-right,__ But I've come__ to wor-ry you. Well, to-
F7 D7 F C
mor-row's Christ-mas, And I want to see_ San-ta__ Claus; Well, to-
G7 D7 G7 C A7
mor-row's Christmas time, And I want to see_ San-ta__ Claus. I don't get my
D7 G7 F7 G7 C D7 G7
ba-by__ for Christ-mas__ I'll break all the laws!__ (D.C. al fine)

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Volume 3, No. 8

People's Songs - September 1948

SOHV

NORTH OF THE BORDER

Pictures on this page were sent in by Canada's 'Hootenlil' (Lillian Marcus), to tell the story of the great International Labor Festival at Toronto.

The festival is a huge affair, unique in political life on this continent, but something which many US progressives might think of organizing for their city. It is a great picnic, sponsored by labor and progressive organizations, which every August attracts some ten or twelve thousand people of Toronto!

The attraction? First, the name itself is shown by the many tables laden with special dishes prepared by various national groups. No one brings his own lunch. One finds Hungarian goulash, Finnish coffee, Jewish knishes, Russian borscht, etc. (This always starts the women on exchanging recipes!)

Other events are races, exhibitions, 'try your luck' booths, puppet shows (all made and worked by a labor group), lucky draws, door prizes, frigidaires, mixmasters, radios, chalk talks, have your picture taken. and so on. Each organization is in an intense competition to raise the most money, through their various booths.

'The talent competition,' writes Lil, 'was entered into with much enthusiasm. We heard songs in many languages and various instruments.

"And as for the door prize, believe it or not, this gal won first . . . a trip to New York. Still floating in a cloud about it.'

Knitting the whole day together is the guest speaker, and the slogan of the day, this year, "Stand on guard for Canada against the warmakers!"

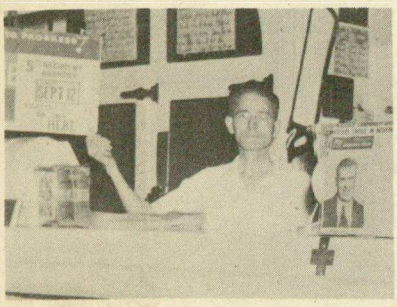
Says Lil, "It is a day when labor really takes over; the booths, stoves, tents, displays, signs, are all made by the wonderful people who work tremendously hard to make this day a success . . . and it always is."

As we went to press a postscript to this story was received in the form of another letter from our leading member in Canada:

Dear People's Songs:

I am writing to tell you about the last election I worked in, in which a sing-

(Cont'd on page 11, 1st column)



SINGING BUTCHER

Above is pictured Mr. H. G. Bolander, Baltimore butcher, who has covered his counter with campaign posters, and who has composed numerous songs which he will sing at the drop of a hat, right in the store, crowds of customers and other clerks gathering around. Here is his letter, and a verse from one of his songs.

Dear PEOPLE'S SONGS:

Enclosed please find copies of a few campaign songs I have composed.

I hereby donate them to you, and if you think they are worth it you may have them copyrighted and use them anywhere you please.

I use them to wonderful advantage, as per this:

The other day one of the butchers tried to taunt me what Oklahoma did to Wallace. I answered, "Oh, John! I'm not worrying about Oklahoma! Did you hear my latest song?" Then I started with 3rd and 4th verses of the Casey Jones song (in a public market), and before I knew it 40 to 50 persons were listening, all smiles on their faces, except one or two who booed.

Then John, the would-be taunter, exclaimed to them, "Shut up! Let the man sing. You gotta give him credit. As he says, he campaigns with song. And I believe he's got something!"

We have about 100 merchants in our market and believe me, with my signs all over my counters, plus my songs, they really have heard of Henry Wallace.

H. G. Bolander
Baltimore, Md.

Everyday (All the way) All the way (Everyday)
It must be Henry Wallace all the way,
Whether a butcher in a market,
Or a farmer pitching hay,
It must be Henry Wallace everyday!

COMMENTS

It has recently come to our attention that music schools in America are no longer permitted by the Veterans Administration to accept students under the GI Bill of Rights.

Of course, we should have expected this; many of our present congressmen probably consider such training just a '48 version of "boondoggling".

Naturally, ex-GI's are still accepted for other of the world's more useful arts, such as ballistic courses, armaments, and chemical warfare.

☆ ☆ ☆

The recent controversy in New York between the Metropolitan Opera and various craft unions points up the distance which opera as a musical form has travelled. Originally a real "people's songs" medium, opera in the United States today is for the most part as distant from the real life of America as Congress. A city-subsidized opera in New York and other large cities would be the first step in bringing this music back to the people physically and deepening its content musically.

This fact has been recognized by only one of the political parties in America—the Progressive Party. Its platform is the only one containing a plank which calls for a Federal Fine Arts Bill and a cabinet post to deal with the problems of American cultural expression. ☆☆☆

LIFE printed a few campaign songs from 1840 on in order to smear Progressive Party songs. Do the new songs "offer nothing to match" the old ones, as LIFE says? LIFE knows better, but handles truth, as usual, lucely.

COVER:

Peter Seeger and Henry Wallace, singing in the plane while on Wallace tour of seven southern states, early in September.

PEOPLE'S SONGS is a non-profit organization formed to "create, promote, and distribute songs of labor and the people."

Vol. III No. 8 Sept. 1948

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A PHILADELPHIA STORY

The union meeting seemed to have struck a snag. The workers at General Electric's Philadelphia plant had staged a sit-in demonstration protesting down-grading of jobs. The speakers had explained the issues, but there was something missing.

That extra push, that special kind of union morale which so often makes the difference between a won and a lost strike was not clear. Then one of the union brothers, sensing a lull in the agenda, came to the union president with a suggestion.

Being a very busy man, the chairman of the local only listened with one ear as the young worker, George Britton, suggested that he present some songs he had written about the strike.

A few minutes later, the chairman heard and sensed a new kind of feeling among the workers. He heard them laughing, he heard a guitar sounding off, and he felt a new kind of unity which hadn't been there before. George Britton was singing his songs.

On that union hall platform, People's Songs of Philadelphia was born. It didn't get its name or much of anything else there. But it began to see the light of day.

Soon dozens of other organizations in Philadelphia heard about what George Britton had done over at UE The Progressive Party, the IWO, the AYD and other groups started to call him up and ask him to sing for them.

And as George travelled around Philadelphia in his beat-up apology for a car he began to realize how much more could be done if there were other singers, new songs and an organization to plan this kind of activity.

Then the impetus provided by the wonderful singing at the Progressive Party Convention brought two dozen People's Songsters together for a first organizing meeting.

Gathering at the home of a local choral director, they were amazed to find the talent they'd uncovered: A professional accordian player, a few guitarists, a mandolin player, even graphic artists, among others.

With the help of an organizer from the National Office of People's Songs, an executive committee was chosen, a booking bureau set up, and a series of guitar classes was arranged. A treasury was initiated when the group's first wing-ding was held at a member's home.

It looks like the Quaker City branch is here to stay. It proves that the People's Songs does not have to be exclusive property of only a few cities across the country.

ORGANIZING MANUALS AVAILABLE

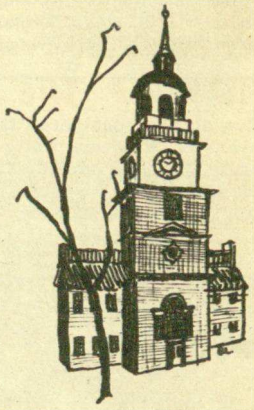
Other P/S members who decide, like those in Philly, to pool their talent and experience, will get help from manuals published by the Nat'l. Office, 126 W. 21 St., NYC: "Organize A People's Songs Branch", "How To Start A People's Artists Bureau", "Publicity Techniques", "How To Plan A Hootenanny" and others.

277 The Quaker City

Copyright 1948
By People's Songs

It's an honored tradition among People's Songs members to rustle up verses to sing about their home town, and the "Quaker City" got some going over during its prominence as the "Convention City". Visiting songsters Joe Jaffe, Irwin Silber, Gladys Bashkin, and Ernie Lieberman, together with some local singers, made up these verses. This particular song is based upon the original "New York City" by Huddie Ledbetter, which has gone through many changes, and has been adapted to other cities (See New York, Boston, and Chicago, below).

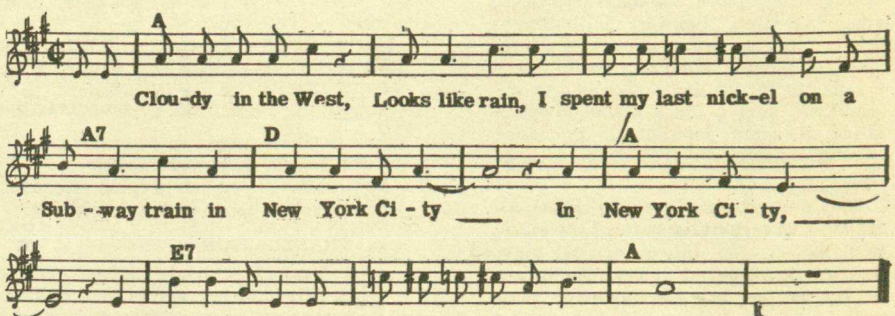
A good song like this can spread. In 1941 the Almanac Singers wrote "Pittsburgh Town" when passing through that city, and today it is sung by the children in the Pittsburgh public schools.



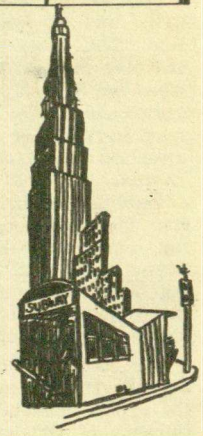
Philadelphia Town is just like heaven
They pull up the sidewalks at half-past seven
(REFRAIN) In the Quaker City, in the Quaker City,
In the Quaker City you really got to know your line.

The A's and the Phillies play double play ball
But it's nothing like the double cross at City Hall . . .
I've tasted water just like wine
But Philly water tastes like turpentine . . .
I cut a penny just for a laugh
'Cause the driver said the fare was twelve and a half . . .
The two old parties work hand in glove
That's why it's called the city of brotherly love . . .
The steamboat was invented by Robert Fulton
But he never read the Philadelphia BULL-tin . . .

New York's

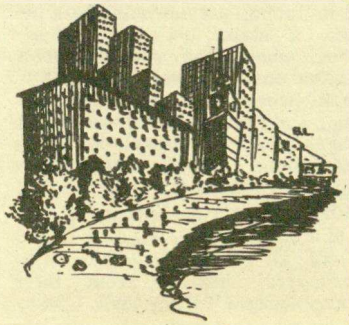

A
Clou-dy in the West, Looks like rain, I spent my last nick-el on a
A7
D
A
Sub-way train in New York Ci-ty In New York Ci-ty,
E7
A
In New York Ci-ty, You real-ly got to know your line!

I only had a nickel, but we still made merry
I took my gal on the Staten Island Ferry . . .
When I get back home, I'm gonna walk and talk
Gonna tell everybody 'bout the City of New York . . .
(a pre-O'Dwyer couplet:)
The Fifth Avenue Bus is the best in town
But if you only got a nickel join the underground! . . .



Boston's

I got off the train, I said "Looky looky!
The Mayor is Curley and the streets are crooked! " . . .
You sing loud, I'll sing louder
'Cause I found a clam in Boston Chowder . . .
On Beacon Hill it's a great temptation
To waste your life in conversation . . .



Chicago Version

When I looped the loop, I rocked and reeled
I thought the Cubs played in Marshall Field -
(CHO:) In the Windy City, in the Windy City
In the Windy City, blowin' all the time.
The Wrigley tower goes to kingdom come -
Fifty stories of chewing gum . . .
There's another building across the Square
McCormick built it out of just hot air . . .
He don't get credit, ain't it a pity?
He's the big wind in the Windy City . . .

THE RED DUST PLAYERS

In 1939 a group of Oklahomans organized a little theatre group with the express intention not to play to literati of Tulsa or Oklahoma City, but to take their shows to the workers and farmers living out in small towns. We've asked the principal songwriter of the Red Dust Players, Agnes "Sis" Cunningham, to tell something of their methods of work.

I've always considered the Red Dust Players of Oklahoma pretty close to an example of a real people's theatre. We went straight to the people with entertaining plays and songs written around the immediate issues that most concerned our audiences. Those audiences, in the main, were oilworkers and tenant farmers. The oilworkers were in the midst of their locally-famous strike against the Diamond-X Oil Company, a strike which was finally broken, but not until the workers had held out for thirteen long months. I think it is significant that the oil trusts have, since that time, shown no inclination to try a similar union-smashing drive. The Diamond-X Company used every means to crush the strike—court injunctions, scabs, thugs and even dynamited its own pipelines in an unsuccessful attempt to frame the AFL union.

We went from local to local, all through the eastern part of the state, bringing to the oilworkers our plays and songs prepared around the issues of the strike. We performed in union halls and in homes and on the picket line. The closest we ever came to treading the boards of a real stage was when we gave a performance in an old abandoned movie house in Tulsa. I'm sure no film ever shown there drew the attention we did, or was accorded a reception like that given our show. The crumbling walls literally bulged with five thousand people, cheering, shouting, stamping, whistling, laughing and crying as we went through our act. Our big song hit was one lampooning the hated judge who had just issued the strike-breaking injunction.

The Red Dust Players' work among the poverty-ridden tenant farmers in the eroded sand hills and the blackjack thickets of Oklahoma was even more direct, if that was at all possible. Many a night, our "stage" was the sagging porch of a sharecropper's weather-beaten shack, with the audience seated on the ground in front of us. That audience consisted of the tenant, his family, and his neighbors and their families, from miles around, Negro and white. Lighting was provided by a few ancient oil lanterns hanging on very rusty nails driven into the porch supports.

In performing for the sharecroppers, we faced a problem that continues today. Writing for the oilworkers had been comparatively easy—you just took the day's headlines as the base for your material. But with the tenant farmers, facing not an immediate issue like a strike, but an age-old oppression, where the goal was not a foreseeable one like signing a contract, the task proved much harder. It is a problem, and I think a basic one, which challenges people's songwriters of the present period. I don't know whether the approach decided on by the Red Dust Players was a correct one; it was more of a compromise. We sang of and acted out all of the things closest to sharecroppers' hearts, from their long-range hunger to own their land to their immediate needs such as medical care, glasses and false teeth.

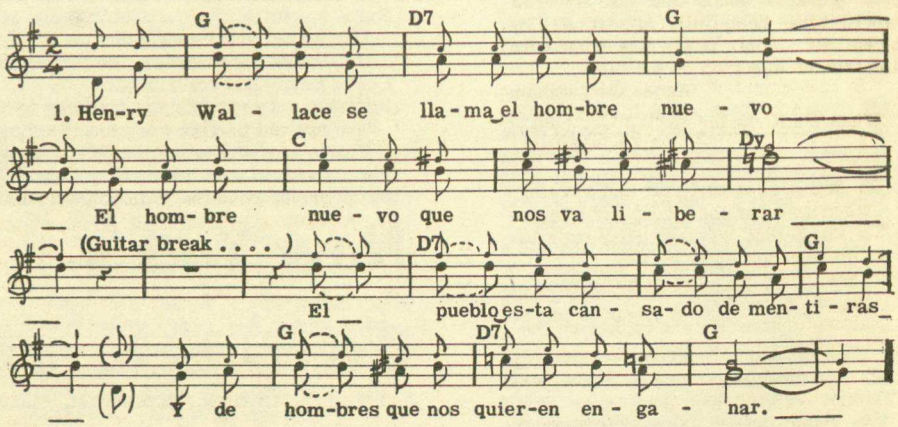
Underlining all our plays and songs—both for the oilworkers and the tenant farmers—was the theme that only by organizing and sticking together could they win against the forces oppressing them. Our show for the tenant farmers usually ended with a square dance for which we had written special union calls.

The career of the Red Dust Players lasted about seven months (late 1939 and early 1940), or until our work was disrupted by the same terror being used against the people for whom we represented the only theatre they had had up to that time. The troupe consisted of nine members, only one of whom had previous acting experience—and that as a clown in small circuses. Most of us had regular jobs, and many a night we drove a hundred miles or more to put on a performance after a hard day's work at the office or on the farm. None of us got a cent—in fact, we paid most of our expenses out of our own pockets.

I've always felt that the real driving

278 Adelita -'48 words

Words by Alfredo C. Montoya
Music: Mexican Folk Tune
Copyright 1948 A. C. Montoya

Here is a campaign song parody in Spanish. Written by one of our New Mexico members, Al Montoya, it has been sung throughout the great Southwest by Jenny Wells. Many other Spanish-speaking American citizens have demonstrated their faith in Henry Wallace and the new party by writing and singing songs in Spanish. Some of the most exciting of these have been composed by Abigail Alvarez Bryson (wife of CIO leader Hugh Bryson) who records professionally on Globe and Taxco labels. Two of her songs are coming out on one side of a ten-inch Progressive Party record backed by a message from Henry Wallace speaking in Spanish.

G
D7
G
1. Hen-ry Wal - lace se lla-ma el hom-bre nue - vo
C
Dy
El hom- bre nue - vo que nos va li - be - rar
(Guitar break . . . .)
D7
G
El pueblo es-ta can - sa- do de men- ti - ras
G
D7
G
Y de hom-bres que nos quier-en en - ga - nar.

Los partidos viejos ya no fastidian
Porque nada quieren remediar
Se preocupan por sus propios intereses
Y al hombre pobre tratan de olvidar.

Nos dicen que Wallace es idealista
Pero nosotros lo sabemos mejor
Porque el nos dice que es muy posible
Vivir en paz, abundancia sin temor.

TRANSLATION:

1. Henry Wallace is the new man, the new man who will liberate us. The people are tired of lies and of men who want to deceive us. 2. The old parties don't bother us, because they don't want to remedy anything. They're interested only in their own ends and try to forget the poor man. 3. They tell us that Wallace is an idealist, but we know better, because he tells us that it is possible to live in peace and abundance without fear.

power and "idea man" behind the Red Dust Players was the late Dan Garrison. The American people's theatre suffered a real loss when he was cut down in 1941 by a fatal illness. While an oil field "roustabout" himself, Dan was not without professional playwriting experience.

We were always changing material to stay on top of developments. Dan called me one afternoon to outline five new songs he wanted for that evenings performance; I had them by six o'clock. One of the five, "Mister Congressman" is still sung.

On the whole, we aimed to help specific groups of people solve their special problems. Looking back from New York, I doubt that our material would have been fully appreciated by those not so intimately concerned with the trouble about which we sang.

Agnes Cunningham

When We Know the Land's Our Own
- A. Cunningham

Oh it's good to be living and working
when we know the land's our own
To know that we have got a right to
all the crops we've grown
There ain't no more of working our
fingers to the bone
Raising cotton for the banker on the
land that ain't our own.

Oh it's good to wake up in the morning a-feeling fresh and fine
To stand outside the kitchen door
when the sun begins to shine
And see the green things growing
from the seeds our hands have sown
Oh it's good to be living and working
when we know the land's our own.

THE SINGERS ALMANAC

October—the month of Hallow-e'en, electioneering, pumpkins and cider, football games, frosty mornings and dead leaves blowing through the air.

Columbus Day is October 12th; if you don't already know it, look up "Christopher Columbo" (a bowdlerized version) in the Army Songbook. (or 'Listen, Mr. Bilbo")

Theme song for many will be "Let's Go Out and Ring Doorbells" (published by Mills Music, Inc., 1619 Broadway, NYC).

The Erie Canal was opened October 26th; this is a natural!

The Reuben James was sunk October 31st; one of the best songs of the Almanac Singers was written about the event.

October 16th marks the day John Brown was caught at Harper's Ferry; and his song will never be forgotten.

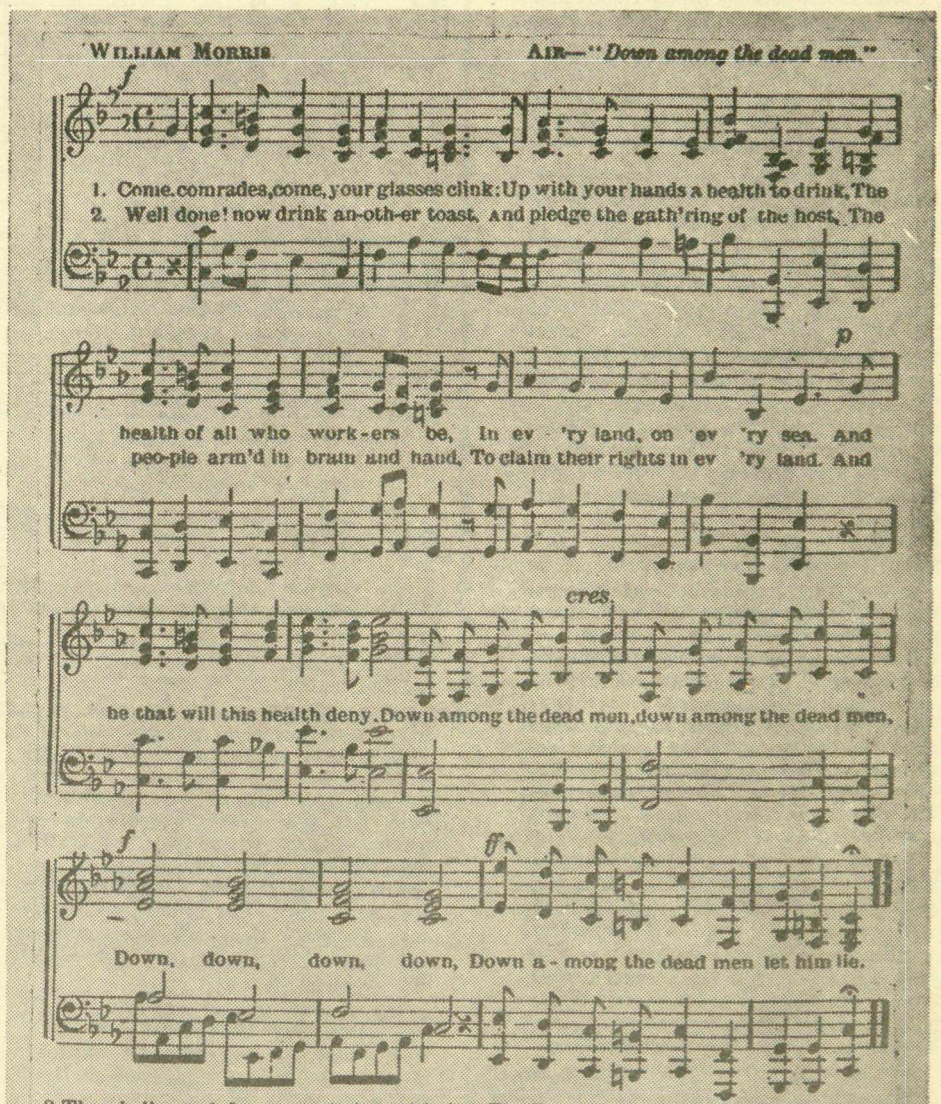
279 Down Among the Dead Men

This magnificent old socialist drinking song deserves to be revived. Most Americans know its author only by the ingenious lawn chair he devised, and which bears his name. William Morris, poet, artist, and socialist, was one of the titans of 19th Century England. In his early days a romanticist following the tradition of Keats and Shelley, he later changed his esthetic protest against "Sordid commercialism" to socialism itself. Always outspoken, he wielded a tremendous influence, hurling throughout the world his ideas on puritanism (he disliked it intensely), American monopolies and millionaires (ditto) and the lack of creative artistry in modern life.

While many of his new words to old hymns and traditional folksongs (which he loved) would sound stilted today, this one deserves to be in the repertoire of People's Songsters (barring teetotallers).

WILLIAM MORRIS

WILLIAM MORRIS — AIR—"*Down among the dead men.*"


1. Come, comrades, come, your glasses clink: Up with your hands a health to drink, The
2. Well done! now drink an-oth-er toast, And pledge the gath'ring of the host, The
health of all who work-ers be, In ev 'ry land, on ev 'ry sea. And
peo-ple arm'd in brain and hand, To claim their rights in ev 'ry land. And
cres
he that will this health deny, Down among the dead men, down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down, Down a-mong the dead men let him lie.

3 There's liquor left; come, let's be kind,
And drink the rich a better mind—
That when we knock upon the door,
They may be off and say no more
And he that will, &c

4 Now, comrades, let the glass blush red
Drink we the unforgotten dead
That did their deeds and went away
Before the bright sun brought the day
And he that will, &c

5 The Day? Ah, friends late grows the night;
Drink to the glimmering spark of light,
The herald of the joy to be,
The battle-torch of thee and me!
And he that will, &c,

6 Take yet another cup in hand,
And drink in hope our little band;
Drink strife in hope while lasteth breath,
And brotherhood in life and death;
And he that will, &c.

SYMPOSIUM:

F VS. F9th

Bob Claiborne's article on the guitar chords in "The People's Songbook" has provoked such interest that we are printing the following two letters bearing on this problem.

Dear People's Songs:

Just about everybody and his loose cow has took a big chew of the chords in our "People's Songbook", both the limberback dollar boxcar issue and the stiffback job.

I can't play any chord by looking at any book and never could, but lots of old and new learners tell me that the guitar chords as drawed up in our PS book are hard to trail, track and follow. Well, I tell them just to weed out a few.

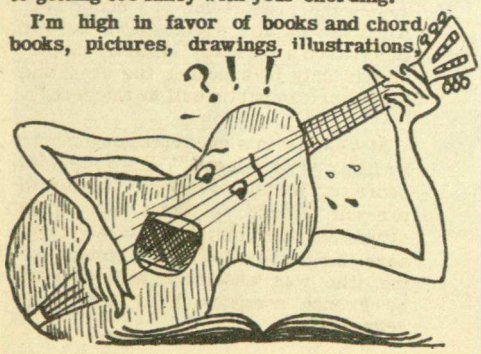
I'll bet you the chording books that Leadbelly has used in his greening and grey years wouldn't make a pile big enough for you to find on your floor. Leadbelly learnt how to play the guitar the same way that I did, by "ear", by "touch", by "feel", by "bluff", by "gessin", by "fakin" and by a great crave and drive to keep on playing.

I learnt that I could plunk along on "Birmingham Jail" in the key of, say, G, and get by plumb fine and dandy with only one chord change in the whole song, up to D and back to greasy G. A few Chicago boilermakers has caused me to get real flirty at labor union lawn parties and toss in a C somewheres along there where you're down on your knees.

If I'm sort of lazing it around, I leave out a few of the extrays. If I'm scattering wild oats for my goats, I lay in a few more just to keep my string finger oily and limber. If I play with one other instrument, I do this way. If it's two others, I play some other way. If it's at a sixteen guitar hoot, I am forced by all of the laws of nature and averages, to naturally find some 17th lost part nobody else is using and tickle around with that. I never do play the same song twice alike.

I've pounded out "Ida Red", "Old Joe Clark", "Old Judge Parker Take Your Shackles Offa Me", for as high as thirty or forty minutes with no more than two chords, D to A, D to A, and D to A ten blue jillion times through a square dance. Lots of the old fullblood fiddlers will toss you down off from his platform if you go to getting too fancy with your chording.

I'm high in favor of books and chord books, pictures, drawings, illustrations, and so forth and so on. But don't let them get tangled up in your throw rope. Don't let them worry you, nor slow you down, nor stop you. Use your eyes, watch other good, bad and medium players, do like they do. Learn a wiggle from one, a slide from the next, a tickle from the next one, a whang and a bang, a walkalong from somebody else, and before you hardly know it, you'll be just as good a doubler and faker, lead finger, and follower, as the rest of them.



Woody Guthrie
Coney Islands on the Lowlands by the
Foamings of the Sea

☆ ☆

Dear Editor:

On Bob Claiborne's complaints about piano playing and guitar playing and how they don't mix, especially his statement that the guitar is always drowned out:

I have played piano while somebody played guitar, and my complaint is that the guitar always drowns out the piano.

I'd just like to see any piano player try to drown out (censored) guitar, for example.

It happens that (censored) plays guitar very well, if a mite loud. I guess Horowitz could drown him out, if he used his feet and four hands, but Horowitz would be a human wreck thereafter.

Bob misses the point of putting guitar and piano together. As in any instrumental combinations from two up, the instruments have to agree on certain things, such as the tune to be played, the time, the speed and the flavor. But the instruments have to agree also to do different things, each a little less than would be done if it were a solo piece; each complementing the other. Then you get a good result, and teamwork makes good music—but not with each instrument playing solo.

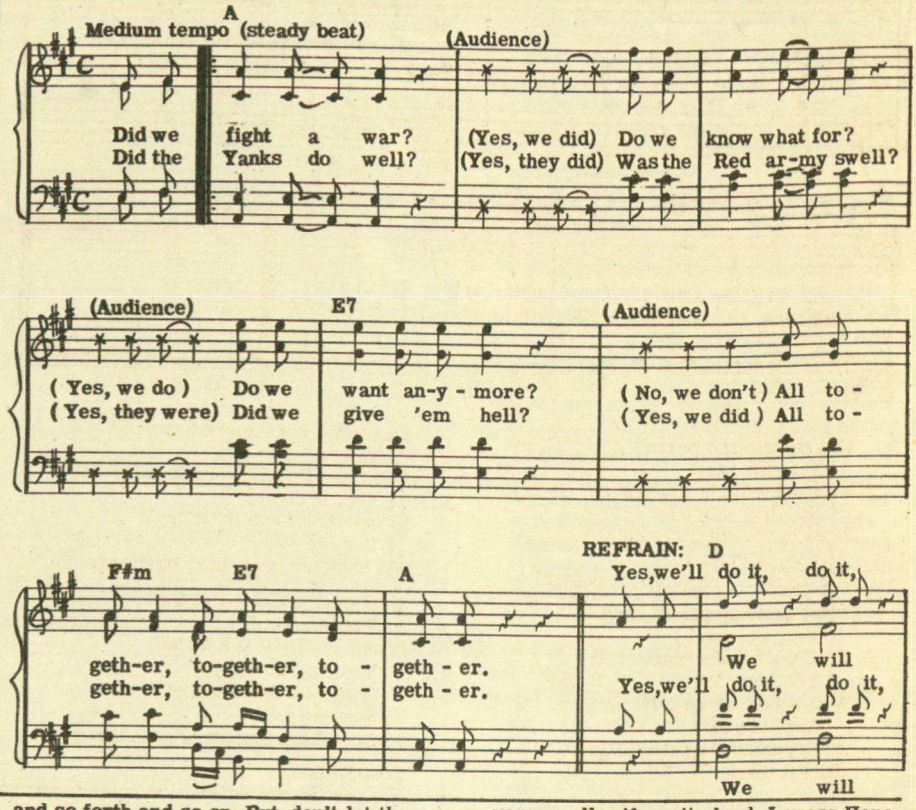
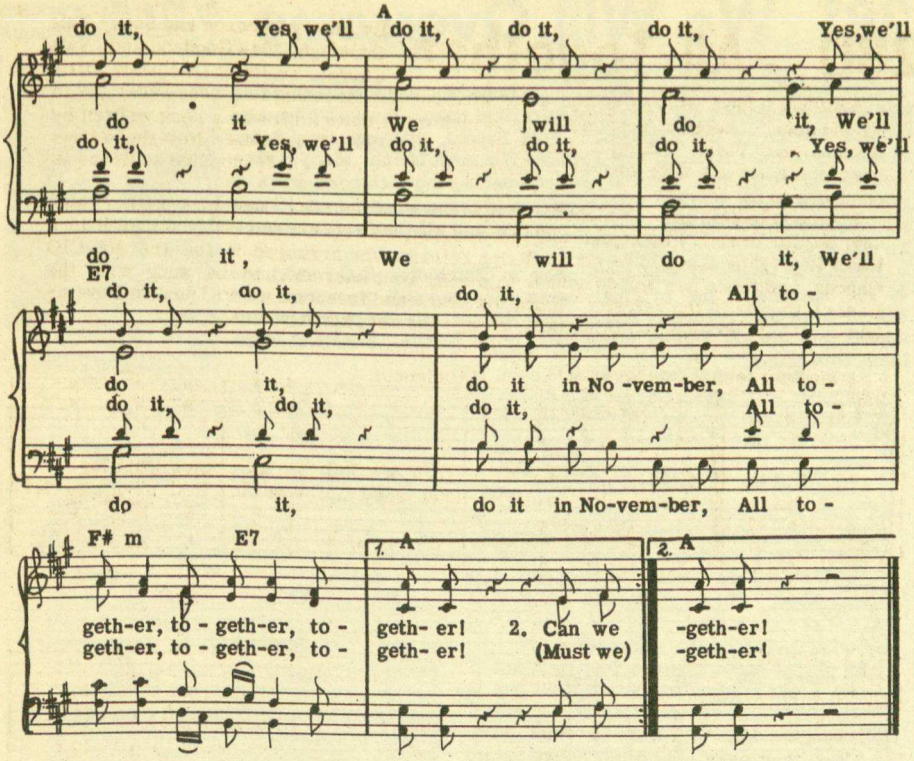
So with a good thumper on the piano, the guitar is free to mess around in the treble, with melodies, runs, improvisations, bleats, breaks, sudden sorties and suddener retreats, chords for emphasis, tinkles for comment, slides and wooshes for satire—none of which you ever hear much of, because the guitarist is usually concentrating on beating the piano at its own game instead of cooperating in a disciplined manner.

It works two ways, of course, and the

280 All Together

By Morry Goodson and Sonny Vale
Copyright 1948 Goodson and Vale
Choral arr. Ralph Ditchik-W. Hille

Audiences have always gotten a big kick out of responding to a songleader, as in "Long John". Another response-song which made quite a hit was a song written by Goodson and Vale, "Johnny". (See Bulletin, May 1947, Vol.2 No.4). Now these boys have come across with another "cheerleading" number. A responsive audience is essential to its success.

The copy on this page is a choral arrangement of the song, and in a rather high key. So, for ordinary solo-and-audience singing, we recommend that you take it in a lower key (F or E would be good). Ralph Ditchik, who arranged it for the NY-CIO Chorus, had these new words added (...a song ain't sacred...) to be sung with the Bass-Alto part in the refrain: "Fight for peace and freedom, we will do it in November . . . ". So do what you think best, change the key, add new words, etc.

A
Medium tempo (steady beat)
(Audience)
Did we fight a war? (Yes, we did) Do we know what for?
Did the Yanks do well? (Yes, they did) Was the Red ar-my swell?
(Audience)
E7
(Audience)
(Yes, we do) Do we want an-y - more? (No, we don't) All to -
(Yes, they were) Did we give 'em hell? (Yes, we did) All to -
REFRAIN: D
F#m E7 A
Yes,we'll do it, do it,
geth-er, to-geth-er, to - geth - er.
We will
Yes,we'll do it, do it,
geth-er, to-geth-er, to - geth - er.
We will

A
do it, Yes, we'll do it, do it, do it, Yes, we'll
do it Yes, we'll We will do it, We'll
do it, do it, do it, do it, Yes, we'll
do it, We will do it, We'll
E7
do it, do it, do it, All to -
do it, do it, do it in No -vem-ber, All to -
do it, All to -
do it, do it in No-vem-ber, All to -
F# m E7
1. A
2. A
geth-er, to - geth-er, to - geth- er! 2. Can we -geth-er!
geth-er, to - geth-er, to - geth- er! (Must we) -geth-er!

Can we win the peace?
(Yes, we can)
Will our efforts cease?
(No, they won't)
Must our work increase?
(Yes, it must)
All together, together, together!

Must we keep prices small?
(Yes, we must)
Should we make wages tall?
(Yes, we should)
Will it benefit us all?
(Yes, it will)
All together, together, together!
(REFRAIN:)

Should we have more housing?
(Yes, we should)
Does our Congress need delousing?
(Yes, it does)
Is our President drousing?
(Yes, he is)
All together, together, together.

Should we build our unions?
(Yes, we should)
Should we fight Jim Crow?
(Yes, we should)
Will we vote for Wallace?
(Yes, we will)
All together, together, together!
(REFRAIN:)

piano can do some messing around up above while the guitar supplies the bass rhythms to keep the song going.

It is true that some of the chords in the book are unplayable—by me; about 99% of them, I'd say. But that is because I have a malformed left forefinger and can't make those damned barres, and is no reflection upon the arranger who invented those chords for guitar. I like C^{16}ths, when someone else plays them.

In general I agree that guitarists should be discouraged from playing while the piano is being played; but when both players make an effort to play like a team and not like a pair of hurdle racers, the effect is wonderful, the music superb, and the blood pressure normal.

—Lee Hays

THE 10 O'CLOCK SCHOLAR

As has happened all too often, this issue comes out more than a month late; the editors apologize to our patient subscribers. Each issue gets to press only by dint of volunteer help. We are trying to gradually catch up; sometime in '49 will present you with, say, the March bulletin promptly on the 1st of March.

ON THE RECORD

The first campaign record is off the press and we can briefly review it. With "Merry-go-round" on one side and "Great Day" to back it up, it will be in tremendous demand for soundtrucks, etc. It is doubtful to be of permanent musical value, however, because although a capable lead is sung by Mike Loring, of Portland, Oregon, the accompaniment is, of course, all vocal, with no instruments to keep the rhythm going. Reluctantly, we grade this less than tops.

For the second such record, songs were chosen in which rhythmic accompaniment is not so essential; Paul Robeson sings "Battle Hymn of '48". On the reverse Mike Loring sings "I've Got a Ballot". This disc should be pressed by the first week in October. Both records are 6 inches, 25¢ apiece, unbreakable, and should be ordered from People's Songs, 126 West 21st St., NYC. (Nat'l Hq.).

In connection with this, incidentally, a singing filmstrip, the proven best method of audience participation, has been put out with the words of "Battle Hymn", "Ballot", and "Merry-go-round". Available also at 39 Park Ave., NYC, Progressive Party Nat'l Hq.

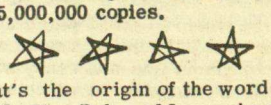
COMMERCIAL

If you haven't yet heard Kay Starr's "Sharecropper Blues" (Capitol) next time you're near a music store drop in and play it; it's right on the beam.

We'd be interested in knowing what People's Songs members think of the new Jo Stafford album of folk songs (Capitol) which is incidentally selling very well. She got the idea for recording the album following one of her radio programs on which she sang "Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair". The accompaniment is very smooth, and some would consider it too slick. What's your opinion?

Among the recent Decca re-issues is the Carter family classic, "Coal Miner's Blues".

One of the first of the millionaire commercial hillbilly singers and composers, Vernon Dalhart, died last month at 65. "His Prisoners Song" (If I Had the Wings of an Angel) of '26 sold 25,000,000 copies.



What's the origin of the word "calypso"? The Duke of Iron, who should know, tells us that it was once "cariso" back in the 19th century days when everyone on Trinidad spoke French. During the thirties, when Yankee recording companies wanted a term for the distinctive local music, they chose the word we all know now from among the many dialect versions.

Raeburn Flerlage, in his record column for the Farm and Equipment Workers' newspaper, reviews Paul Robeson's latest album, "Robeson Favorites" (Columbia MM-732). He says: "Paul Robeson, the most powerful voice on the American concert stage today, is powerful because he sings for the people and they know it! . . . such timeless favorites as 'Old Man River' (with the new words!), 'The House I Live In', 'Wagon Wheels', 'It Ain't Necessarily So' . . . the publication of a new recording by Robeson, or a new book about him, or a new motion picture or play in which he appears, assumes the proportions of a major political as well as a social event. And for this reason a reviewer's task is simple; he has only to announce the event and the American public will do the rest."

Meyer Levin's excellent documentary film, "The Illegals", has a special score of Jewish folksongs popular in pre-war Poland. Modern Palestinian songs and the Jewish partisan resistance song are also heard; music for the film was assembled and recorded by French composer Miss Wally Karvena-Paquin.

OFF THE PRESS

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY--A Treasury of Folk Songs. Edited by Sylvia and John Kolb. Bantam Books. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!

The first thing I did with this book was tear it up. Then I reassembled it with Scotch tape so it would set on the piano. But that's the only objection to the book that Sylvia and Jack Kolb have put out, for in every other way it's a humdinger, a corker, and worth many more times the price of admission. I'd say it was worth $6.50.

Isn't it swell to know that this book of folk songs is going to be sold in large editions on newsstands and in drugstores, maybe even bookstores, across the land? It is the first time that such a book has gone straight to the people. We're always jabbering about going to the people, and while we jabbered, some of us, Jack and Sylvia went and did just that. They are to be thanked.

In contrast with heavier, more expensive tomes, one thing hits you when you look at what's in this book: It has got Jim Crow in it, and the Union Maid, and the Union Train and Joe Hill and John Henry (in a remarkable section called Tintypes and Frame-Ups). And many another old song here is as much a people's song as any being written today. In addition, there are Ballads and Story Songs, True Loves and False Lovers, cowboy and sailor songs, Lonesome and Blue songs, Dance songs, old world songs, and a fine selection of good singing hymns.

People's Songs Inc., is in this book, and Pete Seeger and Leadbelly and Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston, and myself are sprinkled in like raisins. Look for us all on your newsstand and buy us "along with your newspaper, nickel bar of candy, your toothpaste, or your train ticket". Candy ain't a nickel any more; but this book is a quarter, and I can't figure out the economics of it, but there it is: it's an excitement for People's Songs to be proud of.

And the editors, two P/S members of Newark, New Jersey, who hope the book is going to be worn dog-eared. That's a hope that's going to be fulfilled. - by L. H.

(Order copies of book thru P/S)

Ben Shahn, leading American artist who is working full time on the staff of the Progressive Party, has turned out a stunning set of drawings for a Schnitzelbank made up by Los Angeles' Les Pine. They have been reproduced in black and white, and the complete set can be bought for $1.00 from 39 Park Avenue. Amateurs can color them. Music and directions for the game song included in the kit.

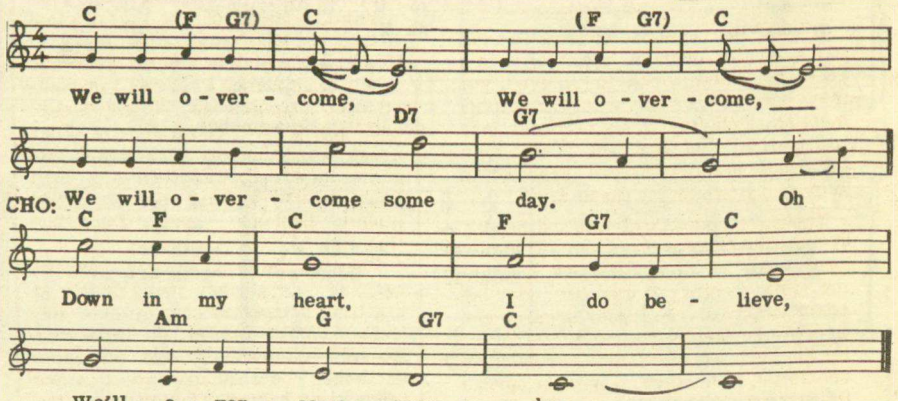
Members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union have always had a pretty strong tradition of union singing. They will be glad to know that a new union wordbook has just been issued by their union's education office, 15 Union Square, with the words to 42 songs in it, ranging from standard union numbers to old favorites including such barbershop harmony numbers as "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling". It's a small book, the kind you can put in your pocket easily.

Another union whose songbook is just off the press is the CIO Oilworkers. They have made some Oilworker verses to "Which Side Are You On", and a Texas member has included a new song; the rest are traditional and well-known. The important thing in all such songbooks is: how well are they being distributed? Unless the education office gets one in the hands of every worker, they are liable to be little used. One of our long-time favorites, Jessie O'Connor's union verses to "Shortnin' Bread" (see above) is here, though. Her husband, Harvey O'Connor, was for several years editor of the union journal.

281 We Will Overcome

By FTA-CIO Workers
Highlander Students

This simple and moving hymn tune becomes especially thrilling when you consider where the song was first sung. It was learned by Zilphia Horton of the Highlander Folk School, in Tennessee, from members of the CIO Food and Tobacco Workers Union. Many a visitor to the south has never forgotten hearing the rich harmonies of some little band, and the determination in these words, even though surrounded on all sides by hate, Jim Crow and all the forces of power and money.

Zilphia writes: "It was first sung in Charleston, S.C., and...one of the stanzas of the original hymn was...'we will overcome'...At school here they naturally added other verses...Its strong emotional appeal and simple dignity never fails to hit people. It sort of stops them cold silent."

C (F G7) C (F G7) C
We will o - ver - come, We will o - ver - come,
D7 G7
CHO: We will o - ver - come some day. Oh
C F C F G7 C
Down in my heart, I do be - lieve,
Am G G7 C
We'll o - ver - come some day.

The Lord will see us through,
The Lord will see us through,
The Lord will see us through, some day,
(CHORUS:)

We're on to victory . . .
(CHORUS:)

We will overcome . . .
(CHORUS:)

282 Mammy's Little Baby

By Jessie O'Connor

This union song of the 1930's, by one of People's Songs' most beloved directors, Jessie O'Connor (composer also of "They're Talking War"), was reprinted in the oilworkers songbook (see below).

"Rush," says the boss,
"Work like a hoss,
I'll take the profits and
You take the loss.

I've got the brains,
I've got the dough,
The Lord Himself decreed it so.

Don't want to hear of a union, union,
Don't want to hear of a union shop!
If you don't like it, you can hike it -
Such goings-on have got to stop! "

You're telling us:
"Work till you bust,
I've got the brains so
Don't you fuss."

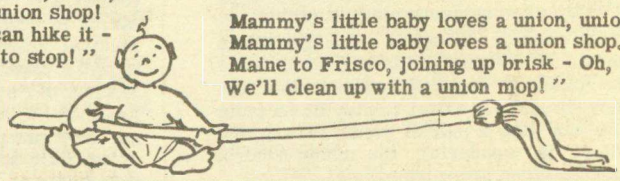
We're telling you:
"Watch what you do,
You're going to find we've got brains too."

We're just thinking of a union, union,
We started thinking and we won't stop.
We've noticed bosses, claiming losses,
DO raise pay in a union shop.

"We want a say
On hours and pay,
And working conditions we stand all day.

One person's weak,
Won't dare to speak.
Union of all is what we seek.

Mammy's little baby loves a union, union,
Mammy's little baby loves a union shop.
Maine to Frisco, joining up brisk - Oh,
We'll clean up with a union mop! "



FIRST AID FOR THE RECORDER PLAYER

So many amateur musicians have wanted to learn to play the small wooden whistles known as recorders, that we thought it was high time to give some much needed information on how and where to buy them, where to get music for them, and what schools, if any, there are for the instrument.

If you see someone blowing on what looks like a musical chair leg with a far-away, intent look in his eyes, you may become curious about the instrument he is playing. It's a recorder (see illustration) and the fact is that Tom Jefferson himself played one (it was known as a "flute" in those days).

The instrument had its first heyday during Shakespeare's time (you may have read of it in "Hamlet"), but in the 19th century it died out under the competition of the louder brasses and woodwinds. Revived some 40 years ago in England by the famed harpsichord specialist, Dolmetsch, it quickly spread throughout Europe, especially among youth groups. During the 30's, students returning from the continent brought recorders back with them, and today many schools teach it to children before they are ready for the more difficult orchestral instruments.

A good alto recorder will cost between $18 and $30. You can get a soprano cheaper, but it's too shrill; tenors and basses are fun for quartet work but are more expensive still. If your local music store doesn't carry them, you might try ordering them directly from G. Schirmer, NYC., distributers- ask for either a Koch or Lehrer model recorder.

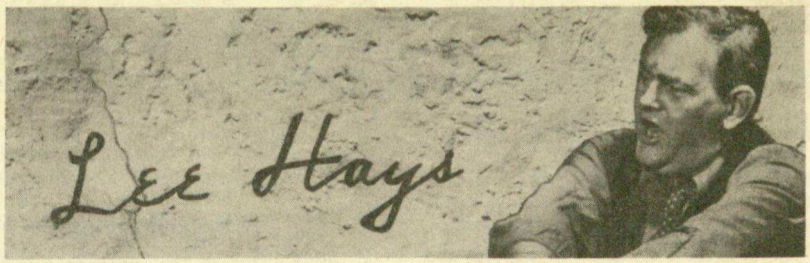
As to where to get music, Bach, Mozart and the rest of the gang wrote extensively for the instrument. Several dozen small collections of folksongs, madrigals and short classical selections have been published. These you can get by writing to the Center for Recorder Music, 420 W. 119 St., NYC 27. This organization was founded by Irmgard Lehrer-Carle, who more than any other single person has taken it upon herself to promote the recorder in America.

If you want to study the recorder seriously, we suggest you get in touch with your local People's Songs office to see if a class cannot be arranged.

If you want to find out more completely the history of the instrument, we suggest you write for "The Amorous Flute" by John Manifold. It is published by the Workers' Music Association of England, but copies can be ordered through People's Songs, New York. If you want to buy some records which will give you an idea of how really beautiful the recorder can sound when played well, we suggest you get hold of some of the albums of the famous Austrian Trapp family choir (Victor M-5-86). They play seven or eight at a time, and sing folk songs of Central Europe.

However, if you are an ear musician, like most folk artists, and nevertheless want to toot away on your tootin' cane (Kentucky style to you), we suggest you pick out some of Burl Ives' melodies or those of John Jacob Niles: the old shape-note hymns sound well on the instrument, as do many Christmas carols. But if you'd like to get some music that would really send you, brother, don't try playing melody, but find a pretty girl who sings a pretty tune, and start playing the alto part for her. Or let your imagination and your instrument soar above her voice and play what's known as a "descant". For my money, that's tops.

--Pete Seeger



Last month A. L. Lloyd, of England queried who were the Almanac Singers, how they performed, etc. This month Lee Hays, one of the original Almanacs, tells some of the story of this group, which in a scant year and a half of existence ('41-'42) produced such classics as "Union Maid" and "Jim Crow", and dozens of other songs. Three of the phonograph albums they recorded then are still being sold, "Talking Union", "Sod Buster Ballads", and "Deep Sea Chanties".

They had quite a shifting personnel, and over a dozen young people at one time or another cast in their lot, living as a family in "Almanac House", although at any one time audiences could usually expect to see from two to five Almanacs on the stage, grouped informally around, improvising their harmony to the accompaniment of a couple of stringed instruments they played. - Ed.

Almanac history will probably never be written, for there are as many versions and interpretations as there were Almanac singers, and they were considerable.

I have had the experience of hearing a young man describe at length how he founded the Almanac Singers and directed its activities from the start; an account which I found doubly interesting since I had never seen him before.

More than once I have sat in a meeting hall or a night club or squatted on the floor at a cocktail party and heard an entertainer introduce a song with, "Now I'll sing a song which I wrote a few years ago" then heard a song I wrote while I was an Almanac, or which all of us wrote. In folk music this is not known as thievery, but is called, instead, the folk process. So, when it happens, there is no cause for anger; one may say philosophically with Ivan Ivanovich Dmitriev:

"I have been robbed! The thieves
have ruined me!
I sympathize, I share your grief.
They stole a batch of my own poetry
I sympathize--with the poor thief."

In these days songwriters are very careful to get their author's credits properly spelled out. But in Almanac days we had an agreement by which no single person might claim credit for a song unless he had written it in toto, which seldom happened. The principle derived partly from our acquaintance with Walter Lowenfels and the Anonymous movement which he organized during his expatriate days in Paris. In Anonymous, the author was unknown except to his publisher and to the cashier who made out the royalty checks, if any.

Emphasis was on the stuff itself, that which was written, and not upon the author's reputation. The Anonymous movement created havoc among the critics, as you may imagine, who damn or praise by the rule of whimsy.

Almanac anonymity also derived from a conviction that cooperative effort produced songs on a higher creative level than did solo writing. There was a critique in tossing verses back and forth which was much more than a mere trial and error, or 'thinking out loud' method. It was truly a matter of the sum being more than the total of the parts. A qualitative change took place which transcended individual abilities.

Finally, our anonymity derived from the very practical fact that it was quite impossible to give all due credit to all the Almanacs who had helped to make a song. I remember how incredibly confused Nick Ray was one day when he had urged us to give specific credits for the writing of a certain song we had recorded. We proceeded to list credits for the original idea, for the first line of the chorus, and for the first two lines of the third verse, and for the first half of the fourth line of the fifth verse, with all doubtful lines ascribed to "Anonymous"—all in all, a list of credits which would have filled a record label and left no room for the title. Yet it would have had to be done, in that case, as in many others, for it would have been unfair to all hands to select two or three or even

(Cont'd on next page)

(Almanacs - Lee Hays)

four or five songwriters and arbitrarily assign all credit to them. A song ascribed to six individual members, for example, would still not give credit to the 7th songwriter, who was invisible, and whose name was Anonymous, or Sum Total, or just plain Almanac Spirit. (To be cont'd in next issue)

CHANGES

One of the most famous examples of lyric changes is what Paul Robeson has for many years done with "Old Man River". In the bridge, instead of the word "drunk", he sings, "show a little spunk and you land in jail". And he then finishes the song, "But I keeps laughing, instead of crying; we must keep fighting until we're dying; and old man river, he just keeps etc." Has had many an audience on its feet, cheering.

☆ ☆ ☆

The verses to "Boston City" remind us of the verse tacked on to "Acres Of Clams" by Tom Glazer, Jenny Wells, and others at one of Boston's first and best hoots. It's nothing more or less than the famous verse:

Here's to the City of Boston
The land of the bean and the cod
Where the Lowells speak only to Cabots
And the Cabots speak only to God.
And the Cabots speak only.....etc.
By J. C. Bossidy

Try it yourself; fits the tune perfectly!

☆ ☆ ☆

Three or four songwriters simultaneously thought of an idea for a campaign song for New York's ALP candidate O. John Rogge, using the tune of "Hey, Zhankoye". The verse which gave us the biggest kick was sent in by Henry Foner, however:

"When the price of meat gets higher
Mayor William F. O'Dwyer
Hasn't got a leg to stand upon.
Watch him dodging every issue,
His program should be printed on tissue
And sent to the john, john, john.
O, John, O. John Rogge.....etc.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Put It On The Ground" more than almost any other song, has been a vehicle for new verses. When New York's Mayor O'Dwyer recently raised city subway fare from 5¢ to a dime, Jackie Gibson and Ronnie Gilbert were inspired to the following:

I love to ride the subway trains
Both morning and at night
The atmosphere's so intimate
It fills me with delight.
In wintertime it keeps you warm,
In summer who needs air,
That's why I sigh, I cry, I die
To pay that ten-cent fare.
(Cho:) Oh, Put it on the ground ...etc.

☆ ☆ ☆

At Bob Penn's Suggestion, William Gailmore made up a new stanza to "Wandering", which Bob tacked on the end of the song: "I don't want a palace ....with fancy stuff inside....just a president like Wallace....who's on the people's side....when that time comes a lot of us will cease our wandering..."

☆ ☆ ☆

Win Stracke, of Chicago, sends in a new verse he has written for "Scots Wha Hae" of Robert Burns (Vol. III, #4):

Men who now by Wallace led
In the fight for peace and bread
Remember well what Bruce has said,
"Chains or victory".
Now again the day, the hour,
See the front of battle lour
Ours the truth and ours the power
Let us do or die.

☆ ☆ ☆

New York election workers in East Harlem switched one line in "I've Got a Ballot". After "Roll it up FOR WALLACE, Roll it up FOR TAYLOR" they sing "Roll it up for Vito Marcantonio-o-o, HAPpy is the day, etc."

Will work for other candidates only if they have exactly the right number of syllables in their names!

"SONGS TO GROW ON"

283 All Around the Shu-round

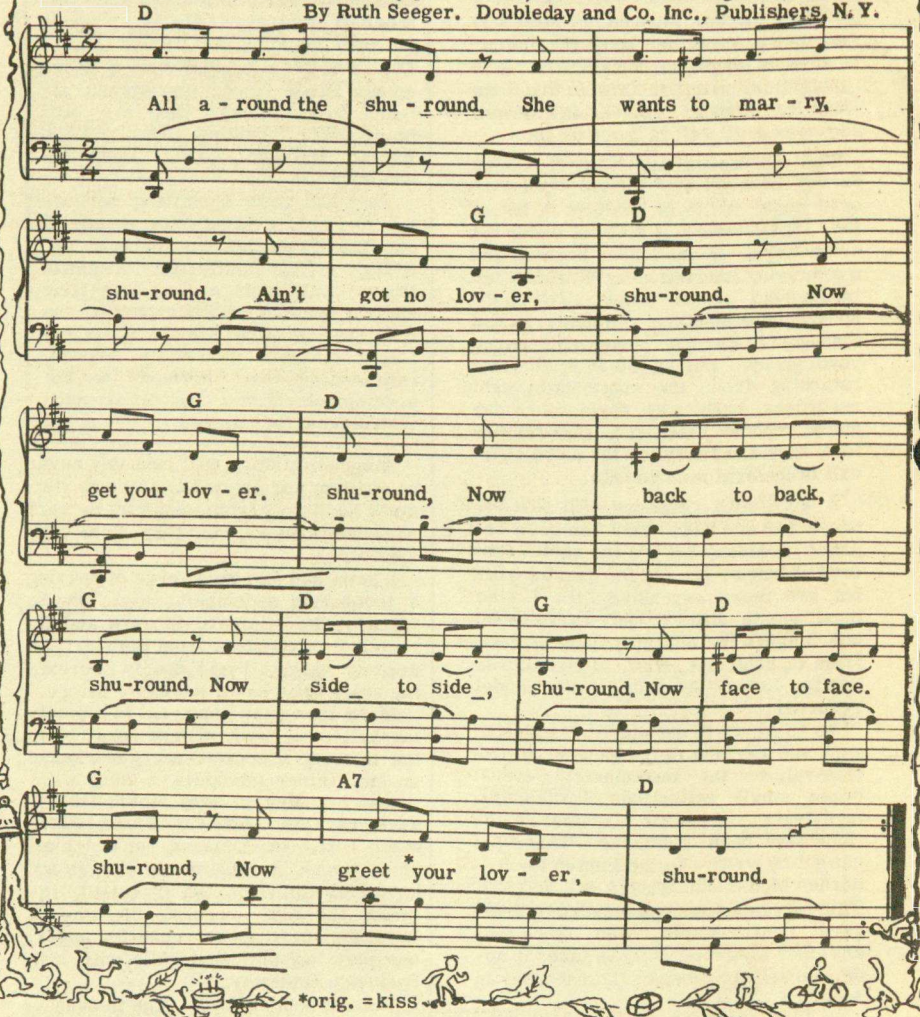
Children's Folk Dance

We present this months song for the young folks with a question: What children's game songs do you know that have been influenced by current events? It's commonly known, for example, that many of the traditional ones, such as "London Bridge", refer to ancient English customs and incidents. More recently, Alan Lomax happened upon some Negro children on the Mississippi who sang "Oh, It ain't gonna ring no more, no more" referring to the big slave bells, silenced by emancipation.

So, if readers have heard some new ones, how about sending them in?

This particular song has a dance to go with it, as follows: -
The children join hands, form a circle. One child stands in the center. She chooses a partner, as indicated. The two stand in the center and act the words of the song out. The partner remains in the center for repetition of the song, the original child returning to the circle.

Printed by permission, "American Folksongs for Children" By Ruth Seeger. Doubleday and Co. Inc., Publishers, N. Y.


D
All a - round the shu - round, She wants to mar - ry,
G D
shu-round. Ain't got no lov - er, shu-round. Now
G D
get your lov - er. shu-round, Now back to back,
G D G D
shu-round, Now side_ to side_, shu-round. Now face to face.
G A7 D
shu-round, Now greet *your lov - er, shu-round.

*orig. = kiss

CORRESPONDENCE

(North of the...Cont'd)
ing movement was a winning movement! I was part of the "Sound Truck Brigade" that went out every evening and toured . . . strategic districts . . . working from the back of an open truck, so we were seen.

There was no doubt as to its effectiveness—so much so that the "Trumans and Deweys" of Ontario soon put their sound trucks on the streets. But they didn't have the songs . . . the singers . . . or the sincere sacrificing volunteer workers.

Our singing stopped hundreds who normally would never stop to listen to "another election speech" . . . we had people following the trucks from corner to corner, and teenagers on bicycles soon turned our tour into a parade, joining in on the choruses.

Election day was a great day for Labor in Ontario . . . Premier Drew, labor's #1 enemy, defeated in his own riding!

Sing out, America, for Wallace! Canada has her eyes on you!

Lillian Marcus
Toronto, Canada

Dear People's Songs:

Enclosed find a check for $6.50.
I sang for a group of University of California students not long ago, and in their gratefulness for introducing them to "People's Songs" they put their nickels and dimes together and made up this collection. As small as the amount may seem, and really living on a shoestring.

Stan Wilson
Berkeley, California

P.S. When in hell are you going to put my songs in the bulletin! ?

The following letter was just received from Jim Garland, former coal miner and author of "I Don't Want Your Millions, Mister", "Harry Sims" and many other songs. He now lives out west and runs a small broom factory, staffed mostly by blind persons; it was there that People's Songsters in nearby Portland, Oregon, contacted him.

Dear People's Songs:

Just a few lines to send warm greetings.

You wanted to know about our little folksong group here. Well, I guess it is just in the blood to sing people's songs. I have sung them all my life, and anywhere I am I seem to gather around me people of like minds.

I live about thirty miles from Portland. But folk singers can never hide, no matter where they go. So one fine morning some of the People's Songs group from Portland came over and informed me it was about time I came to a Hootenanny. You can't put down in print the good feeling it gives one to have this happen when you have been away from People's Songs for a year or two.

So we closed down my little business for the day, and went to my house and started in singing and playing and eating. We broke up about 2 A. M.

I went to the Hoot and joined People's Songs. I now have a nice group in Washougal, and we are sure to build the best People's Songs group in the state of Washington.

I don't guess you would know my three children now: they are all People's Songs singers. One plays the steel guitar and one the piano, and the other the accordian. So you see I have a pretty good People's Songs group right in my own family.

Give our best regards to all the folks there, Woody, Lee Hays, Mill Lampell, Alan Lomax and all the rest.

Yours,
Jim Garland
Washougal, Wash.

REPLIES TO RUTH RUBIN: PRO & CON

Dear People's Songs:

I have a deep respect for Ruth Rubin and a kind of awe for the work she has done in the field of Yiddish folklore. Neverthless I find it necessary to disagree with her approach toward the translation of foreign language songs. I believe her approach is basically that of a folklorist and not that of a performer (though she is a fine singer), and that the fault lies there.

The folklorist is trying to preserve the flavor of the music (and songs) exactly as it was or is sung by the people of an area. To the folklorist a change in content or accent or music is tantamount to being untruthful reporting-and that is as it should be. But the performer has a different job to do (especially as a progressive performer). It is his job to create the widest possible audience for the particular song, at the same time keeping the essential message intact. It is of course to his interest to maintain as much true flavor of the song as is possible, because much of the beauty of the song is tied up in its background.

It is equally, if not more, important however, to have his audience completly understand what he is saying if his work is to be successful. Often the message of a song is put into a wordy introduction and scrambled or lost, with the body of the song being an anti-climax. More important, unless the singer actually speaks the language, his emphasis is uncertain or untrue and it seems to me that this often results in seeming uncertainty.

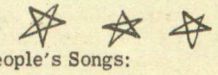
Poetical translation may have faults. These should be eliminated as far as possible. But I believe they are far more interesting to an audience than a strange language and can say much more. It is to the interest of a people's singer to reach the widest possible audience with foreign songs and I believe this can best be done through fine poetical translations.

Ernie Lieberman
Brooklyn, NY

Dear People's Songs:

The letter on pages 16-17 of the July-August Bulletin from Ruth Rubin seems to beg for comments. Well, here's mine: THREE CHEERS! I agree with Ruth 100%.

Norman Cazden
Takoma Park, Md.



Dear People's Songs:

Some time ago I stated my views on folksongs in a local newspaper. Promptly, a rather adolescent wail of abuse erupted from a few members of People's Songs Corporation in this vicinity. Apparently my pen had scratched a sore spot.

A folksong is a ditty which has survived the test of time. For each Stephen Foster song we find ourselves humming today, a thousand minstrel tunes are dead and long forgotten. But at the time of writing, no one could have told which tune would survive. Time alone provided the answer. Thus it is that reputable teachers have today one main criterion for judging a folksong: Has it been sung by more than one generation of people?

How does this affect your corporation? It destroys the idea that propaganda ditties or woeful labor songs bear any resemblance to folksongs.

But there is yet another distinction. Argue as you doubtless will, folksongs live because they ENTERTAIN. Far from being entertainment, your songs are apparently manufactured to INCITE. Sure, I know songs like the Marseillaise were meant to incite too . . . but how many woeful labor songs have become national anthems?

Close to the heart of the whole matter, of course, appears to be your limited interpretation of the word 'folk'. I have mentioned before, and I say again, there are many, many folk who never had to buy a union card. Let your music strive for that universality of appeal that will reach all the people instead of just a few malcontents; when you reach that goal, you can sell the darn things, make a pile of dough and stop hating everybody but the income-tax collector.

Bill Bender
Boulder, Colorado
Colorado University

Singing People.

Last month's mention of Mike Loring didn't tell you enough of the background of Mike, one of the most remarkable members of People's Songs. Raised in Minneapolis, trained as a cantor, he later had his own band working in NY, and co-starred in Hollywood pictures. After four years in the Navy, though, he declined to try the entertainment grind any more, settled in Portland, Oregon, and worked as director of information for the Bonneville Power Administration. There he became acquainted with Woody's fine songs about the Columbia River.

Having to resign after chairing a local Wallace rally, Mike now puts in full time touring for the new party.

Quotes from life: Elmer Davis (approaching Pete Seeger at the Progressive Party convention, somewhat gruffly) "Young man, that you singing all these songs? Congratulations--other two conventions coulda used you."

Jenny Wells reported singing to a crowd of 2000 from a soundtruck, in a Colorado town whose total population was only 7000. She and University of Colorado students had spent several hours previous touring the town in the truck, singing. They call it out there "Operation Gideon".

George Margolin, whose regular Sunday afternoon song sessions in New York's Washington Square Park were written up in this bulletin a year ago, received a two-page picture spread in the New York Star last month. Their photographer happened by, and seeing a crowd of several hundred singing with him, out of the People's Songbook, started clicking his shutter.

Member C.A. Lewis visited the editorial offices to say that in his home state of Oklahoma he found the Union Square Dance (I,#3) a big hit, even the old folks joining in. "Best damn square dance I ever did see", says he.

SINGERS ON THE FRONT LINES:

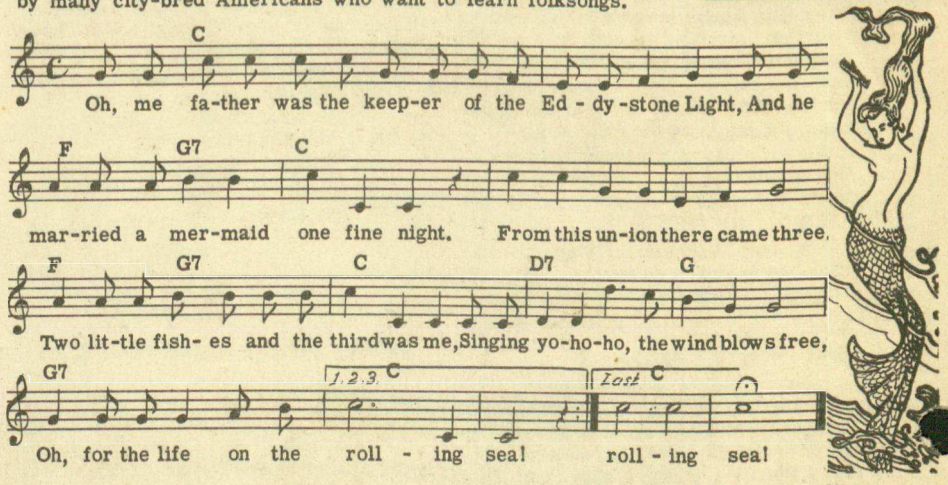
We're proud that along with thousands of other workers and all kinds of progressives, People's Songsters have been in the thick of the fight to save America. Pete Seeger travelled through the "egg and tomato" country with Henry Wallace and Bernie Asbel was in the storm of flying stones which greeted Prof. MacDougall in southern Illinois recently. (We've been doing some hard travellin'.)

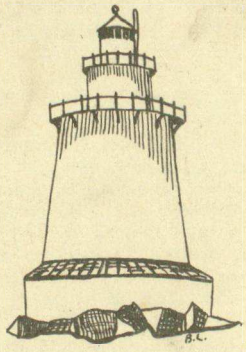
284 Eddystone Light

English Folksong
As sung by
Richard Dyer-Bennet

A whimsical gem from the repertoire of Richard Dyer-Bennet, who picked up his songs everywhere from his native England, to Sweden where he studied under one of the 'last of the ancient bards'.

Dick Bennet, first becoming known in the US during the first years of the war, introduced an important new element to American ballad singing. Fans noted first his British accent, and his playing a fantastic looking Swedish lute; clearly this was a far cry from Leadbelly. But what was important about this new singer was his intensely professional approach, and his thorough musicianship in, for example, his guitar arrangements. Now Dick has quit the night club racket, makes a yearly concert tour, and concentrates on his 'School of American Minstrelsy' in Colorado. People's Songsters may disagree (and many do) with his particular style of singing and playing, but there is no doubt that his performer's approach to his work is one that will be adopted by many city-bred Americans who want to learn folksongs.


C
Oh, me fa-ther was the keep-er of the Ed - dy-stone Light, And he
F G7 C
mar-ried a mer-maid one fine night. From this un-ion there came three.
F G7 C D7 G
Two lit-tle fish- es and the third was me, Singing yo-ho-ho, the wind blows free,
G7 C C
1.2.3. Last
Oh, for the life on the roll - ing sea! roll - ing sea!



One night, as I was a-trimming of the glim,
Singing a verse from the evening hymn,
A voice on the starboard shouted "Ahoy!"
And there was my mother, a-sitting on a buoy.
(CHORUS:)

"Oh, where are the rest of my children three?"
My mother then she asked of me.
"One was exhibited as a talking fish,
The other was served from a chafing dish."
(CHORUS:)

Then the phosphorous flashed in her seaweed hair:
I looked again, and my mother wasn't there.
But her voice came echoing back from the night,
"To Hell (or "to the Devil") with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!" (CHORUS:)

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PEOPLE'S SONGS

VOL. III, NO. 6-7
JUL.-AUG., 1948

THE SINGING MECHAU FAMILY

SEE PAGE 2

PROMINENT AMERICANS PROTEST QUEBEC SONGBOOK BAN

Following Quebec Premier Maurice Duplessis' ban and confiscation last month of "The People's Songbook" (Boni and Gaer) along with such classics as Tolstoy's "War and Peace" and Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" letters from many corners of the U. S. came in supporting the People's Songs' protest of the action.

Rockwell Kent, artist, wrote Duplessis: "Unless it is your intention to be understood as repudiating civil liberties inherent to democracy, and as deliberately aligning yourself with the forces that would work for its destruction, you would do well to make prompt atonement for the actions of your subordinates."

Louis Untermeyer, poet and editor: "It is hard for me to believe that any such arbitrary act could have been committed in the name of protecting the community . . . Perhaps the report is exaggerated . . . otherwise it would seem that we are once again in the era of witch-hunts, bookburnings and blind bigotry."

Harold Thompson, folklorist, and Cornell University professor: "I do not need to remind a Canadian of French descent that the folk cannot be defeated by violence."

There is no People's Songs branch in Quebec, and at present no further action is considered practical by the National Office of People's Songs.

SINGING MARKS PROGRESSIVE PARTY FOUNDING CONVENTION

On Friday, July 23, television and radio technicians could scarcely conceal their astonishment and interest in the singing spirit of the New Party delegates in Philadelphia. As the entertainment trade bible, Variety, reported: "No little part of the convention spirit stemmed from a campaign notebook..." CBS played recordings of convention singing, with commentary, in a nationwide program the following Sunday evening.

Commentators noted that instead of sitting and listening to some name opera singer give out with semi-classics, as did the other two conventions, every delegate and visitor joined in lustily on all choruses, even when it came to singing two complete verses of "Star Spangled Banner".

Photo by Ellen Conried

The New York office of People's Songs took on responsibility for the convention singing as a service job for National Wallace-For-President Headquarters. Main program selection work was by Yip Harburg and Alan Lomax, with most songleading performed by Michael Loring, of Portland, Ore.; Jenny Wells of New Mexico; and Peter Seeger. Other singers were Mordecai Bauman, of Cleveland; Laura Duncan, of New York; and of course, the unforgettable Paul Robeson, who received an ovation before and after he sang "The House I Live In" before 30,000 at Shibe Park.

Yeoman work was done by famed choral director Leonard DePaur, who trained a choir of over a hundred New York and Philadelphia amateurs, partly from the CIO Chorus, PCA Chorus and American People's Chorus. Arrangements were whipped out in short order by Waldemar Hille, Pete Seeger and Henry Bloch. A 15-piece union dance band was recruited from a local radio station and directed by Hershey Kay. In Convention Hall it was found almost impossible to keep the band, the chorus, the organ and soloists in perfect time with each other, because they were of necessity separated by 80 to 100 feet; music leaders struggled also in the face of inadequate miking, both in Convention Hall and at Shibe Park.

. Convention songs were purposely limited to about eight or ten, and these repeated until delegates knew them thoroughly. Thus many good songs had to be knowingly omitted. As it was, numbers ranged from brisk marches such as "I've Got a Ballot" (see Page 18) to the hymnlike "We Are Building" and the satirical "Same Merry-go-round".

SINGERS ALERTED FOR FUTURE

With singing a proved potent weapon in the campaign, it is accepted as axiomatic in National Wallace Headquarters that each local rally start with a half-hour of singing. Local People's Songsters are being alerted for such work. New editions of the campaign songbook are rolling off the presses, and plan is to put one on every seat, to insure audience participation.

THE SINGING MECHAU FAMILY

A new family of people's minstrels have recently made a name for themselves in the Rocky Mountain region. Mrs. Frank Mechau and her four children, ages 9 to 16, never intended to sing except for their own amusement, but after successful folk song recitals for such respectable groups as the Kiwanis, American Legion, and the Denver Fine Arts Club, they appeared before the Colorado New Party convention last month, and this month may tour again for Wallace near their home at Redstone, in the western part of the state.

Their repertoire ranges from stately Scottish ballads to hoedowns such as "Black-Eyed Susie", which they learned in 1942 when the family attended some of the first hootenannies, run every Sunday afternoon by the Almanac Singers at their home in New York. This was actually their first introduction to living folkmusic; their first public performance was then, when Woody Guthrie brought Mike Mechau, the youngest--and at that time barely out of diapers, up to the microphone to sing a cowboy song.

At that time their father, Frank Mechau, was a rising young western artist; his sweeping canvases such as "The Last of the Wild Horses" (in New York's Metropolitan Museum) had received wide acclaim. During the next few years they lived at their home in Colorado, where, far from movies and other entertainment, they developed the habit of singing to each other in the evenings. Vanni Mechau, the eldest girl, learned the guitar, and ranch neighbors would come from miles away to listen.

In '46, with tragic abruptness, Frank Mechau died in the middle of a promising career. His wife, Paula, found that their pastime of music was a way to give the bereft family a unity and purpose. Today the family are ardent Wallace supporters because she feels that the New Party is the real continuer of FDR's New Deal, which fifteen years ago was responsible for "discovering" Frank Mechau through the public arts projects.

On page three are given a couple of the songs they sing; if you or any other People's Songs members pass through Redstone, Colorado this summer, you might look them up, and swap songs with them!

PEOPLE'S SONGS is a non-profit organization formed to "create, promote, and distribute songs of labor and the people."

Vol. III, No. 6 and 7 Jul.-Aug., 1948

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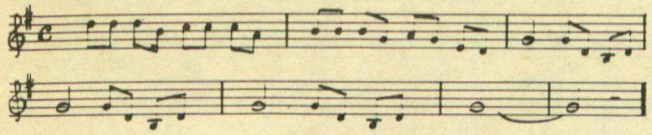
265 A Page Of BREAKDOWNS

Considering how many square dance fans there are amongst People's Songsters, it's about time we published a whole pageful of miscellaneous verses and tunes for breakdowns, hoedowns, sukey-jumps (call them what you will). We have mixed them all together, because, as a matter of fact, that is exactly what has happened. You will find the verses to "Cindy" being put to "Old Joe Clark," and fifteen other banjo tunes using the same meter. We seriously suggest that each reader take up where these leave off, and start composing your own.

BLACK EYED SUSIE

All I want in this creation,
Pretty little wife and a big plantation.

REAFRAIN: Hey, blackeyed Susie,
Hey, pretty little blackeyed Susie,
Hey —.

All I need to make me happy,
Two little boys to call me pappy.

One name "Sop" and the other name "Gravy",
One gon' sop it up, the other gon' save it.

Up Red Oak and down salt water,
Some old man gonna lose his daughter.

Blackeyed Susie went huckleberry pickin',
The boys got drunk and Susie took a lickin'.

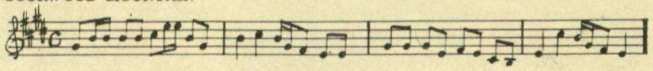
Some got drunk and some got boozy,
I went home with blackeyed Susie.

Blackeyed Susie is a sunburnt daisy,
If I don't get her, I'll go crazy.

Blackeyed Susie about half grown,
Jumps on the boys like a dog on a bone.

I asked her to be my wife,
She come at me with a barlow knife.

Love my wife, love my baby,
Love my biscuits sopped in gravy.

SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN

My true love lives over the river
Hey-ho, dee-iddle-um-day,
A few more jumps and I'll be with her,
Hey-ho, dee-iddle-um-day.

My true love is a blue-eyed daisy, . .
If I don't git her, I'll go crazy. . .

My true love lives at the head of the holler, . .
She won't come in and I won't foller. . .

Ducks in the pond, geese in the ocean, . .
Devil's in the women if they take a notion. . .

I have a lover in Sourwood,
She's gone cripply and blind,
She broke the heart of many a poor feller
But she ain't broke this'n of mine.

I got a gal at the head of the holler,
Ho-dee-ink-tum diddle-ah-dee-day;
She won't come and I won't foller;
Ho-dee-ink-tum diddle-ah-dee-day.

She sits up with old Si Hall, . . .
Me and Jeff can't go there at all. . . .

Some of these days, before very long , , ,
I'll get a gal and a-home I'll run. . .

Big dog bark an' the little on'll bite you, . .
Big gal court an' the little one'll marry you,

Geese in the pond and ducks in the ocean, . .
Devil's in the women when they take a notion. .

CINDY

You oughta see my Cindy,
She lives way down South
She's so sweet the honey bees,
Swarm around her mouth.

REFRAIN:
Git along home, Cindy, Cindy,
Git along home, Cindy, Cindy,
Git along home, Cindy, Cindy,
I'll marry you someday.

When Cindy got religion,
You know just what she done,
She walked right up to the preacher
And chawed her chewin' gum.

Oh, Cindy is a pretty girl,
Cindy is a peach.
She threw her arms around my neck,
And hung on like a leach.

She took me to her parlor,
She cooled me with her fan;
She said I was the prettiest thing
In the shape of mortal man.

Cindy hugged and kissed me,
She wrung her hands and cried,
She swore I was the prettiest thing
That ever lived or died.

She told me that she loved me,
She called me sugar-plum,
She throwed her arms around me
And I thought my time had come.

Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm just crazy 'bout Ida Red.

Little red wagon, painted blue

Fly in the sugar-bowl, shoo, shoo, shoo.

Lost my partner, what'll I do?

two by two.

I'll get another one, purtier'n you.

Cows in the cornfield.

NOTE: Don't be discouraged if you don't play a banjo; these are standard tunes, which can be played by any square dance band instrument.

OLD JOE CLARK

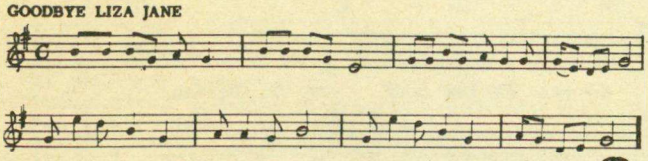
Fare thee well, old Joe Clark,
Fare thee well, I say,
He' foller me ten thousand miles,
To hear my fiddle play.

Old Joe Clark had a cow,
She was muley born,
It takes a jaybird a week and a half
To fly from horn to horn.

I would not marry an old maid,
Tell you the reason why,
Her neck so long and stringy, boys
'Fraid she'd never die.

I wish I was in Arkansas
Sittin' on a rail,
A jug of whisky under my arm
And a possum by the tail.

GOODBYE LIZA JANE



There's a house in Baltimore
Sixteen stories high,
And every story in that house
Was full of chicken pie.

O Liza, poor gal
O Liza Jane
O Liza, poor gal
She died on the train.

I went up on the mountain
To give my horn a blow
And every girl on the countryside
Says, Yonder comes my beau.

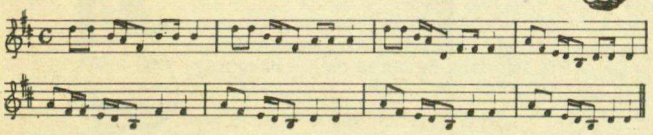
MAGNIFYING GLASS (to read this page)

When I was a little boy
I liked to go in swimming
Now I am a bigger boy
I like to go with wimmen.

I wish I had a candy box
To put my sweetheart in,
I'd take her out and kiss her twice
And put her back again.

One day I set a-courting
A girl as dear as life
When a woman she said to me,
Mister Jones, how is your wife?

SALLY ANN

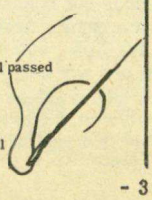


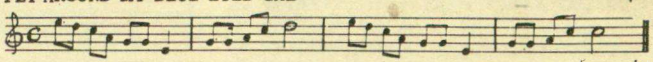
Ever see a muskrat, Sally Ann
Dragging his slick tail thru the sand
Picking a banjo, Sally Ann?
I'm gonna marry you, Sally Ann!

I'm gonna marry you, Sal, Sal
I'm gonna marry you, Sally Ann
I'm gonna marry you, Sal, Sal
I'm gonna marry you, Sally Ann!

I wish I had an apple,
A-hanging' on a tree,
And every time that pretty gal passed
She'd take a bite of me.

I wish I had a needle,
As fine as I could sew,
I'd sew that gal to my coat tail
And down the road I'd go.



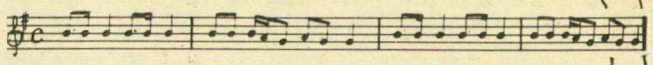
FLY AROUND MY BLUE EYED GAL

Once I had a fortune
I laid it in a trunk
Lost it all a-gambling
One night when I got drunk.

Fly around my blue-eyed gal
Fly around my daisy
Fly around my blue-eyed gal
You almost druv me crazy.

Wisht I was in the West country
Sitting in a big armchair
One arm 'round my whisky barrel
The other 'round my dear.

If I had a scolding wife
Tell you what I'd do
Trade her off for a barlow knife
Paddle my own canoe.

IDA RED



Ida Red, Ida Green,
Purtiest gal I ever seen . . .

Ida Red's about half-grown,
Jumps on a man like a god on his throne. . .

Ida Red's about half-grown,
Jumps on a man like a dog on a bone. . .

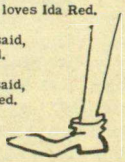
Ida Red lives in town,
Weighs three hundred and forty pounds. . . .

Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm just crazy 'bout Ida Red,
Ida Red, Ida Blue, Ida bit a hoecake half in two.

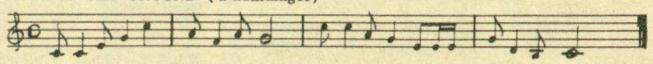
Ida Red, Ida Red, Everybody loves Ida Red.

If I'd a listened to what she said,
I'd a been living with Ida Red.

If I'd a listened to what she said,
I'd a been sleeping in Ida's bed.



ROLL ON THE GROUND (a humdinger)



Roll on the ground, boys,
Roll on the ground,
Roll on the ground, boys,
Roll on the ground.

Work on the railroad,
Sleep on the ground,
Eat soda crackers
And the wind blow 'em around.

Work on the railroad,
Work all the day
Eat soda crackers,
And the wind blow 'em away.

N.Y. HOOTENEERS HIT HINTERLAND

By Irwin Silber

Next to actually singing their songs, folk singers, or more accurately, Hootenanny singers, enjoy themselves most in telling other people about their travels and their singing. It's gotten to the point where a performer in New York can hardly travel from Brooklyn to the Bronx without issuing a 12-page document describing the hazards of the New York subways and a detailed analysis of the songs performed.

Some three months ago, when Ernie Lieberman, Joe Jaffe, Gladys Bashkin and yours truly decided to bring a travelling Hootenanny to the hinterlands, we were full of hope, ambition and songs. Though none of us are any the richer (in a financial sense), we have now added to those three a new factor: experience.

Knowing what we do now, it is doubtful whether we would have undertaken the venture if we had had the benefit of experience. It is quite a task, we discovered, to bring a four-person Hootenanny-Barn Dance crew to Chicago and back when hardly anyone in between has ever heard of you and didn't even realize that they were missing anything by not knowing you.

All in all, we sang for audiences ranging in size from the dozen or so people gathered together for a house party in York, Pa., to three thousand young people at Philadelphia's YPA convention (on the same bill with Henry Wallace, Glenn Taylor and Paul Robeson). We sang from all kinds of platforms, from concert stages to picketlines.

There are some things we'll never forget: The lunch-hour Hootenanny in Pittsburgh outside the gates of the big Westinghouse Plant . . . The lawn party in Columbus where irate neighbors called the police because they didn't like the sound of "Wallace stands before the walls of Wall Street" (see "New Walls of Jericho", June issue) . . . Hitch-hiking from Dayton to Chicago because we ran short of funds . . . The kids at Camp Wyse in Paynesville, Ohio, who wouldn't let us leave after an hour and a half of singing . . . The woman with tears in her eyes in Syracuse after we sang "Viva la Quince Brigada", because her son was killed in Spain fighting with the Lincoln Brigade .

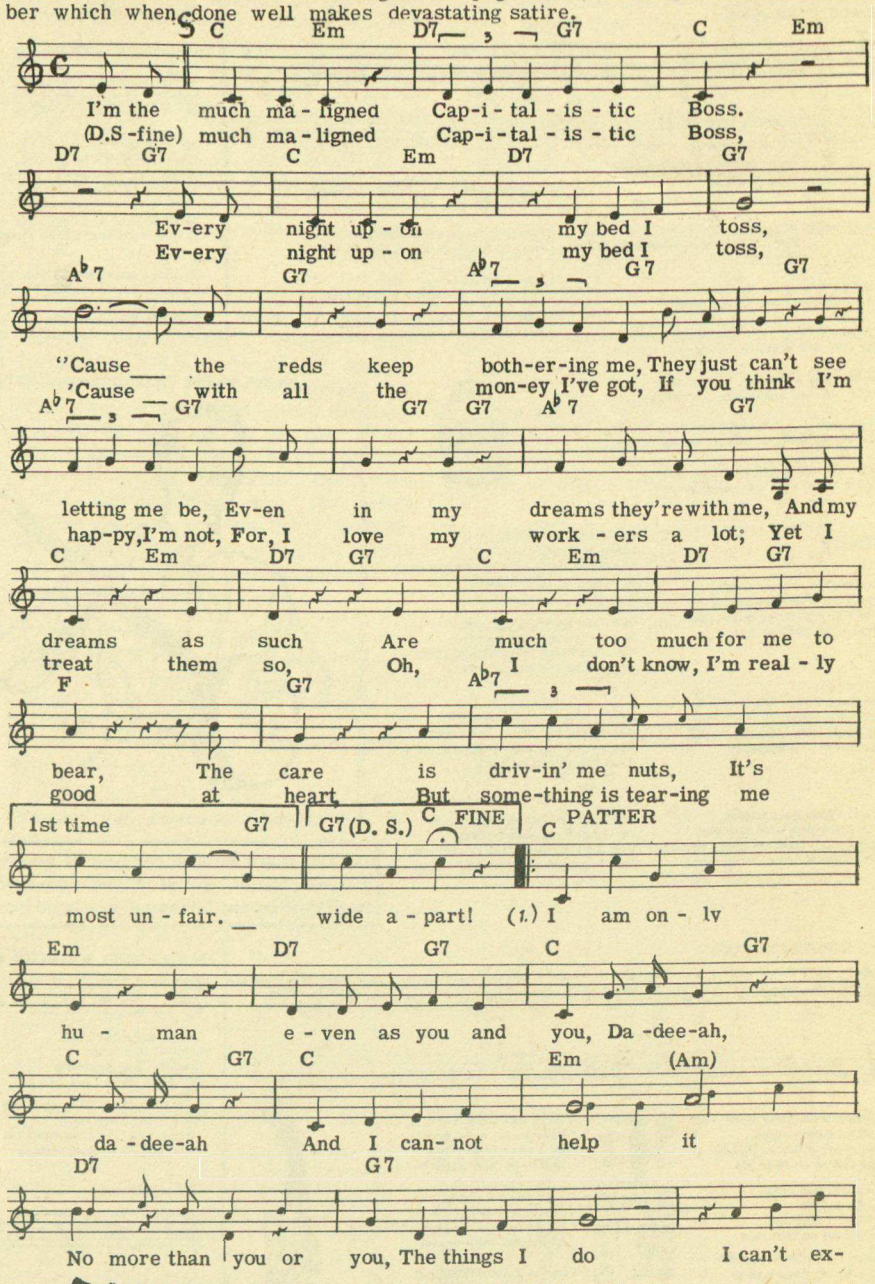
We want to do it again. We want to go through the headaches of crowded railroad trains, too many spaghetti dinners, early morning performances after late Hoots the night before, and the other countless strains and stresses, because we know we did something we never could have done staying where we are.

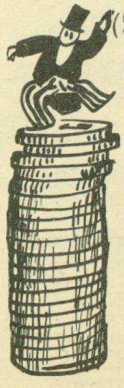
We want other performers to do this same job. They must—to spread People's Songs the way no songsheet, recording, radio or motion picture can.

266 Capitalistic Boss

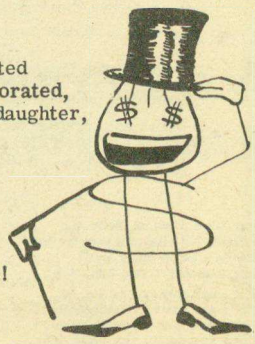
Words by Mike Stratton
Music by Saul Aarons
Cop.1948 Stratton-Aarons

During the late thirties the songwriting team of Mike Stratton and Sol Aarons turned out several hits which will no doubt last for many years to come. "Picket Line Priscilla" and "Horse with the Union Label" have already been printed in past issues of this bulletin. The song on this page is of course a performance number which when done well makes devastating satire.


C Em D7 G7 C Em
I'm the much ma - ligned Cap-i - tal - is - tic Boss.
(D.S -fine) much ma - ligned Cap-i - tal - is - tic Boss,
D7 G7 C Em D7 G7
Ev-ery night up - on my bed I toss,
Ev-ery night up - on my bed I toss,
Ab7 G7 Ab7 G7 G7
'Cause the reds keep both-er-ing me, They just can't see
'Cause with all the mon-ey I've got, If you think I'm
Ab7 G7 G7 G7 Ab7 G7
letting me be, Ev-en in my dreams they're with me, And my
hap-py, I'm not, For, I love my work - ers a lot; Yet I
C Em D7 G7 C Em D7 G7
dreams as such Are much too much for me to
treat them so, Oh, Ab7 I don't know, I'm real - ly
F G7
bear, The care is driv-in' me nuts, It's
good at heart But some-thing is tear-ing me
1st time G7 G7 (D. S.) C FINE C PATTER
most un - fair. wide a - part! (1.) I am on - ly
Em D7 G7 C G7
hu - man e - ven as you and you, Da -dee-ah,
C G7 C Em (Am)
da - dee-ah And I can- not help it
D7 G7
No more than you or you, The things I do I can't ex-



(2) Take my wife for instance, really she's not so bad.
She was but a dairy maid, and I a lad,
And so we wed, I can't explain;
Something is wrong with my brain.
Her father was the president of Milk Incorporated
He taught his own contented cows to give evaporated,
Though captain of his industry he doted on his daughter,
And made her heir to grade "B" milk
Dissolved in grade "A" water.
I was a poor but honest lad
Her bovine beauty drove me mad
Her tender lips , her sable coat,
The gem she wore around her throat.
That gem she wore around her throat, MY GOD!
And so we wed, I can't explain;
Something is wrong with my brain.



C A♭7 G7 C G7

plain, Some-thing is wrong with my brain —

C G7

Money fills my helpless head with fierce intoxication

Cm G7

Feeble in it's fiendish grip, Oh, fatal fascination, I

Cm C dim

can't resist the awful urge I feel within me rising, And

C# dim G7

then transformed when I emerge. I'm past all recognizing, My

Cm G7 Cm G7

stomach is a bloated sight I wear a silk hat day and night. I

Cm

ride around in Cadillacs, I trample on the workers backs. I

G7

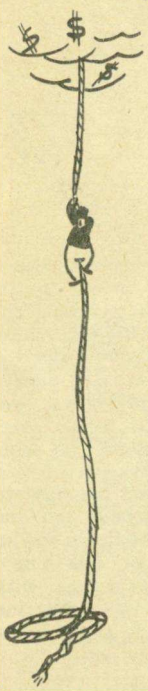
chisel on my income tax, My God! The things I do,

C A♭7 G7

I can't ex - plain. Some-thing is wrong with my

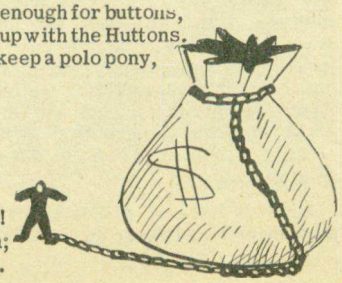
1.2.3. C 4 C 𝄋 D. S. al fine

brain. brain. I'm the



(3) When it comes to labor, that's where I'm really fair;
After all t'was labor made me a millionaire,
And yet we fight, I can't explain;
Something is wrong with my brain.
I cut their wages every day, it gives me such a pleasure,
I disregard the men that say they haven't any leisure;
I always work them overtime without an extra penny,
And if they ask for two weeks off, I just don't give them any.
And when they strike, I clamp down hard,
Protected by the National Guard.
I raise a patriotic stink, I call in every first class fink,
Descendant from the missing link, MY GOD!
And yet we fight, I can't explain;
Something is wrong with my brain!

(4) Take my son for instance, he is my pride and joy,
Quite a likely youngster, really a clever boy.
The things he does, I can't explain;
Something is wrong with his brain.
I give him his allowance but it's not enough for buttons,
He has to have a yacht of two to keep up with the Huttons.
You don't know what a lot it costs to keep a polo pony,
And though he has no income tax,
There's always alimony,
His social life's a giddy whirl
From debutante to chorus girl,
He never sleeps he never sits,
By winter he's so shot to bits,
He has to go to Biarritz, MY GOD!
The things he does, I can't explain;
Something is wrong with his brain.



If there had been space, we would have printed a whole page-full of the cartoons of Art Young, the man who made the top-hatted, pot-bellied capitalist so well known in the early Socialist newspapers thirty and forty years ago.

THE SINGERS

ALMANAC

It seemed to us editing this Bulletin that singers might appreciate being reminded each month of some appropriate song suggestions. For example: Are you primed for Labor Day's union songs? And how about John Henry as a theme song for that holiday?

Sept. 17th: Constitution Day; Sept. 25th: Bill of Rights Day. How about 'The Bill of Rights' from the show, 'Meet the People'?

On Sept. 22nd, Nathan Hale was hanged. There's no song about him, but another revolutionist, Kevin Barry, who met a similar end at the hands of the British, will long be remembered in song. (P/S Vol. II #5)

School days start again, of course. Look up 'Sing Tangent, Co-Tangent' (P/S Vol. III #5) or Leadbelly's 'Ha, Ha, Thisaway', the nicest going-away-to-school song we know.

SEPTEMBER 1948

LETTER FROM A BRITISH MUSICOLOGIST

The following letter from A. L. Lloyd, author of "The Singing Englishman" and active in the Worker's Music Association, was not intentionally written for publication, but we felt it would be of extreme interest to People's Songs members. Some of the questions he brings up with regard to the Almanac Singers will be answered in articles next month. Incidentally, copies of "The Singing Englishman", brilliant analysis of British folkmusic, are once again available at 126 West 21st St., our New York National office (75¢).

Dear People's Songs:

I was delighted to hear from you. I've been interested in your organisation ever since it began; and there are many things I'd like to know about it. I'd like to keep in touch with you, and be informed of what goes on.

How can I help you? I could send you, from time to time. English traditional songs about jobs and trades and conditions. You might like them for the library, even if you don't want to print them. I could write a short article now and then, on any subject up my alley which might interest your readers. If you would care for me to do this, let me know. Or suggest other ways I might be useful.

You ask what I am doing. The only performed work I've had much hand in lately is a ballad opera about coalmining, called Johnny Miner. D. G. Bridson wrote the words, I picked the songs (and rewrote some of the lyrics), and Matyas Seiber arranged and orchestrated the work. It was written for radio (as an hour show) and twice broadcast. Then, a bit amplified and adapted, it was performed for a week at London's Rudolf Steiner Hall. The stage performance is being repeated this month.

The opera told the story of British coalmining over the last century, from early union days up to nationalisation, through the changing fortunes of a single family on the Northeastern (Durham) coalfield. The show was a bit conventionalised, so that the same characters were still alive, and apparently unaged, at the end. The piece was split into about fourteen short episodes—all on the one set, arranged so that it was a cottage interior on one side, a coal mine in the middle, and a bit of moorland on the other side. The episodes were linked with ballad-style verse narration spoken to a guitar accompaniment. The songs were mostly from the Northeastern coalfield (I used two American tunes: Jack Went a-Roving (same tune as Which Side Are You On?) and the old shapenote hymn-tune, Pisgah (both probably British); so were the singers. The WMA (Workers' Music Association) did wonders with the stage version; theirs was a great improvement on the radio performance, though the BBC production had a great many expensive artistes in it. I am a hard man to please, but I must say I found the opera very stirring and deeply moving. Arthur Horner, the miners' leader, was crazy about it. I'll send you some of the songs from it, and you can get a bit of an idea. I can tell you, it was quite a thing to see an opera about miners, and with the singers looking like men instead of like actors in cloth caps.

Bridson's name you may know. He was loaned to CBS from the BBC for a while a few years back, and was partly responsible for the radio shows, The Man Who Went to War (with Josh White) and—I believe—The Martins and the Coys (with Guthrie, Ives and everybody). These two radio operas set something of a pattern for Johnny Miner. Seiber (calls it Sheiber) is a Hungarian, a pupil of Kodaly, and the kind of musician who can turn his mind to any style from twelve-tone to pop, and always make something of it. He has an unusual understanding of folk-music (you know how it is, as a rule, with these composers!) and he did a fine job in arranging the Johnny Miner tunes

(Continued on opposite page)

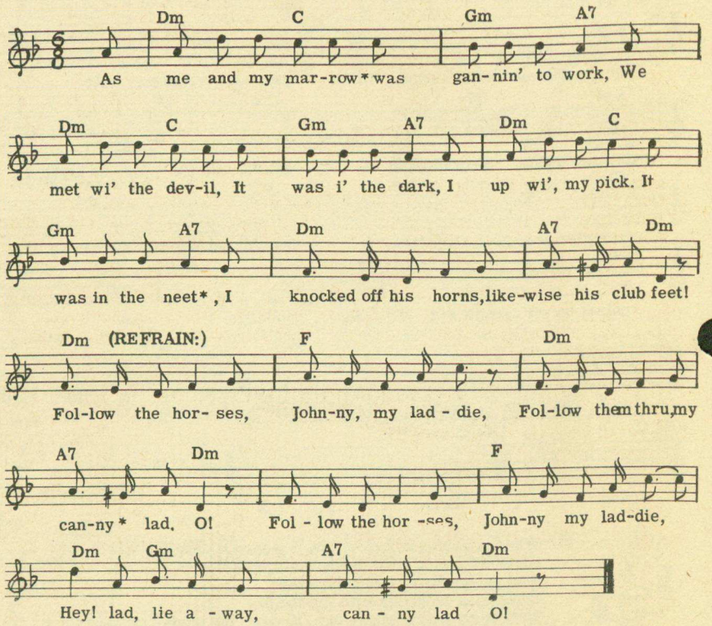
267 The Colliers' Rant

English miner's song

Here are two of the numbers from "Johnny Miner", that coal opera I mentioned to you in my letter. The tunes are mostly from the north-east of England, from the Durham coalfield.

The Colliers' Rant is an old song (probably from the second half of the 18th century) which has become something of a national anthem for Durham miners. It's as widely known up there as Yankee Doodle is in the States. It has many more verses about encountering and eluding the Devil down in the mine, but the two I quote are all we used. We had it at the beginning and end of the opera. It's a wonderful piece for male choir.

- A. L. Lloyd


Dm C Gm A7
As me and my mar-row* was gan-nin' to work, We
Dm C Gm A7 Dm C
met wi' the dev-il, It was i' the dark, I up wi', my pick. It
Gm A7 Dm A7 Dm
was in the neet*, I knocked off his horns,like-wise his club feet!
Dm (REFRAIN:) F Dm
Fol-low the hor- ses, John-ny, my lad - die, Fol-low them thru,my
A7 Dm F
can-ny* lad, O! Fol - low the hor -ses, John-ny my lad-die,
Dm Gm A7 Dm
Hey! lad, lie a - way, can - ny lad O!

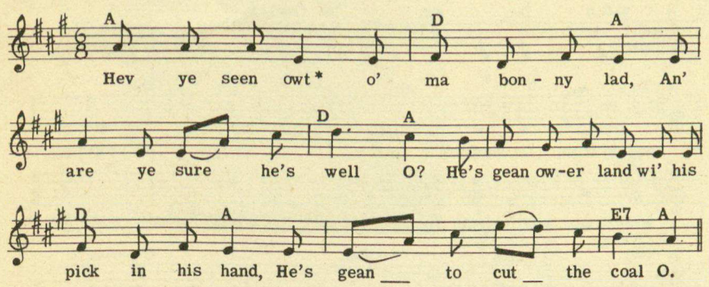
As me and my marrow was loadin' the tram,
The light it blew out and my marrow went wrang.
How wad ye have laughed had you seen the fine gam -
Old Nick took my marrow and I took the tram!
(CHORUS:)

*marrow = buddy; neet = night; canny = smart, clever

268 Ma Bonny Lad

English miner's song

Ma Bonny Lad is a tune from the Tyne coast (still the same part of the world). The words have been re-written (they originally referred to a drowned sailor).

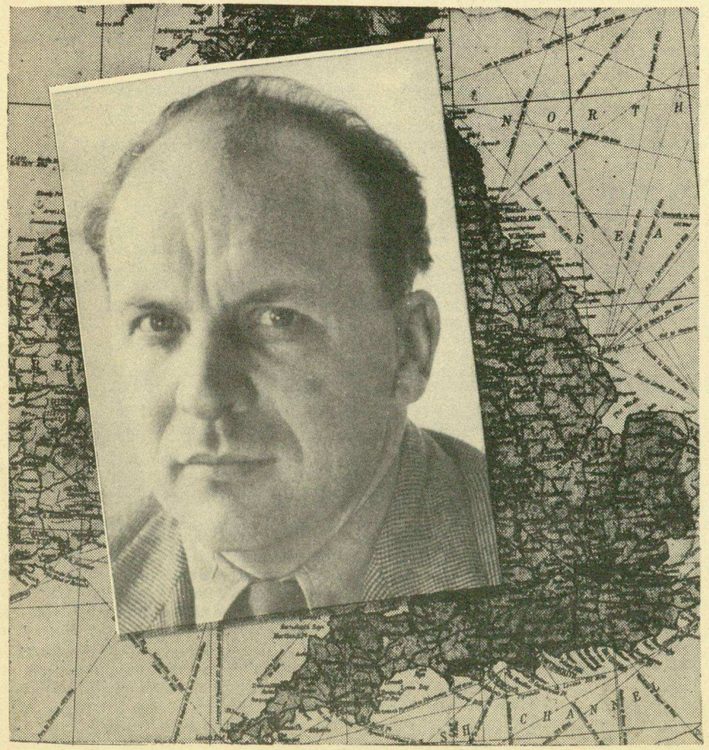
A. L. Lloyd

A D A
Hev ye seen owt* o' ma bon - ny lad, An'
D A
are ye sure he's well O? He's gean ow-er land wi' his
D A E7 A
pick in his hand, He's gean __ to cut __ the coal O.

Aye, they're seen your bonny lad,
Doon in the pit they spied him.
His grave is earth wi'oot any grass,
And thoo'll nivver lie aside him.

Hev ye seen owt o' ma bonny lad,
An' are ye sure he's well O?
He kissed his hand as he said goodbye,
An' went to cut the coal O.

*owt = anything

Other miner's songs can be found in back issues of the People's Songs bulletin: Vol. I, #5, and #12; and Vol. II, #1 and2, #4, #6 and 7. See also the books by George Korson, "Coal Dust On The Fiddle" and "Minstrels Of The Mine Patch".



without making them at all stiff and arty.

Apart from that, I have been doing a lot of lecturing, on subjects like: Modern Industrial Songs, Irish Street Music, The Word 'Traditional', The Performance of Folksongs, What's Spanish about Spanish Music, etc., mostly to political or trade union bodies, but also to large audiences at Morley College, an adult extension of London University. And I am busy on a fullsize book about American folksongs—a sort of social-historical study, and something far more ambitious than I've tried hitherto.

Here's where you can help me. One chapter of the book will be concerned with industrial songs. It will include the part played by the unions in getting folktunes known and sung. For instance it seems to me that many city workers must have become acquainted with old-style traditional tunes through hearing them sung at union meetings and political rallies, especially in the mid-thirties, after the CIO organisation of the southern mountain coalfields had stimulated the use of genuine folktunes (rather than commercial sentimental tunes, as hitherto) for political purposes. Obviously, outfits like the Almanac Singers did an enormous lot to promote the knowledge of such songs. I wonder if you or someone could send me a brief account of the origin and history of the Almanac Singers (and a mention of any other groups of similar importance). What I want to know, is, who started it, and how, how many singers were usually involved in the performances, what kind of people they were, and where they sang. It may well be that when I've written that particular chapter, I shall need to send it to you to glance through for gaps and boners, for, as you can imagine, there is very little documentation for that sort of stuff in England. Some parts of the book will even be interesting to the common American reader, I think. For instance, I've done a certain amount of research into the economics and politics of feuding, which may strike some as new.

One other way you may be able to help me with the book. I'm aware of the enormous rise in interest in folk things during the WPA times. Is there any book or document which describes how that rise in interest came about? If not, have you any theories? I'd be very glad to know.

Yet another thing, if you can bear it. I very much want to see singing groups of the Almanac's pattern established in England. I'm sure we have the talent, the material, and the audiences for it. I'd like to know how such groups usually perform in America. Do they stand in a line or sit at a table? Do they sing through a printed programme, or have a kind of interlocutor to announce the items and generally compere the show? How many accompanists are used, and do they sing too? Are the choruses arranged, or worked out by word of mouth, as it were?

Yours fraternally,
A. L. Lloyd
London, England

George Edwards

CATSKILL FESTIVAL

This summer marks the 10th anniversary of the Catskill Mountain Festival, which was started by Norman Studer, of Camp Woodland. Ten years ago they were told, "Of course, you know there aren't any real folksongs left up here in the mountains. We've been living here for years and never heard a single old ballad". The person who told them this, however, has seen his words disproved every year since then.

100 years ago, the thriving logging industry in the Catskills brought forth a rich tradition of popular singing. Irish raftsmen took logs to Philadelphia and in the 1840's also, the early unions came to the support of the upstate farmers who were striking against the high rents demanded by the powerful upstate landlords. At that time, the farmers even started a political movement called agrarianism, and in those days, if you called a man an agrarian it was like calling him a red. Later on, these rebellious farmers became the basis of the Free Soil and Republican parties. Songs reflected all of this activity.

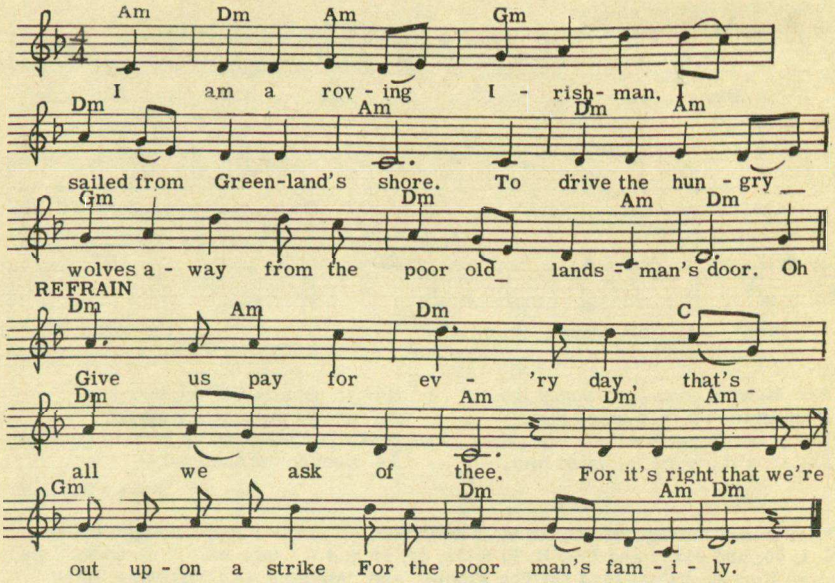
In the summer of '47, George Edwards, native octogenarian, took a group of Woodland campers and counsellors down on the Delaware River to visit a distant relative of his. He was one Charles Hinkley, a woodchopper, who not only knew many old tunes, but made up new ones, about his neighbors, his home town and local events. Along around the end of a long song-swapping session, Mr. Hinkley came forth with "Poor Man's Family", which he said he had learned from his father.

A young Vassar musicologist, Norman Cazden, transcribed the melody, and is the main archivist for the Festival. By now he has collected 150 songs and tunes which he hopes to publish shortly. Each festival is composed of three parts: old folksongs of the Catskills; the campers singing songs they have learned; and compositions by serious composers based upon Catskill Mountain themes.

The composition of three years ago, a cantata by Herbert Hautrecht, "We Come From The City , has just been published by Leeds Music, and they are already receiving enthusiastic letters from various other camps which have performed it.

269 The Poor Mans' Family

Irish-American strike ballad. Cop.1948 Camp Woodland

Of the many indigenous strike songs made up during the early years of the American labor movement, this song must have at one time been very popular, since it has been uncovered by folklorists in several widely separated localities. The exact strike which inspired this song probably was on the New York waterfront during the 1880's or 90's. The fourth verse refers to the common employer technique, not only of those days but of much more recent times, of importing large numbers of some other racial or national minority to break the strike, setting worker against worker and diverting public attention from the real problem.

Am Dm Am Gm
I am a rov - ing I - rish- man, I
Dm Am Dm Am
sailed from Green-land's shore. To drive the hun - gry
Gm Dm Am Dm
wolves a - way from the poor old lands - man's door. Oh
REFRAIN
Dm Am Dm C
Give us pay for ev - 'ry day, that's -
Dm Am Dm Am
all we ask of thee. For it's right that we're
Gm Dm Am Dm
out up - on a strike For the poor man's fam - i - ly.

The rich man's home by the cheery fire,
And their horses swift and strong:
If a poor man should ask for a crust,
They'd tell him that he's wrong.
(REFRAIN:)

"You take your ribbons in your hand
And you go and plow for me,
You can die or live, I'll have nothing to give
For the poor man's family! " (REFRAIN)
(REFRAIN:)

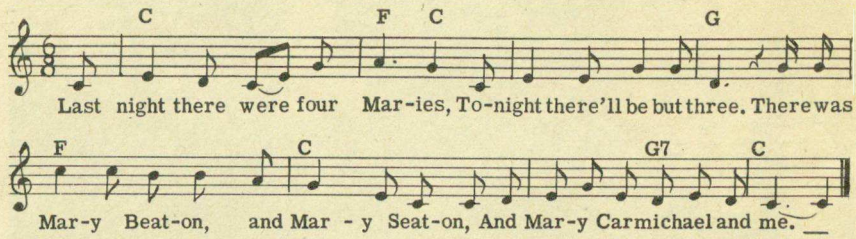
They'll bring their Italians over here,
And the Negroes from the South,
Thinking they can do our work,
Take the bread from a poor man's mouth.
(REFRAIN:)

And the American children,
they must starve?
And that we'll not agree:
To be put down like a worm in the ground,
For to starve a family (REFRAIN)

270 The Four Maries

Scottish, 16th Century
Words as sung by
Betty Sanders, NYC

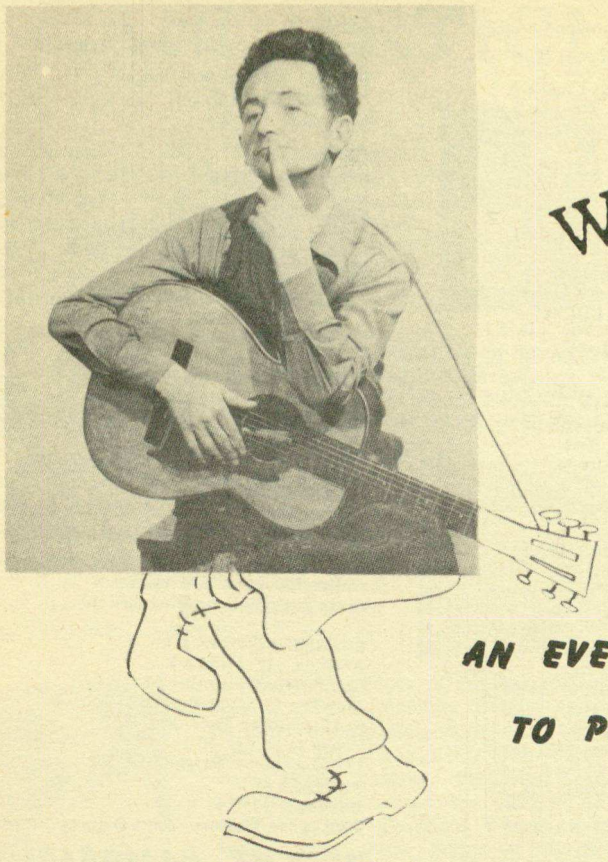
One of the most beautiful of the old Scottish ballads, this song springs from a known historical incident, when one of the handmaidens of Mary, Queen of Scots, was discovered to be consorting with her boss' lover, and was paid quite promptly for her indiscretion.


C F C G
Last night there were four Mar-ies, To-night there'll be but three. There was
F C G7 C
Mar-y Beat-on, and Mar - y Seat-on, And Mar-y Carmichael and me.

Oh often have I dressed my queen
And put on her braw silk gown,
But all the thanks I've got tonight,
Is to be hanged in Edinburgh town.

Full often have I dressed my queen,
Put gold upon her hair,
But I have got for my reward
The gallows to be my share.

They'll tie a kerchief around my eyes
That I may not see to dee,
And they'll never tell my father or mother,
But that I'm across the sea. (Repeat first verse)



WHERE CAN I GET THAT SONG?

AN EVER-GROWING CATALOGUE AVAILABLE TO PEOPLE'S SONGS MEMBERS ONLY

FOLK

Acres of Clams (I, 9*)
Ain't It a Shame (II, 6 and 7)
All The Pretty Little Horses (III, 6 and 7)
Big Rock Candy Mountain, The (III, 6 and 7)
Bonnie Laboring Boy, The (II, 1 and 2)
Breakdowns and Squares (III, 6 and 7)
Buffalo Skinners, The (III, 5)
Caller Herrin' (II, 6 and 7)
Cold Water (II, 6 and 7)
Come All Ye Faithful (II, 11)
Deck the Halls (II, 11)
Didn't My Lord Deliver, Daniel (III, 4)
Dodger Song, The (I, 7*)
Drinking Gourd, The (I, 12)
Eating Goober Peas (III, 1 and 2)
Elanoy (III, 6 and 7)
Farmer is the Man, The (II, 6 and 7)
Farmer's Curst Wife, The (II, 4)
Fireship, The (III, 1 and 2)
First Noel, The (II, 11)
Four Maries, The (III, 6 and 7)
Frozen Logger, The (III, 5)
Go Tell Aunt Nancy (II, 11)
Go Tell It To the Mountains (II, 11)
Go Where I send Thee (I, 11)
God Rest You Merry Gentlemen (II, 11)
Great Day! (III, 1 and 2)
Green Sleeves (III, 4)
Hoosen Johnny (II, 1 and 2)
I am a Girl of Constant Sorrow (I, 3)
I Walk the Road Again (I, 3)
I'm a-Rollin' (II, 10)
In The Town (II, 11)
Irene (II, 6 and 7)
It Takes a Worried Man (II, 3)
Jenny Jenkins (II, 6 and 7)
Jingle Bells (II, 11)
John Hardy (III, 4)
John Henry (I, 10)
Joy To the World (II, 11)
Kevin Barry (II, 5)
Leave Her, Johnny (II, 5)
Little Phoebe (II, 1 and 2)
Little Town of Bethlehem (II, 11)
Little Willie (II, 1 and 2)
Midnight Special, The (II, 8)
Miller Song, The (I, 10)
My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose (II, 10)
No Irish Need Apply (III, 4)
Oh, Freedom (II, 8)
Original Talking Blues (III, 4)
Poor Man's Family , The (III, 6 and 7)
Praties They Grow Small, The (III, 6 and 7)
Quantrell Side, The (III, 3)
Runnin', Runnin' (III, 1 and 2)
Rye Whiskey (II, 6 and 7)
Silent Night (II, 11)
Shh, Ta-Ra-Day-Day (II, 5)
Shorty George (III, 3)
Scots Wha' Ha'e (III, 4)
Slavery's Chain (III, 1 and 2)
So Long, It's Been Good to Know You (II, 5)
State Of Arkansas (III, 1 and 2)
Stir the Puddin' (II, 3)
Tom Dooley (III, 1 and 2)
Three Kings, The (II, 11)
Twelve Days Of Christmas (II, 11)
We Wish You a Merry Christmas (II, 11)

UNION

Casey Jones (I, 1)
Eight Hours (III, 1)
Eight Hour Day (II, 3)
Get Thee Behind Me, Satan (II, 4)
Great Day! (II, 1 and 2)
Horse With a Union Label (II, 4)
Hold The Fort (II, 3)
I Went Down To The Steel Mill (I, 2*)
I'm The Guy (I, 2*)
I've Got a Date on a Picket Line (I, 2*)
Joe Hill (II, 8)
Keep That Line A-Moving (I, 2*)
May Day Song (I, 3)
Miner's Lifeguard (I, 12)
My Union Man (II, 10)
Newspapermen (I, 10)
Picketline Priscilla (I, 6*)
Poor Old C. E. Wilson (I, 2*)
Roll The Union On (I, 1)
Roll Out The Union (II, 3)
Scabs Crawl In, The (I, 2*)
Selling Union (III, 1 and 2)
Solidarity Forever (I, 1)
Talking Union (I, 9*)
Taft-Hartley Blues (II, 9)
"T" Stands For Tobacco (II, 6 and 7)
Teacher's Blues (II, 3)
U. A. W.-C. I. O. (II, 8)
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Union Maid (I, 7*)
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Union Square Dance (I, 3)
Union Way, The (I, 10)
Unity Rhumba (II, 6 and 7)
We Are Building a Strong Union (III, 3)
We Are The Guys (II, 1 and 2)
We'll Picket Once And Picket Twice (I, 2*)
We Pity Our Bosses Five (I, 1)
We Shall Not Be Moved (II, 3)
Which Side Are You On? (II, 1 and 2).
Winnsboro Cotton Mill Blues (I, 8)
Whole Wide World Around, The (II, 6 and 7)
You Gotta Go Down (I, 3)
You Guys Gotta Organize (I, 7*)

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All the Pretty Little Horses (III, 6 and 7)
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Bling! Blang! (II, 8)
Brown Skinned Cow (II, 11)
Children, Go Where I Send Thee (I, 11)
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Everything Is Higher (II, 6 and 7)
Go Tell Aunt Nancy (II, 11)
Riding the Dragon (II, 5)
Shh Ta-Ra-Dah-Day (II, 5)
When I was a Little Boy (I, 6*)

People's Songs is a non-profit ➡

HISTORICAL-TOPICAL

(See also RECENT CAMPAIGN)

All Work Together (II, 3)
Atomic Energy (I, 12)
Ballad For Un-American Blues, The (III,4)
Ballad of Columbia Town (I, 5)
Ballad of FDR (I,3)
Ballad of Talmadge (I, 12)
Beans, Bacon and Gravy (I, 10)
Bear Story, A (I, 3)
Beloved Comrade (I, 12)
Bilbo Breakdown (I, 9*)
Black, Brown and White Blues (I, 10)
Bling! Blang! (II, 8)
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Brotherhood Hymn (II, 11)
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Carry On, Brother (II, 3)
Colliers' Rant, The (III, 6 and 7)
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Conversation With a Mule (II, 1 and 2)
Cost of Living Schnitzelbank (I, 12)
Death of Harry Simms, The (II, 6 and 7)
Do, Re, Mi, The (II, 9)
Dollar Ain't a Dollar Anymore, A (I, 3)
Don't Let 'Em Raise the Roof (I, 8)
Don't You Push Me (II, 6 and 7)
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Eighty Cent Butter (I, 3 sup. *)
Elephant and the Ass, The (III, 1 and 2)
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Listen, Mister Bilbo (I, 2*)
Look Here, Georgia (I, 12)
Mad As I Can Be (I, 3 sup*)
Man's a Man For A' That (I, 9*)
Miner's Kids and Wives (II, 4)
Miner's Lifeguard (I, 12)
Mister K. K. K. (I, 8)
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Rankin Tree (I, 1)
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Seed For Tomorrow (II, 11)
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Talking Dust Bowl Blues (II, 3)
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United Nations Make a Chain (II, 3)
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When I was a Little Boy (I, 6*)
Which Side Are You On? (II, 1 and 2)
Who Are You With, Your Honor? (I, 2*)
Whole Wide World Around, The (II, 6 and 7)
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Dona Nobis (Give us peace) (II, 11)
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First Nowell, The (II, 11)
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Jingle Bells (II, 11)
Joy To the World (II, 11)
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O Little Town of Bethlehem (II, 11)
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We Wish You a Merry Christmas (II, 11)

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Zog Nit Keinmol (II, 5)

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Viva La Quince Brigada (I, 1)

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Domovina (I, 5)
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All Together (Songs for Wallace)
Ballot In the Box (III, 5)
Battle Hymn of '48 (III, 1 and 2)
D. D. T. (I, 2*)
Don't Try Your Tricks (I, 4)
Friendly Henry Wallace (S's for W.)
Farmer-Labor Train (S's for W.)
Get Out the Vote (I, 4)
Go Down and See (S's for W.)
Great Day! (S's for W.)
Hallelujah, I'm a-Travelin' (S's for W.)
Henry Wallace Man (S's for W.)
Hollering For Wallace (S's for W.)
If You Don't Register to Vote (I, 4)
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Listen, Mister Rankin (S's for W.)
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Make Your Vote Count (S's for W.)
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Passing Through (III, 3)
Rolling to a New World (III, 3)
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Sing Along (III, 3)
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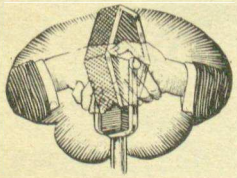
There's Just a Slight Difference (S's for W.)
Union Train For Wallace (S's for W.)
Use Your Ballot (S's for W.)
Voter, Oh Voter (I, 9*)
Wallace Meeting Ground (S's for W.)
Wallace Shout (S's for W.)
Watcha Gonna Do (I, 4)
We Are Building (S's for W.)
We'll All Join Gideon's Army (S's for W.)
We've Got Our Eyes On You (I, 4)
When Election Day Comes Around (I, 4)
Which Side Are You On? (S's For W.)
Who Are You With, Your Honor? (I, 2*)

* The asterisk means "Out of Print"

organization formed to "create

AND ARTICLES SUCH AS - -

Prominent People's Songsters and their doings across the nation are regularly featured in the Bulletin. When a singer such as Huddie Ledbetter, "Leadbelly", king of the 12-string guitar, comes your way, you will want to know about it in advance.



Authoritative articles on the fight for a more democratic culture today, such as the struggle of the People's Radio Foundation for an uncensored FM station (Vol. 1, No. 5).

If Earl Robinson, for example, writes a wonderful new song, where is the one place where it will be printed right away? You guessed it! His "Free and Equal Blues" was first printed in the pages of People's Songs (Vol. 1, No. 11).

When the people of the United States have a special job to do, People's Songs is there to help them do it. For example, when there was a last-ditch fight to save price control, that very week a special issue was in the hands of several thousand People's Songs' members, with such songs as "Inflation Talking Blues" and "A Dollar Ain't A Dollar". And in Canada people are doing the same thing. (Vol. II, No. 10)

And many of the ditties of your favorite singer will never be printed anywhere except in the pages of this Bulletin, such as "Landlord" sung by Josh White (Vol. 2, No. 1-2).

Data for singers and songwriters such as the essentials of copyright law on parodies, permissions and protection (Vol. 1, No. 5).

How to lead mass singing, by that substantial expert, Lee Hays.
(Vol. I, No. 6)

New methods for teaching songs, such as illustrated film strips (Vol. 1, No. 6).

Do you know the history of all the great People's Songsters who came before us? The Hutchinson family, Abolitionist singers (Vol. 2, No. 1-2); early Socialist singers and the Wobblies; Joe Hill's story is in Vol. 2, No. 1-2.

Regular book reviews, not only of current collections of song and poetry, but of little-known and out of the way items which will be of interest to People's Songsters, such as "The Cry for Justice" (Upton Sinclair), "Harps in the Wind" (Abolitionist songs).

People's Songs are of many types. A solid hit was "Red Boogie" by Sonny Vale and Morry Goodson.

News of the far West. How People's Songs of California got started under the leadership of Earl Robinson and Boots Casetta. (Vol. I, No. 5)

How Vern Partlow, the singing organizer, was hired by the FTA for a campaign in the California canneries (Vol. 1, No. 10).

Report of People's Songsters returning from the World Youth Festival in Prague, Czechoslovakia (Vol. 2, No. 9).

People's Songs of many lands, Italian, French, Irish, Chinese, Jewish and Spanish songs such as those sung by Paul Robeson (Vol. 2, No. 5).

How Bernie Asbel, a kid from the sidewalks of New York, hit out for the midwest to become People's Songs organizer in Chicago.
(Vol. I, No. 11)
(Vol. II, No. 5)

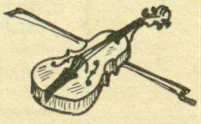
Children's songs: a series of the famous "Songs to Grow On" by Woody Guthrie.

During the 30's, the people's cultural movement received great impetus, what with TAC, New Theatre League and federal theatre projects. However, it took People's Songs to publish many of these songs for the first time, such as "Purest Kind of a Guy", from "No for an Answer" by Marc Blitzstein (Vol. 2, No. 6-7).

The authentic story behind many a famous song, such as "Which Side Are You On?" (Vol. 2, No. 1-2), or "Harry Sims" (Vol. 2, No. 6-7), or "The Soup Song", Vol. 2, No. 1-2.

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY of People's Songs, located in New York City, remains the one place where members can find progressive songs not in the Bulletin. Over 20,000 songs, many unpublished, many nothing more than mimeographed songsheets put out by some obscure, struggling union local.

The historic People's Songs convention in Chicago, October 1947 (Vol. 2, No. 10), brought together all leading People's Songsters face to face. You can meet them in the pages of this Bulletin.



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In addition to receiving the monthly bulletin, members get discounts on many songbooks and recordings which they can more easily buy through People's Songs.

Most important, in any community where a handful of members stick their heads together, they can form a branch, and through it organize choruses, classes, record sessions and hootenannies, and accomplish as a group many things which they could never do individually.

People's Songs gets permission to print many songs on the basis that this bulletin is not sold, but sent only to its several thousand members. Therefore, members only can order back issues (each containing six to twenty songs).

THIS IS AN EVER GROWING CATALOGUE OF SONGS, ARTICLES AND INFORMATION AVAILABLE ONLY TO MEMBERS OF PEOPLE'S SONGS

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*Vol. II, No. 1 and 2; Vol. II, No. 6 and 7; Vol. III, No. 1 and 2; -- are all 35¢ each.

of labor and the people."

ON THE RECORD

As we go to press, it appears likely that 25¢ records of 'Same Merry-Go-Round' and other campaign songs will be on the market before the second week of September.

Tom Glazer has recorded "Looking for a Home" and "Put My Name Down" for the AVC. The records are unbreakable, cost $1.49 apiece, and are obtainable only from Seal Records, 1173 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y. There's a money-back guarantee on the record, since most people will have to buy it before hearing it. Both songs are done with Tom's smooth style and should be very useful for housing campaigns as well as AVC rallies.

Good news for folk record collectors: Columbia is planning to reissue "Chain Gang Songs", the great Josh White album which has been out of print for many years. Victor is also making available once again "Smoky Mountain Ballads" and Volumes I and II of "Dust Bowl Ballads" sung by Woody Guthrie.

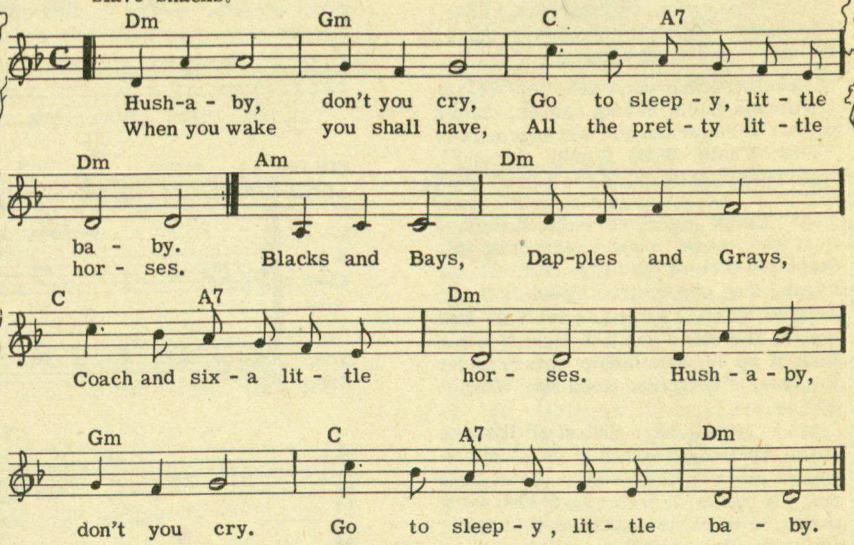
Circle Records, the new independent organized by Rudi Blesh, jazz authority, is issuing an album of Brownie McGhee. Entitled "Tennessee Blues", it includes "Tennessee Shuffle", "Railroad Bill", "Move to Kansas City", and "Leaving in the Morning". Since Circle has so far not got complete national distribution, you could if necessary order direct from them: 13 E. 3 St., NYC.

Paul Robeson found time last Christmas to drop into a recording studio and recite "Freedom Train". The record can now be obtained from any office of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, (Nat'l office: 808 Perdido St., New Orleans). Price is $1.00 plus handling.

"SONGS TO GROW ON"

271 All The Pretty Little Horses

One of the most beautiful lullabies. You may know another version of it, since it's a very widespread song. Some people say that the second verse comes from the time when Negro slaves suckling their white master's babies, thought of their own children, orphaned in the slave shacks.


Dm Gm C A7
Hush-a - by, don't you cry, Go to sleep - y, lit - tle
When you wake you shall have, All the pret - ty lit - tle
Dm Am Dm
ba - by.
hor - ses. Blacks and Bays, Dap-ples and Grays,
C A7 Dm
Coach and six - a lit - tle hor - ses. Hush - a - by,
Gm C A7 Dm
don't you cry. Go to sleep - y, lit - tle ba - by.

Hushaby, don't you cry,
Go to sleepy, little baby.
When you wake, you shall have,
All the pretty little horses.

Way down yonder in the meadow
There's a poor little lambie;
The bees and the butterflies -
pickin' out his eyes,
The poor little thing cried "Mammy".

(Repeat first four lines)

Hushaby, don't you cry,
Go to sleepy, little baby.
When you wake, you shall have,
All the pretty little horses.

Books

Crown Publishers continues its successful "Treasury of Folklore" series with "A Treasury of Jewish Folklore", edited by Nathan Ausubel ($4.00). As with the previous three (American, New England, Mexican), it is a big book, over 700 pages, jammed full of stories, sayings, proverbs, but ends up with 70 pages of folksongs, Yiddish and Hebrew, old and new. Well worth the money, in our opinion.

Ever since Woody Guthrie's notable "Songs to Grow on" records were issued by Disc, fans have been wondering when they would be published. We've just heard that Woody and his wife, Marj, will be working on just such a book this summer, and Viking Publishers will have it out some time next winter. We'll let you know as soon as it's off the press.

"IOCA Songfest", edited and published by Dick and Beth Best, 336 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass. $1.40.

Many of the country's most enthusiastic square dancers and folksingers belong to an organization known as the Intercollegiate Outing Club Association. Many of them spend their vacations hitchhiking across the country with packs on their backs, and a singing tradition has grown up around many a campfire, where anything from an ancient ballad to a modern nonsense song might be sung. This collection will be convenient for many a People's Songster, because although it's inexpensive, it includes about 300 songs. Of course, you won't find in it much modern "social context", although some of the older songs, such as "Waltzing Matilda" have a great deal of it, which perhaps present-day singers don't realize.

One of our all-time favorites is the exuberant dirge, "The Sinking of the Titanic", on page 118.

Watch next month for the new CIO Songbook. It is being printed by the Co-operative Recreation Service in Delaware, Ohio (the same outfit that put out the UAW Songbook). It will be pocket size and inexpensive.

CHANGES

This month we inaugurate a new column, dedicated to the proposition that any people's song grows and changes through the years, gradually improving with time. If you have added to some song, or altered a verse, let other People's Songsters know through this column.

Leo Christianson, director of the California Labor School chorus, claims to use a better choral arrangement of "The Whole Wide World Around", which was prinfed in the bulletin last summer. As any music student knows, Papa Bach made at least three and possibly more arrangements of this favorite melody of his. Tom Glazer chose the one which People's Songs printed. Leo Christianson feels that one of the other two is better. You can look it up in your music library under the title, "O Sacred Head Now Wounded".

Mike Loring says that of all the new songs, he finds "March of the Common Men" most moving—only he doesn't sing it as a march . . . does it very freely, with occasional pauses, emphasizing the fine lyrics.

Prize word mixup occurred recently in Los Angeles, where some People's Songs members tried to learn "Quince Brigada" off the record. With the help of some Mexican friends they deciphered the fourth verse as follows: "No tenemos ni algones ni pantas ni pantalones."!

New York's singer of Mexican and Jewish songs, Jean Murai, has worked up a new twist to the last verse of 'Tumbalalaika' (Bulletin, Vol. II, No. 3). After asking "What can grow without rain, what can burn without fire, what can cry without tears?" she sings,

"Do harishe bucher, vus darfst bei mir fregen
Wallace can wachsen, wachsen un regen
Mundt ken brennen, un nit oifheren
Max Lerner can weinen, weinen un treren"

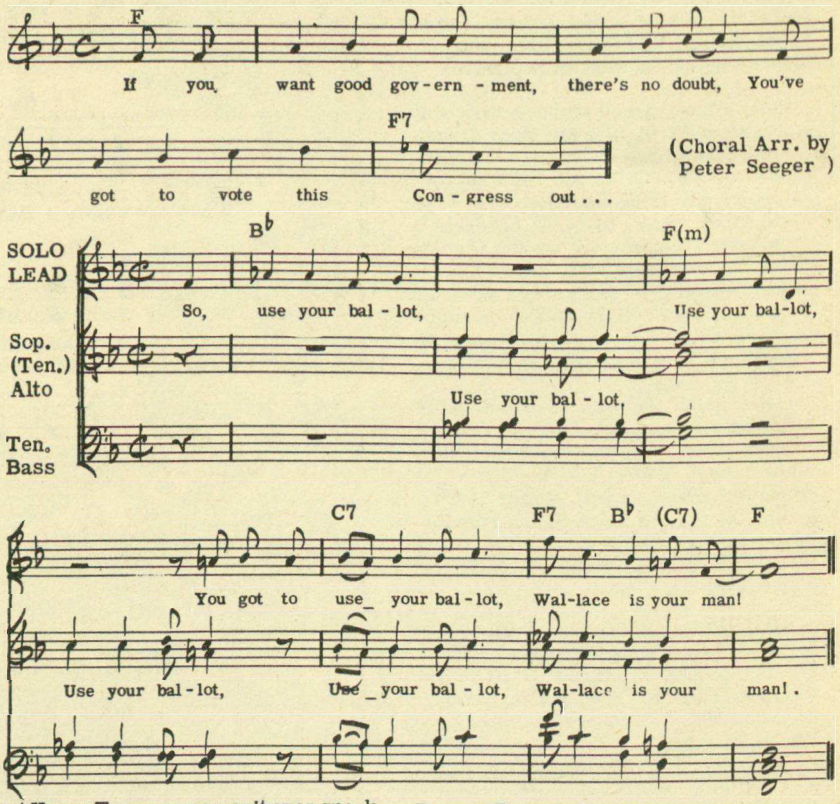
(Translation: Wallace can grow without rain, Mundt can burn without fire, Max Lerner can cry without tears.)

The second edition of 'Songs for Wallace', containing all the songs featured at the Progressive Party Convention is now available. To get your copy, send 25¢ in coin, stamps or other valuable material to People's Songs Inc., 126 W. 21st St., N. Y., 11, N. Y.

272 Use Your Ballot

Words by Louise Jeffers
Cop.1948 by Louise Jeffers

If you have heard Father Hine's St. Paul's Choir swing out with some of their gospel songs, you will know what kind of high, hard swing rhythm this choral arrangement should pick up. A fast blues.



About Harry Truman, we won't even speak,
When it comes to leadership he's so weak;
So, use your ballot, etc. . .

Truman in the White House, playin' a tune,
Prices rising higher than the moon,
You better use your ballot, etc. . .

If you want a good President,
here's what to do,
Take your neighbors to the polls with you,
And use your ballot, etc. . .

Hague and Hannegan will sing and pray,
But the donkey's dead, all but his bray,
If you use your ballot, etc. . .

Dewey, Dewey, where were you,
When they put Taft-Hartley through,
Use your ballot, etc. . .

Dewey in Albany, looking mighty sweet,
While homeless veterans walked the street,
Use your ballot, etc. . .

You can rack your brains and scratch
your head,
Not recollect a thing that Dewey ever said;
So, use your ballot, etc. . .

There's just one thing I sure do hate,
Is a mustache bigger than a candidate,
You gotta use your ballot, etc. . .

...Which leads us to the following letter:

Gentlemen:

As I am ordering the Lomax book from you, I'm sending the words to "Tumbalalika" along just in case you are interested.

As I liked the melody and do not speak Yiddish, I made this translation—do not hesitate to change it as you see fit; I am not quite satisfied with the first verse.

Lonely boy he walks through the night
Longing and looking for windows so bright
To take a girl to be his sweetheart
To find a girl to give her his heart.

Girl my girl oh say do you know
Without rain oh what can there grow
What can be burning for year after year
What can cry without shedding a tear?

Foolish boy you surely do know
Without rain the stones only grow
Love can be burning for year after year
Hearts can cry without shedding a tear.

Sincerely,
Max Reinhard
Hollywood, Cal.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

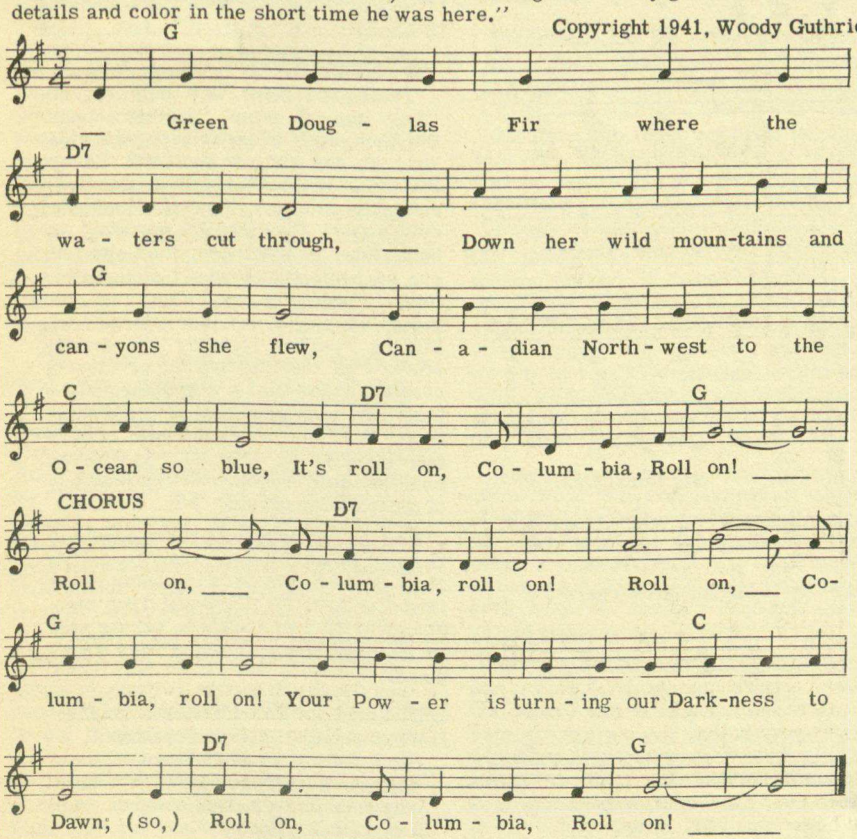
Pete Seeger adjusted "Train of Progress", which was written by Canada's Hootenlil (see Vol. II, No. 10), so that it would mean more to U. S. audiences. Instead of "Montréal", it was "every town hall"; instead of "Ontario", it was "Chicago"; and "British Columbia" became "Old California". Turns out to be a very good song, but you have to make sure that people don't slack off on the train sound effects.

273 Roll On, Columbia

Words and Music By Woody Guthrie

In 1941 Woody Guthrie travelled through the northwest territory, and made up some 19 songs which were taken down on acetate records by the Bonneville Power Administration. In 1946 Mike Loring was hired as director of information by Bonneville, and found these songs had hardly ever been used. Even the DISC album in which Woody had later recorded commercially some of the songs, was little known in Portland. So Mike started singing them on his radio programs, in the night club where he worked, and now "Roll on, Columbia" is even being included in Portland school books. Mike writes, "It's amazing how Woody got exact historical details and color in the short time he was here."

Copyright 1941, Woody Guthrie


G
Green Doug - las Fir where the
D7
wa - ters cut through, Down her wild moun-tains and
G
can - yons she flew, Can - a - dian North - west to the
C
D7
G
O - cean so blue, It's roll on, Co - lum - bia, Roll on!
CHORUS
D7
Roll on, Co - lum - bia, roll on! Roll on, Co-
G
C
lum - bia, roll on! Your Pow - er is turn - ing our Dark-ness to
D7
G
Dawn; (so,) Roll on, Co - lum - bia, Roll on!

Other great rivers add power to you,
Yakima, Snake, and the Klickitat, too,
Sandy Williamette, and Hood river, too;
Roll on, Columbia, roll on! . . .

It's there on your banks that we
fought many a fight,
Sheridan's boys in the block house that night,
They saw us in death, but never in flight,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on! . . .

Our loved ones we lost there at Coe's
little store,
By fireball and rifle, a dozen or more,
We won by the Mary and soldiers she bore;
Roll on, Columbia, roll on! . . .

Remember the trial when the battle was won
The wild Indian warriors to the tall
timber run,
We hung every Indian with smoke in his gun;
Roll on, Columbia, roll on! . .

Year after year we had tedious trials,
Fighting the rapids at Cascades and Dallas,
The Injuns rest peaceful on Menaloose Isle,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on! . . .

At Bonneville now there are ships in
the locks,
The waters have risen and cleared all
the rocks,
Ship loads of plenty will steam past
the docks, so,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on! . . .

And on up the river is Grand Coulee Dam,
The mightiest thing ever built by a man,-
To run the great factories and water
the land, It's
Roll on, Columbia, roll on! . . .

These mighty men labored by day and
by night
Matching their strength 'gainst the river's
wild flight,
Through rapids and falls they won the
hard fight,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on! . . .

☆

Mike Loring sings verses 1,2, then adds this one, concluding with the last two.

Tom Jefferson's vision would not let
him rest -
An empire he saw in the Pacific
Northwest!
Sent Lewis and Clark and they did
the rest, so,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on! . . .

Michael Loring

REPORT FROM OREGON

The northwest is big country. It has big trees, big rivers, and its big people have taken to People's Songs. Last January, Pete Seeger sang in Portland, and the following day nine or ten people met with him to set up a local branch of People's Songs. A singing school teacher named Bill Lamont told of his attempts to start people folk singing; an ex-Coast Guardsman, Darrol Adams, gently rippled his banjo; Michael Loring told of his attempts to work on his own; Bob Crowley, a music major at Reed College, observed that if we all stuck our heads together we could accomplish the things we hadn't been able to do individually.

Two weeks later we met again—eighteen of us this time—with four guitars, fiddle, two banjos and lots more enthusiasm. Two weeks later we had a Hootenanny with still newer voices and instruments. Within the next two months we had given impromptu Hootenannies and performances for PCA meetings throughout the Portland area.

We found a People's Songster from away back lived near by. Jim Garland, composer of "I Don't Want Your Millions, Mister", now lived across the river in Washougal, Washington. Jim, an ex-coal miner from Kentucky, played a driving guitar in the manner of Woody Guthrie.

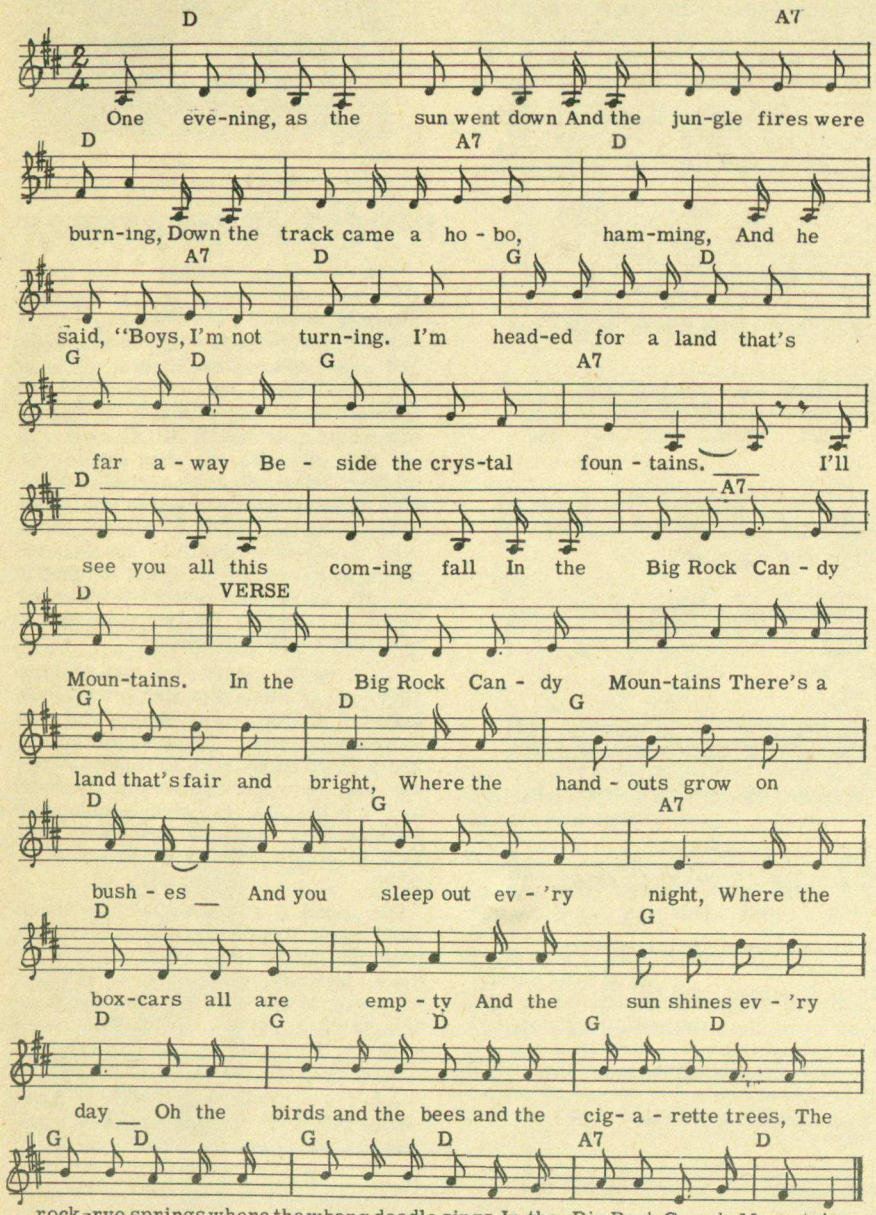
As of this summer, activities have slacked off a bit because of some of the best workers' leaving town or being up to their ears in the New Party petition drive. But we feel we have personnel and enthusiasm for a permanent and growing singing movement. Mike Loring is of course famous throughout the northwest now. We have contacted other local organizations such as a Swedish chorus. There is Roy Stillwell for the fiddle, Jim Garland calling square dances, and we extend an invitation to traveling People's Songsters to stop in and sing with us, as Earl Robinson did for a Hootenanny last spring. We'll not only show you the great Columbia River territory, but take you along the coast to thriving ports such as Coos Bay, and we'll teach you a lot of new songs.

—Marshall Kolin
Portland, Ore.

274 Big Rock Candy Mountain

Hobo song

There are two main versions of this perennial favorite, and we beg to be neutral in the argument that is sure to come from printing only one of them on this page. The other version has been recorded by Burl Ives and those wishing to learn it can find it in any music store. We'll not venture to say which was made up first.


D A7
One eve-ning, as the sun went down And the jun-gle fires were
D A7 D
burn-ing, Down the track came a ho - bo, ham-ming, And he
A7 D G D
said, "Boys, I'm not turn-ing. I'm head-ed for a land that's
G D G A7
far a - way Be - side the crys-tal foun - tains. I'll
D A7
see you all this com-ing fall In the Big Rock Can - dy
D VERSE
Moun-tains. In the Big Rock Can - dy Moun-tains There's a
G D G
land that's fair and bright, Where the hand - outs grow on
D G A7
bush - es And you sleep out ev - 'ry night, Where the
D G
box-cars all are emp - ty And the sun shines ev - 'ry
D G D G D
day Oh the birds and the bees and the cig- a - rette trees, The
G D G D A7 D
rock-rye springs where the whang doodle sings In the Big Rock Can-dy Moun-tains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
All the cops have wooden legs,
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay softboiled eggs.
The farmer's trees are full of fruit
And the barns are full of hay.
O I'm bound to go,
Where there ain't no snow,
Where the sleet don't fall
And the wind don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
You never change your socks,
And the little streams of alkyhol
Come trickling down the rocks.
The shacks all have to tip their hats
And the railroad bulls are blind,
There's a lake of stew,
And of whiskey, too,
And you can paddle all around in a big canoe
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
The jails are made of tin,
And you can bust right out again,
As soon as they put you in.
There ain't no shorthandled shovels
No axes, saws or picks -
I'm a-going to stay,
Where you sleep all day,
Where they boiled in oil
The inventor of toil,
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

SHOULD FOREIGN SONGS BE TRANSLATED?

On this page we open a subject which will probably be debated for several issues to come. Ruth Rubin, eminent Jewish folklorist, takes exception to the practice of this Bulletin of presenting singable translations of foreign language songs. Her letter is given on this page.

Dear People's Songs:

There are some who will separate "folk songs" from "topical" songs. But then, isn't every folksong a topical song at one time or another? Except that after many years, it settles down and takes on either "specific" national coloring, or "universal" meaning, or both. Now, in folksongs, tone and text are so perfectly blended that we never think in terms of text without tune, although we may hum a tune without text. But the "perfect blending" is usually attained by the fact that the process of creation takes place simultaneously—tone and text are created at the same time. How, this characteristic of perfect blending is also tied in with the tone, shading, nuances of the language of a particular people.

Now in "Zhankoye", for the sake of rhyme, in addition to the "tones", a good deal of the true meaning of the song was lost. To illustrate, I am simply going to type the three verses side by side and you will see at once what I mean.

Line by line translation of original text:

1. When you travel from Sevastopol
   Not too far from Simferopol
   There is a railroad station.
   Why seek new wonders?
   It is a tip-top depot.
   In Zhankoye, zhan, zhan, zhan.

2. Answer my question fellow Jews:
   Where is my brother Abrasha?
   His tractor puffs like an engine . . .
   Aunt Leah is at the reaper,
   Beyle is at the threshing-machine
   In Zhankoye, etc.

3. Who says that Jews can only trade?
   Eat fat soup with "soup nuts"
   And not be workingmen?
   Only our enemies can say that—
   Jews! Let's spit in their eye!
   And take a look at Zhankoye, etc.

Your English translation:

1. When you go from Sevastopol
   On the way to Simferopol
   Just you go a little farther down
   There's a little railroad depot
   Known quite well by all the people
   Called Zhankoye, etc.

2. Now if you look for paradise
   You'll see it there before your eyes
   Stop your search and go no farther on
   There we have a collective farm
   All run by husky Jewish arms
   At Zhankoye, etc.

(Continued on next page)

(Cont'd. from opposite page)

3. Aunt Natasha drives the tractor
   Grandma runs the cream extractor
   While we work we all can sing our songs
   Who says that Jews cannot be farmers?
   Spit in his eye, who would so harm us,
   Tell him of Zhankoye, etc.

Now aside from the fact that "Natasha" is not a Jewish name and the song specifically uses the Jewish names "Leah" and "Beyle", the second verse boasts not only new words for the Yiddish language in the Soviet Union, but also new crafts, which put Jewish hands next to the tractor, the reaper, the threshing-machine. The "sounds" of these words, the words themselves, should be heard, if not by your non-Jewish audiences, certainly by the Jews in your audiences. Then again, building in the collective farms was not easy . . . hence the term paradise is a little exaggerated, don't you think?

The point I am trying to make is this: you managed quite well with "Toombalalayka" and the two Yiddish folksongs "Bulbe" and "Dire-Gelt" with mere line-by-line translations, didn't you? Why did you then arrange for "singable" translations for the two Palestinian songs "Kroo-im Anoo" and "Hach Patish"? Can you compare the melodic-textual pattern "kroo-im anoo" with "tattered are we"? There is music in language too, you see.

I believe that folks in general and folksingers in particular, who sing the songs of several nationalities, can and should sing them in the ORIGINAL. I do not think the language barrier is so far insurmountable that we should seek to "Anglicize" the non-English songs of other people. The sound of a folksong (and the beauty of it) is not limited to the tune alone. It includes also the sound of the text, the specific flavor of the tongue in which it was created.

Of course, I don't want you to think I am rigid about this matter and would have preferred to listen to a discussion of your point of view too on this. In fact, whatever material I have sent you and which you have used upon occasion, was left entirely in your hands to use as you saw fit, for People's Songs. But I do feel that translating into English the songs sung by the various national groups in our midst, very little is gained and a good deal is lost. *

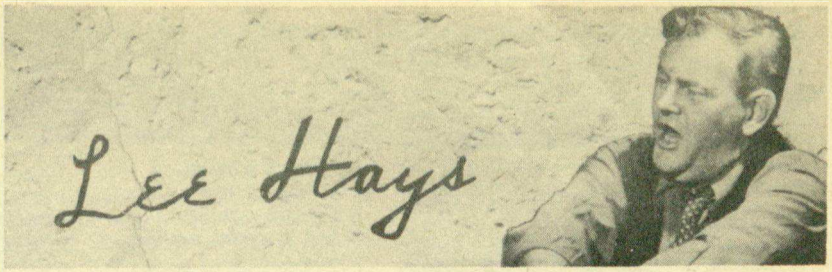
Of course, this hinges upon the problem of the multi-national character of American folklore, which requires careful examination and special treatment . . .

With warm regards,

Cordially yours,

Ruth Rubin
New York, N. Y.

* Emphasis ours—The Editor



WHAT'S IN A RHYME?

Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

The Sonnets, LV

As one who does not know his anapest from his amphibrach I rise to discourse learnedly upon certain matters connected with the making of poetry.

I take it that we all are agreed that the songs we write are firstly and mostly poetry. It is easy to overlook. Sometimes we produce an elegant stanza, fullblown and ready to sing, by the art of simple improvisation, whereupon we say that we have wrought easily and well, without reliance upon such mundane restrictions as metrical structure, meter, scansion or rhythm.

Some of us indeed, can't write any other way. We are somewhat suspicious of songwriters who must search for the word or otherwise labor to make a finished song. We think that if a song is not born fullbodied like Minerva from her daddy's head that there is something wrong with it.

You remember the young man from San / Francisco whose poetry would not scan / and who when asked why / replied with a wry / face because I always try to get as many golderned syllables in the last line as I possibly can—a device which has earned pots of money for Ogden Nash but which is better left to him.

It's considered oldfashioned today to meter verse—too mechanical, besides being hard work. We go by rhythm, and that is kindlier but no less laborious in the creation. Rhythm is in our life and in our way of moving across this pathway between the eternities. We are only passing through, according to one of the loveliest poems in the Bulletin (which is unfortunately marred by a corny tune). Breathing, the flow of blood in our bodies, the way our limbs move, the measurement of our days and our times—these are rhythm. They speed up, they slow down, and sometimes they are broken and one of us dies.

Poetry is more than rhythm—but it is rhythm which gives all poetry its character, it is rhythm which makes a poem memorable. English blank verse, the Greek hexameter, the epic verse of the Iliad, the funeral dirges of the Gullahs, or a pretty little jingle which "strokes us with the wings of a butterfly" and no more—each takes its character from the rhythm which Homer, or whoever, selected.

I suggest that very few people's song-writers have even approached the beautiful rhythms of the talk of the people as Carl Sandburg has:

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar,
sweet as a red-haw in November or

(Continued on next page)

NOW! ON ENCORE RECORDS

BROWNIE McGHEE

Black, Brown and White Blues
High Priced Blues

PETE SEEGER

Talking Atom
Newspaper Men

Produced in conjunction with Peoples' Songs

AT YOUR LOCAL RECORD SHOP OR AT PEOPLES' SONGS

(Lee Hays, Cont'd.)

a paw-paw in May, did she wonder? does she remember? . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?

I suggest also that if Sandburg had more of the purpose and resolve of people's songwriters, he would write far better poems.

Yet of many people's songs it is only fair to say that their content is followed at a more than reasonable distance by their forms and rhythms.

Now for rhyme. The English call it rime, which suggests something moldy and green with age, and so it's a good word for the English, but not for us. Rhyme has a definite purpose, or several such, among them the marking of cadences and grouping of measured syllables, if only for framing purposes. It tells you where rhythm stops or slows down or changes speed. June, moon, croon, love, above, shove—these are sensible rhymes without which popular tunes would be even more amorphous and senseless than they are with them. But they are a little tiresome. Rich rhymes are a little out of date too (home, come) but will always be useful for people's songwriters. Internal rhyming helps us to remember a poem or a song (- of goons and ginks and company finks, . . .).

But mostly rhyme gives to a narrative ballad or poem or song a feeling of strength. It is a definite statement. Its cheap and expedient use will turn a fine poem into a jingle (outrageous, wages).

I see that Brother Guthrie has written songs lately without rhyme, or without rhymes at those places where the reader or singer most expects them. This has given rise to a rather witty critique describing his songs as "songs sung as only Woody can sing them". Too many of us write songs that only we the writers can sing. But rhyme, while it may take more work, is only fair to the people we want to sing our songs. The occasional absence of a rhyme can have the reverse action of giving strength to a poem too. But in general the songs which we remember and sing are those with strong rhymes.

And we have not yet come to the problems of thought and imagery and symbolism—the content of our poems, which is after all their only excuse for being. But if we think that we can write good people's songs which are not poems and which are not subject to the mechanics of poetry, we're fooling ourselves. Only a genius or a damn fool would try it. I urge all songwriters to buy and read the poems of John Manifold (reviewed in the Bulletin April 1947), which are strong preachments for the poet as people's songwriter, "quick on the draw, and good at the guitar . . .", and fine lessons in technique besides. The poet who accepts his form from his audience and who is "game to compose, eager to perform", will be "close to his listeners—within shouting reach". Who'd want anything finah, Dinah?

—Lee Hays

275 I've Got A Ballot

Words by E.Y.Harburg and Alan Lomax
Tune: "I've Got Sixpence" used by permission, Mutual Music Society, Inc.

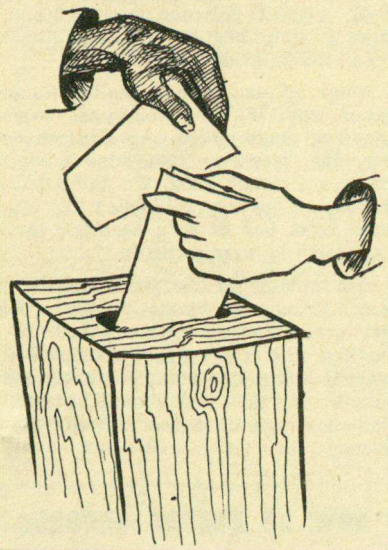
One of the most popular campaign songs at the recent Philadelphia Founding Convention of the Progressive Party was this exciting parody. For the music, order "I've Got Sixpence" from us. Send .50¢ per copy.

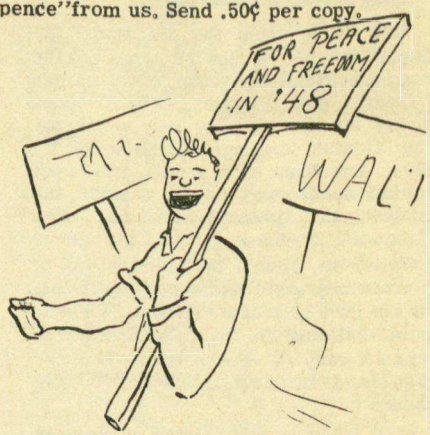
I've got a ballot
A magic little ballot
I've got a ballot
And it means my life

It can bring a higher wage
It can pension my old age
It can make a little home
for kids and wife.

CHORUS:

The Republicans they grieve
The Democrats they only deceive me
I've a brand new party, believe me
And we are rolling up the vote.
Roll it up (FOR WALLACE)
Roll it up (FOR TAYLOR)
There is magic in that ballot
When you vo-o-o-ote!
HAPPY is the day
When the people get their way,
As we go rolling up the vote.





You've got a ballot
A magic little ballot
You've got a ballot
And it can win the peace

If you'll only come along
We can make the U.N. strong
We can settle things in
Palestine and Greece.

(CHORUS:)

We've got the ballot
That magic little ballot
We've got the ballot
For our guiding star

It means freedom from want
And freedom from fear
And all the dreams we
shared with F.D.R.

(CHORUS:)

BROADSIDES

Many People's Songs branches mimeograph new songsheets which need immediate distribution, and which, for lack of space, have not been printed in the Bulletin. From the New York office, the following Broadsides are available at 5¢ apiece:

31 Battle Hymn of '48, by Bryant French
32 March of the Common Men, by Bob and Adrienne Claiborne
33 Hollering for Wallace, by Mark Olf and A. Stone
34 Swinging on a Scab, by Shirley Gray
35 I've Got to Know, by Woody Guthrie
36 Oh My Charming Harry T, by Lou Relin
37 Ring Doorbells (for Henry A. Wallace), by Harry Berlow
38 You've Got to Go Down and Vote for Wallace, by Sis Cunningham
39 One Party Blues, by Bryant French
40 In '48, by Ester Baker
41 Goodbye Harry, Hello Henry, by George Levine
New Schnitzelbank, by Les Pine and Marvin David
42 I Was Born Ten Thousand Years Ago, by Dave Gelbin
43 New Walls of Jericho, by E. Y. Harburg
Lullaby, by E. Y. Harburg
44 The Wallace Cannonball, by Eddie Mann
45 Talking Wallace, by Woody Wachtel
46 Ballad for Greece, by Sis Cunningham

Special discount for large quantities.

CORRESPONDENCE

One of this year's most unusual concert tours was arranged not by a concert agency, but by the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen's Union, CIO, which has taken upon itself to organize the plantation workers of Hawaii. Paul Robeson sang and Earl Robinson accompanied him on the piano and sang some songs himself.

Dear People's Songs:

The Hawaiian tour was a success and might be of interest. Paul Robeson and I covered the six major islands, making two to four appearances a day, and having altogether a wonderful, remarkable experience. We went everywhere under the auspices of the ILWU. Think of it, a union, feeling culture and people's songs important enough to plan such a tour! Every performance was union-sponsored, from the big concerts in Honolulu's largest auditoriums to the little schoolhouses on Lanai, Kawai, Maui, Molokai and Hawaii. One of the most unusual things was singing for the inmates of the Leper Settlement at Kalaupappa. They joined in the singing better than most local groups, and to hear them singing Aloha-oe after we finished our concert was a tremendously moving thing.

Among the most exciting audiences were the high school kids. At one school I was almost finished with "Boll Weevil" including the extra verses on housing (which somehow fit very well over there also), when we smelled smoke and discovered a fire backstage. We asked the students to file out quietly and with the help of some amateur fire fighters and a fire extinguisher we put out the fire. The students came back in with whoops and hollers, and I went right into a new verse on the "Boll Weevil" which ran something like this:

The boll weevil came to Hilo
To sing him a little song
The schoolhouse caught on fire
But it didn't last very long.
We'll have a home. We'll have a home.

You should have heard the enthusiasm with which they joined in.

At the concerts everybody came, including the bosses, the local teachers, middle class people and the workers (the employers would invariably applaud everything except "Joe Hill", at which time Paul always gave a speech about the auspices we were travelling under, etc.). After the concerts were over, we would very often have a get-together with the local union guys at a "luau", sometimes Hawaiian food, sometimes Japanese, sometimes Chinese. On Lanai, where during the strike they tossed the boss' representatives into the ocean, they have a song to the tune of "Gee, but I want to go home". It goes like this:

We workers of Lanai, we are fully organized
We are out to win the freedom that we have been denied.
We are proud to bear the name of C. I. O.
Onward to victory we'll march.
Altogether a terrific experience.

Always,
Earl Robinson
Los Angeles, Cal.

To the Editor:

A few months ago I kicked because I wasn't getting any letters from readers of my column, if any; so what happened? Right away you got a couple of letters. That's fine. The writers showed rare taste and judgment. I wish they had written me, so I could thank them personally and congratulate them upon their good sense.

From now on, let all communications be addressed to me. I don't get enough mail, only letters from collection agencies, old sweethearts and documents from the Library Guild, also rejection slips and other such trash. I'd be happy to hear from everyone, especially blondes, brunettes and auburn-haired. If there's anything in those letters which in my judgment deserves to be printed in the Bulletin, I'll be glad to pass them on to the editors. I will even go so far as to re-type the letters for greater legibility, and tidy up the grammar, and leave out sentences that don't make sense.

I think in this way my fan mail is bound to increase, and you will see that fan letters will be written with more style and punch.

Lee Hays

notice!

IF YOU KNOW ANYONE who does not receive his copy of this bulletin every month, please have him notify us. Sometimes our addressograph is at fault. More often the subscriber has not renewed, or has moved and not informed us of his new address. Help him and help us to correct the situation as soon as possible.

The Editors

Dear People's Songs:

We have a nucleus here of about seven or eight active people who besides performing are not afraid to do Jimmy Higgins duties.

Warehouse Union local #6, CIO, in preparation for their June 14 strike, called me in as representing People's Songs to make plans for entertainment on the picket lines. There were only a few of us who were able to give full time to this business, so I took over. The first day of the strike was spent in getting musicians lined up from the membership of the Union. The second day, we got a ton and a half flat bottom truck, loaded on a piano, sound equipment, two trumpets, one sax, a pianist, a drummer, a rhythm guitarist, a string guitarist, a gal vocalist, a guy vocalist and myself as MC. We had a big sign on the truck that read, "Entertainment by People's Songs and ILWU Members", and we rolled all over San Francisco and even got to Oakland for one day. We called the band the "Picketeers" and it was a delight to hear them give out with the solid jive and then swing in behind our singing of "Put It on the Ground", "Get Thee Behind Me, Satan", "Union Maid", "Solidarity", "Hold the Fort", etc. The strike was over on June 21, and that evening before the membership meeting called to accept the settlement we put on our show and got a great hand.

We learned a few things: we found out that it isn't always necessary to get mass participation in order to have successful entertainment and that people get just as much out of individual performances, sometimes more; also, we found that while well-laid plans for such activities are necessary, actual doing will revise these considerably.

Leo Christiansen
San Francisco, Cal.

P. S. If you see Lee Hays tell him "Pineville" was one of the hits of the recent concert of the California Labor School Chorus. We did it a capella (as usual); the Chorus hummed beneath my narration (no P. A.) and it was very effective.

Dear Friends:

A friend of mine in the U. S. A. is coming to England next month, and I am asking my friend if she will therefore bring over 6 copies of your "People's Songbook". You may be interested to know that we have already put into production "Talking Atomic Blues" and some of the other songs are most welcome to our programmes.

Wishing you all success,

Yours sincerely,
Mary Gibson
London, England

Singing People.

Burl Ives is set to star in a filmed television show called "General Store". His book, "Wayfaring Stranger", will hit the bookstalls around October.

Michael Loring has become famous in Portland, Oregon, for singing "Roll On, Columbia". However, when he recently went to sing for the releif of the Vanport flood disaster victims, the chairman approached him with a glint in his eye and said, "Mr. Loring, there's one song we think you'd better not sing tonight . . . "

Mike Loring says he will never forget how at the very end of the Progressive Party convention, when they had all stood up and sung "Great Day" and he had announced that that was all, all the newspapermen on either side started shouting, "We want the Merry-go-round song! ". Mike said, "Okay, if you'll sing along", and announced the request over the speaker system. And all the newspapermen pulled out the little convention wordbooks from their pockets, stood up on their desks, and sang along with the crowd!

Norman Atkins, people's singer of New York, was picked as winner of a Jewish Welfare Board concert award. Over 100 contestants were listened to. Sol Hurok is in charge of planning his tour next winter.

Leonard DePaur, who organized his Infantry Chorus three years ago when in the army, will do 30 weeks for 180 dates for Columbia Concerts during the coming season. It is the biggest tour in the concert field since the memorable Paul Whiteman season in 1920. Columbia executives say there has been no attraction like the DePaur Chorus in their experience. Requests for it have come in from all over the world. It is especially exciting to know that this is a real people's songs chorus which sings songs of the battle for freedom in many lands.

Have you all seen the New Republic of June 28th? Henry Wallace has been so impressed by the singing of People's Songsters at rallies throughout the west that he devoted a whole column to them, quoting from "Same Old Merry Go Round" and "Passing Through". He says:

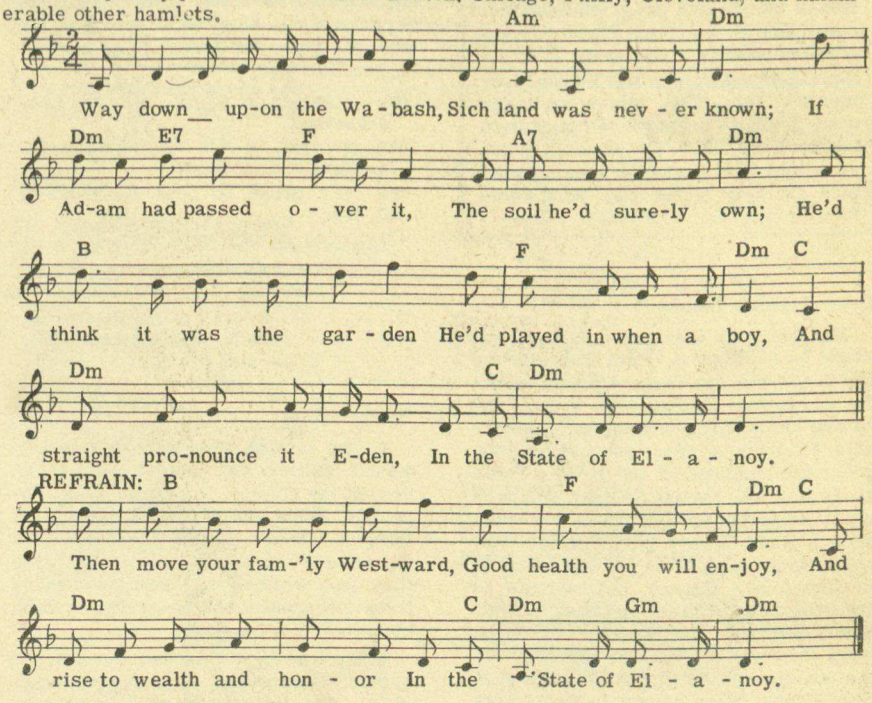
". . . I am becoming convinced that when people are deeply moved by the impulse to take constructive action, they sing. When they are afraid, the spirit of song dies away . . ."

New addition to the staff at Nat. Hq. of New Prog. Party is Boots Casetta of Calif. His first job was to order a first edition of 100,000 campaign songsheets, to be placed free on the seats before every rally.

276 Elanoy

Illinois Folk Song

People's Songsters throughout US and Canada have performed real service to their communities by repopularizing some of the grand songs extolling the virtues of their regions - and making up new songs if the old ones aren't good enough. Next month we'll tell you all about the famous "city song" originally about New York, but which has subsequently praised and damned Boston, Chicago, Philly, Cleveland, and innumerable other hamlets.

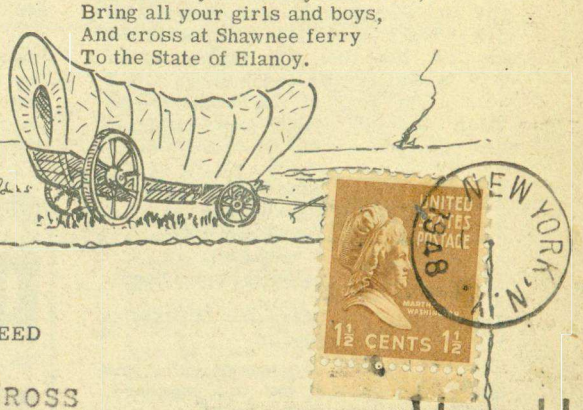

Am Dm
Way down up-on the Wa-bash, Sich land was nev-er known; If
Dm E7 F A7 Dm
Ad-am had passed o-ver it, The soil he'd sure-ly own; He'd
B F Dm C
think it was the gar-den He'd played in when a boy, And
Dm C Dm
straight pro-nounce it E-den, In the State of El-a-noy.
REFRAIN: B F Dm C
Then move your fam-'ly West-ward, Good health you will en-joy, And
Dm C Dm Gm Dm
rise to wealth and hon-or In the State of El-a-noy.

'Twas here the Queen of Sheba came,
With Solomon of old,
With an Ass load of spices,
Pomegranates and fine gold;
And when she saw this lovely land,
Her heart was filled with joy,
Straightway she said: "I'd like to be
A Queen in Elanoy."
(CHORUS:)

She's bounded by the Wabash,
The Ohio and the Lakes,
She's crawfish in the swampy lands,
The milk-sick and the shakes;
But these are slight diversions
And take not from the joy
Of living in this garden land,
The State of Elanoy.
(CHORUS:)

Away up in the northward,
Right on the border line,
A great commercial city,
Chicago, you will find.
Her men are all like Abelard,
Her women like Heloise;
All honest virtuous people,
For they live in Elanoy.
(Last REFRAIN-)

Then move your family westward,
Bring all your girls and boys,
And cross at Shawnee ferry
To the State of Elanoy.



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MADISON SQUARE STATION

Songs for Wallace

How To Use These Songs ★★

Whenever you have a rally or meeting, or whenever good Americans get together for the cause of Wallace and the NEW PARTY a song is in order! It may be either a professional singer, or a local chorus, or amateur singers, or maybe someone who plays the piano (or guitar or accordian) so that the whole crowd can join in a community songfest.

It is very important to select the right songs for the occasion. You may want to use some standard patriotic numbers, or old favorites; these are available in standard collections at your music store. Individual performers will have numbers they feel especially apropos. But the songs in this booklet will provide the best direct punch of all, outlining some of the problems that will confront progressive citizens in this momentous year of 1948.

Put this songbook into the hands of someone (or give that person some assistance and call them your Music Committee) and have them go through each song to decide which is most useful for you. Some will be best for simple group singing. Others should be given to the type of singer who can best do it.

In looking for singers and songleaders, don't overlook ANY POSSIBILITY. How about that trio on the amateur night last week? That music teacher? How about a chorus made of grade school kids? And who knows the name of that young fellow with the guitar, at that party a few nights ago?

Songs can move mountains, believe it or not; they can make people laugh or cry. And the songs given here, by describing the issues of today in simple human experience, can be great weapons in our fight to save America. Let us put these tunes on the lips of millions of citizens!

BATTLE HYMN OF '48

Words by Bryant M. French
Music: John Brown's Body
Copyright 1948 by Byrant M. French

Everyone knows this grand old melody. It was used first in the fight against slavery; later on, it was used as a union song. With these words, we are sure everyone will want to join in on the chorus.

There's a fresh breeze blowing
all across this mighty land,
And it sings of peace and progress
and prosperity at hand,
With security and plenty
for the people to command,
FOR THE PEOPLE'S MARCH IS ON!

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
FOR THE PEOPLE'S MARCH IS ON!

From the Bay of Massachusetts
out into the Golden Gate
Henry Wallace leads his army
'gainst destruction, fear, and hate.
We Americans will save the
precious land that we create,
FOR THE PEOPLE'S MARCH IS ON!

From the village, from the city,
all the nation's voice has roared;
Down the rivers, 'cross the prairies,
like a torrent it has poured!
We will march like Gideon's army,
we will fight with Gideon's sword,
FOR THE PEOPLE'S MARCH IS ON!

A VISIT WITH HARRY

Words by Bob and Adrienne Claiborne, and Archie Cole
Tune: Oh, Susanna!
Copyright 1948, Bob and Adrienne Claiborne

You all know the melody to this song, so there shouldn't be any hesitation in joining in on both verse and chorus.

I went up to the President
We talked of many things
Of shoes and ships and Palestine
And oil pipes and Kings.
I asked him what his platform was
Says he, "I stand for peace
And the only way to stop a war
Is send more guns to Greece"

CHORUS:
Henry Wallace, in 1948
We'll build our People's Party now
And set this country straight!

2.

I went up to the President
In a pair of old blue jeans
I told him that my pay-check
Wouldn't pay for pork and beans.
Says he, "I love the working-man
I say so every day,
But I've got to bust your union
When you strike for higher pay"
(CHORUS:)

3.

I went up to the President
And this is what he said,
"This fellow Henry Wallace
Is a rantin' Rooshian Red!
We've got to jail the Communists
To keep this country free,
And everyone's a Communist
Who doesn't vote for me! "
(CHORUS:)

4.

I went up to the President,
We talked an hour or so.
But every question that I asked
He answered "Yes" and "No".
Now, if you're tired of double-talk
I think you will agree;
We must work (vote) for Henry-
Wallace, folks
So, sing along with me. —
(CHORUS:)

ADDITIONAL WORDS to "BATTLE HYMN OF '48"

Just as all folksongs are changed and adapted by the people, this song (Battle Hymn of '48) has already seen some changes since it was first introduced and sung by Paul Robeson (First big Cleveland rally for Wallace). Barbara Cahn of Detroit sings the first verse this way:

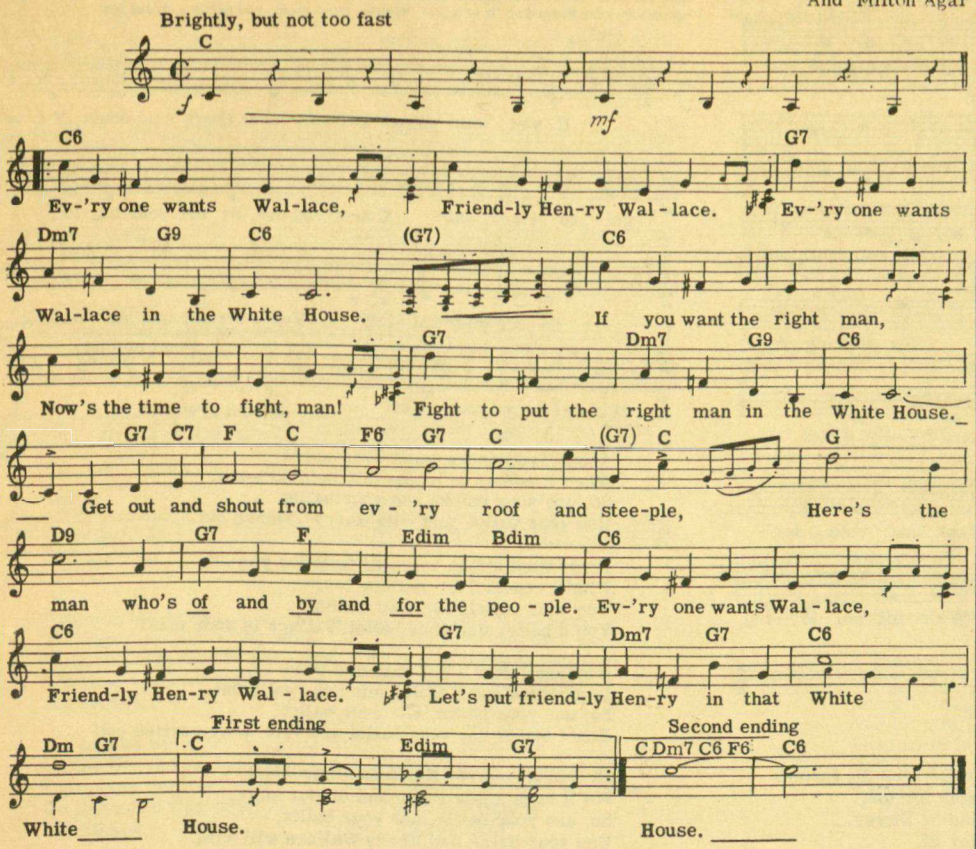
There's a fresh breeze blowin' all throughout this mighty land,
And it sings a song of brotherhood and unity at hand!
We can have a world of plenty for the people to command,
For the PEOPLE'S MARCH IS ON! (CHORUS:)

FRIENDLY HENRY WALLACE

Words by E. Y. Harburg
Music by Milton Agar

E. Y. (Yip) Harburg, well known these days for his Broadway hit musical, "Finian's Rainbow", has written this song especially for the campaign. Music is by Milton Agar.

Copyright 1948 by
E. Y. Harburg
And Milton Agar


Brightly, but not too fast
C
mf
C6
G7
Ev-'ry one wants Wal-lace, Friend-ly Hen-ry Wal-lace. Ev-'ry one wants
Dm7 G9 C6 (G7) C6
Wal-lace in the White House. If you want the right man,
G7 Dm7 G9 C6
Now's the time to fight, man! Fight to put the right man in the White House.
G7 C7 F C F6 G7 C (G7) C G
Get out and shout from ev-'ry roof and stee-ple, Here's the
D9 G7 F Edim Bdim C6
man who's of and by and for the peo-ple. Ev-'ry one wants Wal-lace,
C6 G7 Dm7 G7 C6
Friend-ly Hen-ry Wal-lace. Let's put friend-ly Hen-ry in that White
First ending
Second ending
Dm G7 C Edim G7 C Dm7 C6 F6 C6
White House. House.

Every one wants Taylor
Friendly Glen H. Taylor
Taylor next to Wallace at the White House.
If you want the right team,
Now's the time to fight, team
Fight to put the right team in the White House.

Get out and shout from every roof and steeple,
We've got the men, both of and by and for the people.
Every one wants Taylor
Friendly Glen H. Taylor
Taylor next to Wallace at that fine White House.

(Used by permission)

SONGS FOR WALLACE

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Committee
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WALDEMAR HILLE, Editor in Chief
PETER SEEGER and IRWIN SILBER-
Associate Editors

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COVER DESIGN by GIACOMO PATRI

WE'LL ALL JOIN GIDEON'S ARMY

Words by Paul Robeson
Tunes: Get On Board
Old Time Religion

Paul Robeson, who spends much of his time campaigning for Wallace, found these simple versions of the old gospel tunes, "Get On Board" and "It's That Old Time Religion" very effective for group singing.

Sing these parodies in succession. This is the way Paul Robeson has been singing them ever since he introduced them in Cleveland's "Wallace for President" rally. We reprint the words here through the courtesy of Cleveland People's Songs, and Paul Robeson's permission.

Tune: "Get On Board"

Henry's train's a-comin',
A-comin' roun' the curve,
Puttin' on the steam and brakes
And strainin' ev'ry nerve. So,

Get on board, little children
Get on board, little children
Get on board, little children,
There's room for many-a-more!

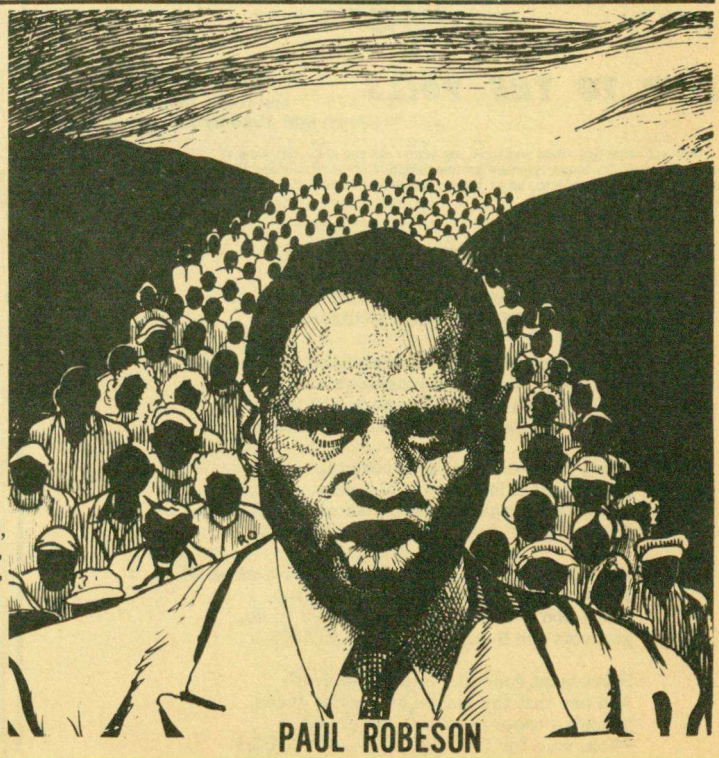
The fare is cheap and all can go:
The rich and the poor are there.
No Jim Crow class aboard this train,
No diff'rence in the fare. So,

Get on board, little children
Get on board, little children
Get on board, little children,
There's room for many-a-more!

Tune: "Old-Time Religion"

Now, we'll all join Gideon's army,
Yes, we'll all join Gideon's army,
Yes, we'll all join Gideon's army,
It's good enough for me.

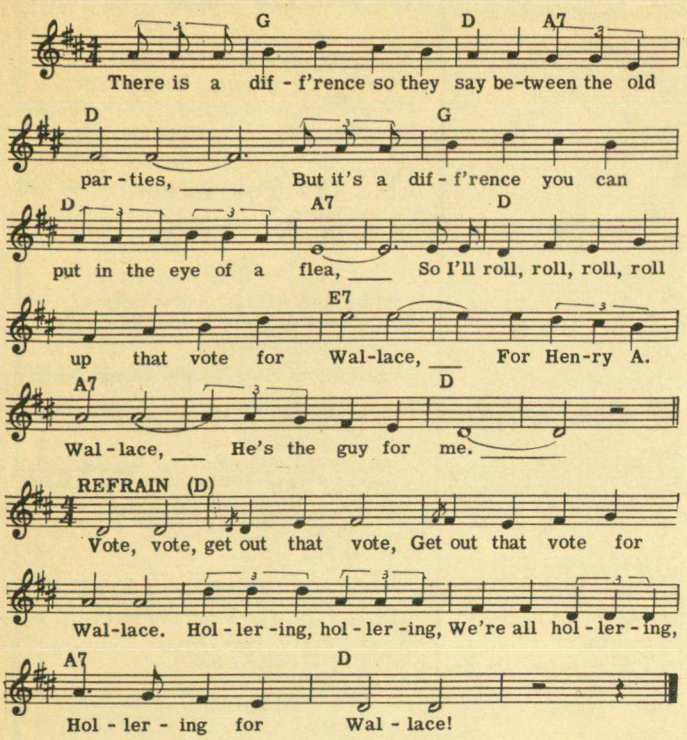
Now, it's good enough for Henry,
Yes, it's good enough for Henry,
Yes, it's good enough for Henry,
And it's good enough for me!



HOLLERING FOR WALLACE

Words by A. Stone
Music by Mark Olf
Copyright 1948 by People's Songs, Inc.

Do you know the old round, "Row, Row, Row Your Boat"? The same melody is used for the chorus of this song, and you should have no trouble in getting the audience to join in.


G D A7
There is a dif - f'rence so they say be-tween the old
D G
par - ties, But it's a dif - f'rence you can
D A7 D
put in the eye of a flea, So I'll roll, roll, roll, roll
E7
up that vote for Wal-lace, For Hen-ry A.
A7 D
Wal - lace, He's the guy for me.
REFRAIN (D)
Vote, vote, get out that vote, Get out that vote for
Wal-lace. Hol - ler -ing, hol - ler -ing, We're all hol - ler - ing,
A7 D
Hol - ler - ing for Wal - lace!

I want a man who speaks up for the worker and the farmer
In other words I want a man who'll speak for me.
Not Stassen or Taft, no, no, not Truman or Dewey,
Fooey, fooey, and fooey - on World War III.
(REFRAIN:)

I want to live in peace with the people of other countries,
I want to live to see that Common Man's Century,
So I'll roll, roll, roll, roll up that vote for Wallace,
For Henry A. Wallace, he's the guy for me!
(REFRAIN:)

SKIP TO THE POLLS

Words by Murray Phillips
Music: Skip To My Lou
Copyright 1948 by Murray Phillips

We are sure that when you were six years old you knew this tune and danced it on the sidewalk. Why not try to get together an impromptu chorus of neighbor's children and have them sing the song at your next rally? Maybe they could work out a simple pantomime or game to go along with it.

CHORUS: Skip, skip, skip to the polls,
Skip, skip, skip to the polls,
Skip, skip, skip to the polls, and
Vote for Henry Wallace!

If you want good government, here's what to do,
Tell your friends and neighbors too,
You can't vote twice, but once will do,
If you vote for Henry Wallace. (CHORUS:)

If you're in favor of rent control,
If you want a job instead of a dole,
If Roosevelt's program is your goal,
Then vote for Henry Wallace. (CHORUS:)

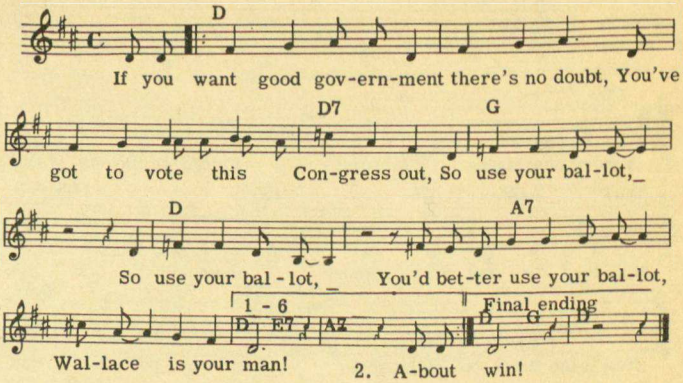
The donkey's in the White House, shoo, shoo, shoo,
The elephant's trying to get there, too,
If you don't like either, here's what to do,
Just vote for Henry Wallace. (CHORUS:)

If you want America to take the lead,
And see that the slaves are really freed,
If you're opposed to war and greed,
Then, vote for Henry Wallace. (CHORUS:)

USE YOUR BALLOT

Words by Louise Jeffers
Music: Traditional Blues
Copyright 1948 by Louise Jeffers

Do you have a boogie woogie piano player in your community? or a hot guitarist? or some gal who likes to swing out a song like Ella Fitzgerald? With some good swing performers, this number will "send" your audience, and possibly help send home some of the reactionary congressmen next November. It is a fast, intense, blues stomp and needs a strong beat.


D
If you want good gov-ern-ment there's no doubt, You've
D7 G
got to vote this Con-gress out, So use your bal-lot,
D A7
So use your bal - lot, You'd bet-ter use your bal-lot,
1 - 6 Final ending
Wal-lace is your man! 2. A-bout win!

About Truman we won't even speak
When it comes to leadership he's so weak.
So, use your ballot, use your ballot
Use your ballot, and vote Harry Truman out.

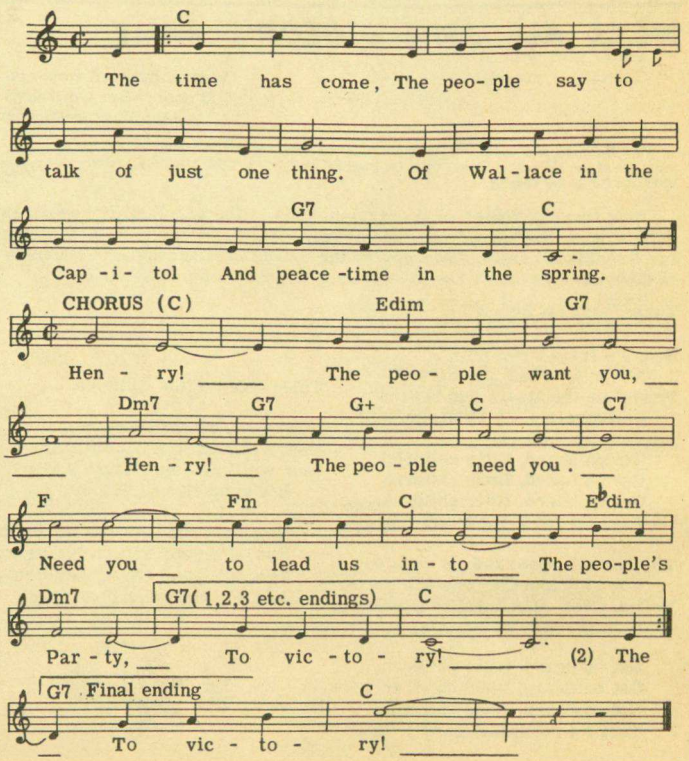
If you want a man who will fight for you
Who'll repeal Taft-Hartley too:
Use your ballot, use your ballot
You'd better use your ballot, Wallace is your man!

Because, after all is said and done
Democrats and Republicans are really one.
So, use your ballot, use your ballot
You'd better use your ballot and vote these parties out.

Comes November Nineteen-forty-eight
We'll have a new President on our slate,
So, use your ballot, use your ballot,
Use your ballot and Henry Wallace will win!

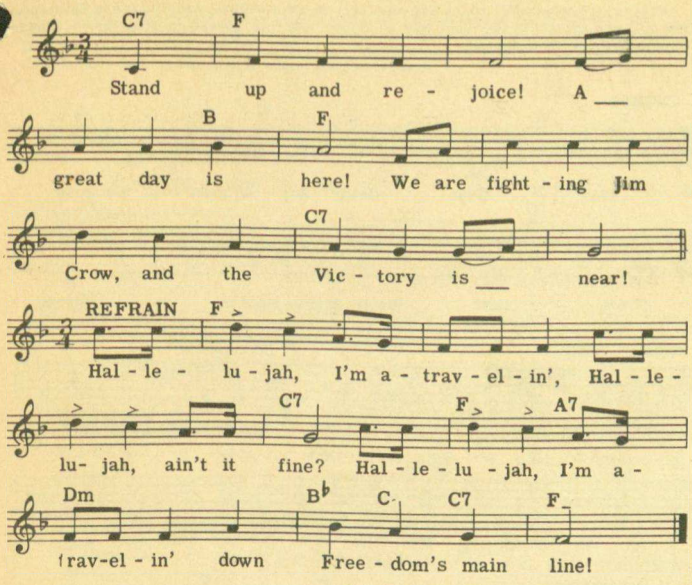
THE TIME HAS COME

Good band marches (Sousa) are an American tradition, and so we think you will welcome this simple march-styled verse-chorus song. Perform it in a brisk steady tempo, with everyone in on the choruses.


C
The time has come, The peo- ple say to
talk of just one thing. Of Wal - lace in the
G7 C
Cap - i - tol And peace -time in the spring.
CHORUS (C) Edim G7
Hen - ry! The peo - ple want you,
Dm7 G7 G+ C C7
Hen - ry! The peo - ple need you .
F Fm C Edim
Need you to lead us in - to The peo-ple's
Dm7 G7(1,2,3 etc. endings) C
Par - ty, To vic - to - ry! (2) The
G7 Final ending C
To vic - to - ry!

HALLELUJAH, I'M A-TRAVELIN'

Music: Old Hymn Tune

Based on "Hallelujah, -Revive Us Again", this song was written by a southern Negro farmer during the Columbia, Tennessee trials. The lyrics explain why the author must remain anonymous.

C7 F
Stand up and re - joice! A ___
B F
great day is here! We are fight - ing Jim
C7
Crow, and the Vic - tory is ___ near!
REFRAIN F
Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm a - trav - el - in', Hal - le -
C7 F A7
lu- jah, ain't it fine? Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm a -
Dm B♭ C C7 F
trav-el - in' down Free - dom's main line!

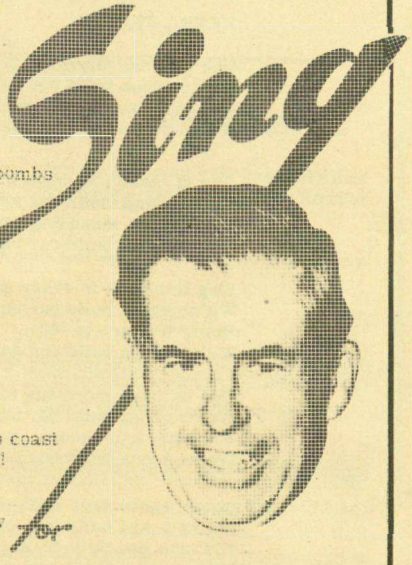
I read in the news,
The Supreme Court has said,
"Listen here, Mister Jim Crow,
It's time you was dead."
(REFRAIN:)

I'm paying my fare
On the Greyhound bus line,
I'm riding the front seat
To Nashville this time.
(REFRAIN:)

Columbia's the gem
Of the ocean, they say,
We're fighting Jim Crow
In Columbia today.
(REFRAIN:)

I hate Jim Crow
And Jim Crow hates me,
And that's why I'm fighting
For my liberty.
(REFRAIN:)

Words by Ed Waldman, Music by Alan Greene
Copyright 1948, by Ed Waldman and Alan Greene



The other candidates may hedge
On the Negro question stand.
But Wallace will abolish
Hated Jim Crow in the land.
(CHORUS:)

The politicians scream for war
With such a hullabaloo
I wonder where they'll be when bombs
Start falling down on you,
(CHORUS:)

A strong and free trade union
Is democracy's best sign.
You'll never see a Wallace man
Who'll cross a picket line.
(CHORUS:)

The farmer out in Iowa
The worker in the West,
The country knows from coast to coast
Who'll serve their int'rests best!
(CHORUS:)

Oh, mother, mother you must know
For you surely knew before,
It's either Henry Wallace, or
They'll send your sons to war.
(CHORUS:)

They promised homes to all the vets
With fanfare and with fuss,
But what they got is not so hot,
That's pretty obvious!
(CHORUS:)

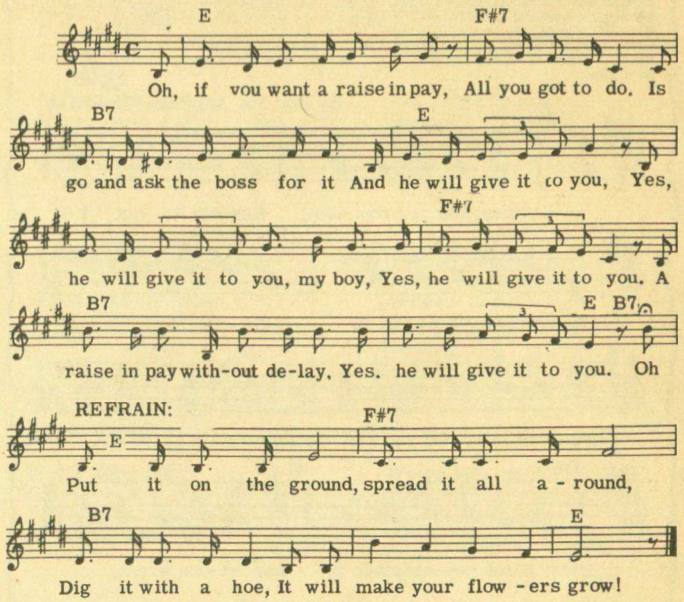
WALLACE
PEACE
and
PROGRESS

Haber

PUT IT ON THE GROUND

Words by Ray Glaser
Music by Bill Wolff
Copyright 1947 by People's Songs, Inc.

Sometimes known as "The Fertilizer Song", this number has been picked up by innumerable union people who have added their own lines. You only need to look through the pages of your local newspaper to get ideas for some more verses. A simple folk melody, good words, and a "Barbershop quartet" chorus assure it an enthusiastic reception everywhere.


E F#7
Oh, if you want a raise in pay, All you got to do. Is
B7 E
go and ask the boss for it And he will give it to you, Yes,
F#7
he will give it to you, my boy, Yes, he will give it to you. A
B7 E B7
raise in pay with-out de-lay, Yes. he will give it to you. Oh
REFRAIN: F#7
E
Put it on the ground, spread it all a - round,
B7 E
Dig it with a hoe, It will make your flow - ers grow!

A home is much too good for vets.
'Cause they're such simple souls,
Just give each vet a two-bit spade
And let him dig some holes.
They lived in foxholes overseas
With mud up to their knees,
A home would just deprive our boys
Of pleasant memories. Oh . . .

New words : People's Songs members

They told us when the war was won
We'd go back to peaceful ways,
We'd have our old prosperity
Just like the good old days;
And so they scrapped the New Deal
They scrapped the OPA.
And now you see, prosperity
Just like the good old days. Ohhh,

Now America has no colonies
Nor imperialist ambitions.
United Fruit and Standard Oil
Are social service missions.
Are social service missions, my boys
Are social service missions.
We're on a spree in Germany
With social service missions.

I'm worried about our generals
In these boring years of peace,
I'm afraid they'll get neurotic
If all they have is Greece.
If all they have is Greece, my boys
If all they have is Greece.
They need a good fight to keep 'em bright
And all they have is Greece.

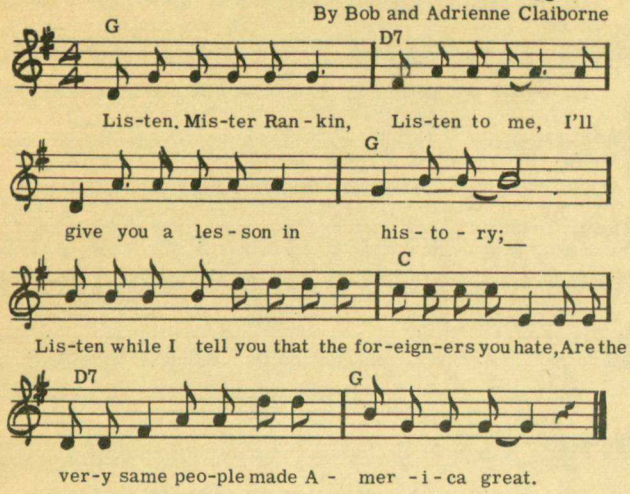
For the men who make munitions
I'm shedding bitter tears,
They haven't made a single dime
In three long peaceful years.
In three long peaceful years, my boys
In three long peaceful years.
Not one thin dime, in all that time,
In three long peaceful years.

It's fun to live the army way,
Sergeants are such fun.
I hope they pass the UMT
And give me back my gun.
And give me back my gun, my boys
And give me back my gun.
The UMT is just for me,
Please give me back my gun.

LISTEN, MISTER RANKIN

This song was written in 1945 by a young New York couple. It's original title was "Listen, Mister Bilbo." At that time Bilboism had become the symbol of racial hatred and bigotry in the United States. Since Bilboism is still alive today, you may prefer to sing the song with the original words "Listen, Mister Bilbo", or as "Listen, Mister Bigot", or again as "Listen, all you Bilbos." The first verse is used as a refrain.

By Bob and Adrienne Claiborne



In fourteen-ninety-two, just to see what he could see,
Columbus, an Italian, looked out across the sea;
He said, "Isabella, babe, the world is round,
And the U. S. A.'s just a-waitin' to be found."
(CHORUS:)

When the King of England started pushin' Yankees around,
They had a little trouble up in Boston town;
There was a brave Negro, Crispus Attucks was the man,
Was the first one to fall when the fightin' began.

Colin Kelly was the pilot, a-flyin' down below;
Levin pushed the button that let the bomb go;
They sank the Haruna to the bottom of the sea;
It was foreigners like these kept America free.
(CHORUS:)

Now, Rankin, you're taking one helluva chance;
Your good friends, the DuPonts, came over from France;
Another thing I'm sure will be news to you:
The first Mister Rankin was a foreigner, too.

You don't like Negroes, you don't like Jews;
If there's anyone you do like, it sure is news.
You don't like Poles, Italians, Catholics, too;
Is it any wonder, Rankin, that we don't like you.
(CHORUS:)

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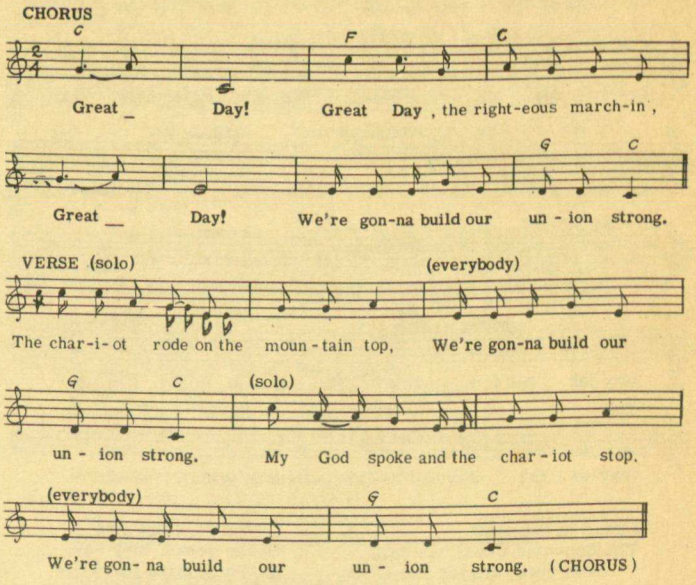
GREAT DAY!

Parody by Highlander students, Monteagle, Tenn.
New words by NYC People's Songs members
Music: Negro Spiritual

This is a "Jubilee song" which was taken over by union workers and farmers in Tennessee. Now it is brought still further up to date, since the song has spread to progressive singers throughout the other 48 states.



We want no cowards in our band,
We're gonna build our union strong.
We call for valiant hearted men,
We're gonna build our union strong.
(CHORUS:)

Some recent new words:

CHORUS: Great day!
Great Day, the people marchin'
Great Day!
We're gonna build our union strong!

EXTRA VERSES:

One of these mornings bright and fair,
We're gonna build our union strong.
Old man Truman, he won't be there,
We're gonna build our union strong.

One of these mornings in our land
We're gonna build our union strong,
We'll all be marching hand in hand
We're gonna build our union strong.

Sing this song in every state
We're gonna build our union strong,
Henry Wallace in '48
We're gonna build our union strong.

One of these mornings bright as day,
We're gonna build our union strong,
Freedom train gonna come our way,
We're gonna build our union strong!

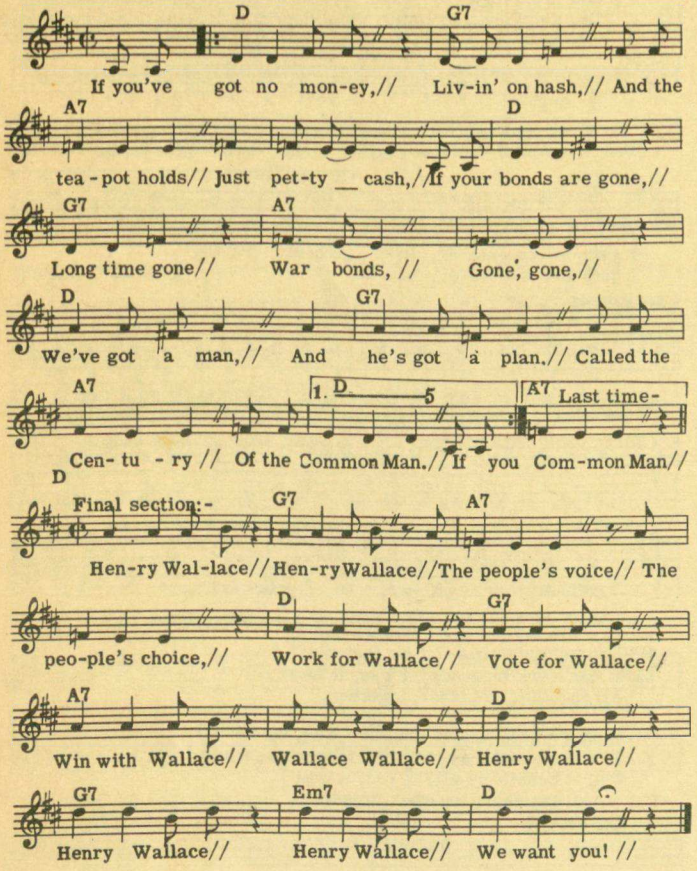
One of these days and it won't be long,
We're gonna build our union strong.
Old man Hearst'll be dead and gone,
We're gonna build our union strong.

Pave your way to the pearly gate,
We're gonna build our union strong.
Vote for Wallace in '48,
We're gonna build our union strong.

THE WALLACE SHOUT

Words and music by Bryant M. French
Copyright 1948 by Byrant M. French

This song is based on a type of Negro work song. All you need to put it across is a good leader, who will sing out the words loud and clear. It doesn't matter if the audience doesn't repeat every word — e. g., "Got no money" for "If you've got no money". The main thing is to keep a fairly fast, steady rhythm, with a good strong beat.


D G7
If you've got no mon-ey,// Liv-in' on hash,// And the
A7 D
tea-pot holds// Just pet-ty __ cash,// If your bonds are gone,//
G7 A7
Long time gone// War bonds, // Gone, gone,//
D G7
We've got a man,// And he's got a plan.// Called the
A7 1. D 5 A7 Last time-
Cen- tu - ry // Of the Common Man.// If you Com-mon Man//
D
Final section:- G7 A7
Hen-ry Wal-lace// Hen-ry Wallace//The people's voice// The
D G7
peo-ple's choice,// Work for Wallace// Vote for Wallace//
A7 D
Win with Wallace// Wallace Wallace// Henry Wallace//
G7 Em7 D
Henry Wallace// Henry Wallace// We want you! //

1. If you've got no money,
Livin' on hash,
And the teapot holds
Just petty cash,

If your bonds are gone,
Long time gone,
War bonds,
Gone, gone,

We've got a man,
And he's got a plan
Called the Century
Of the Common Man.

2. If you can't afford shoes,
Can't afford butter,
Don't have the blues
And sit and mutter.

If you've got no house,
No front stoop,
And you'd give your eye-teeth
For a chicken-coop,

We've got a man,
And he's got a plan
Called the Century
Of the Common Man.

3. If you don't want war,
Hate disputin',
And the Truman Plan
Is a plan for shootin',

If you're dead against
Any U. M. T.,
Don't want your boys
To go overseas,

We've got a man,
And he's got a plan
Called the Century
Of the Common Man.

4. If you're tired of Truman,
Taft and Hartley,
You want to live
And you don't mean partly,

If you want to speak out
What you think in your head
Without being called
Un-American Red.

We've got a man,
And he's got a plan
Called the Century
Of the Common Man.

5. If you want to walk proud,
Hold up your chin
Without being told
You're in the wrong skin,

If you're tired of caste
And want to see passed
F. E.
P. C.

We've got a man,
And he's got a plan
Called the Century
Of the Common Man.

(Last Section)

6. Henry Wallace,
Henry Wallace,
The people's voice,
The people's choice.

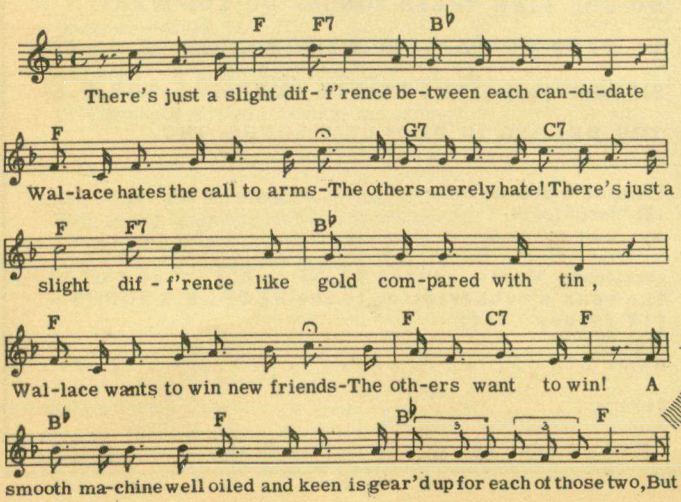
Work for Wallace.
Vote for Wallace.
Win with Wallace.
Wallace, Wallace!

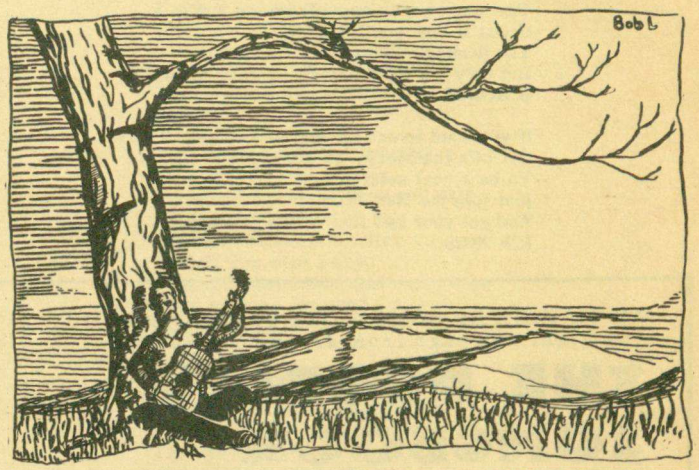
Henry Wallace,
Henry Wallace,
Henry Wallace,
We want you!

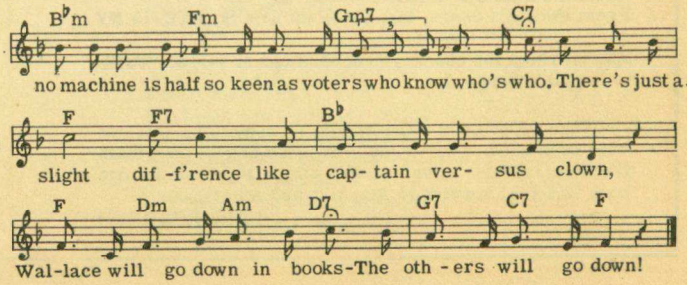
THERE'S JUST A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE

Words and music by Irwin Heilner
Copyright 1948 by Irwin Heilner

A simple "hillbilly or folk type" melody and a good set of lyrics should make this song easy to pick up.


F F7 B♭
There's just a slight dif- f'rence be-tween each can-di-date
F G7 C7
Wal-lace hates the call to arms-The others merely hate! There's just a
F F7 B♭
slight dif - f'rence like gold com-pared with tin ,
F F C7 F
Wal-lace wants to win new friends-The oth-ers want to win! A
B♭ F B♭ F
smooth ma-chine well oiled and keen is gear'd up for each of those two,But

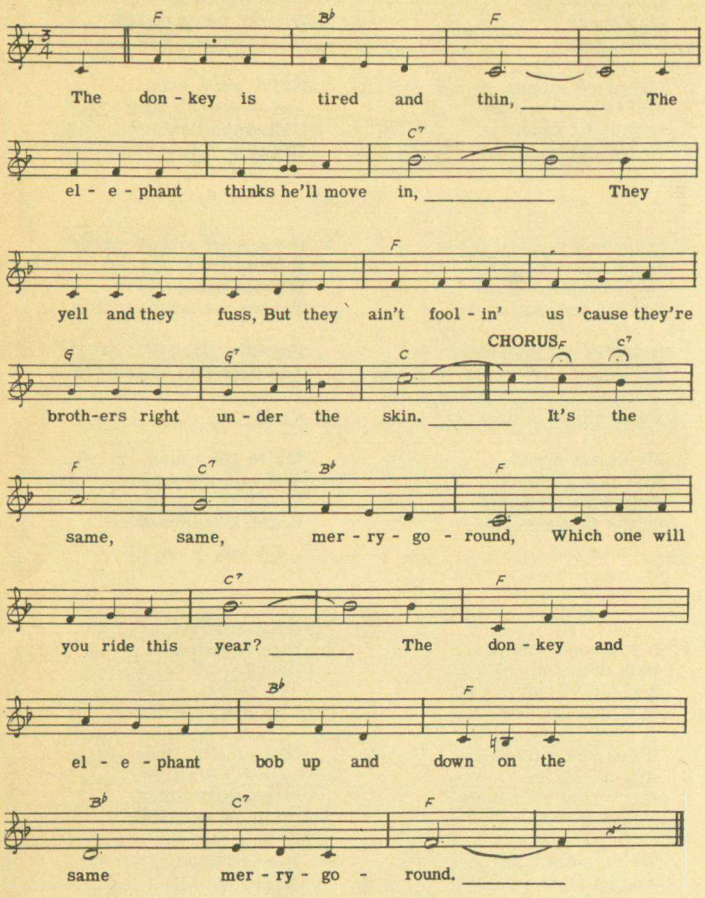



B♭m Fm Gm7 C7
no machine is half so keen as voters who know who's who. There's just a.
F F7 B♭
slight dif -f'rence like cap- tain ver- sus clown,
F Dm Am D7 G7 C7 F
Wal-lace will go down in books-The oth - ers will go down!

THE SAME MERRY-GO-ROUND

Words and music by Ray Glaser and Bill Wolff
Copyright 1948 by Ray Glaser and Bill Wolff

Try this cute little merry-go-round tune with steam calliope effects. It was written by the same team that produced "Put It On The Ground".

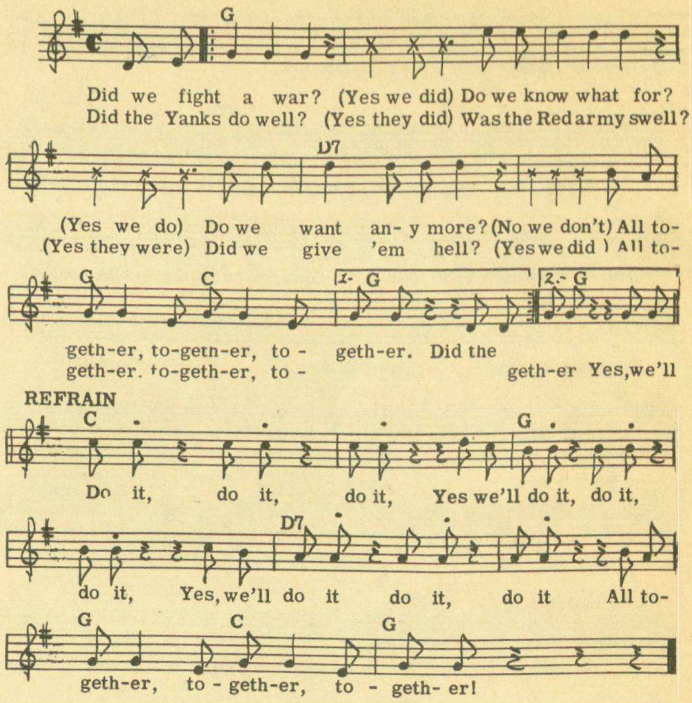

F B♭ F
The don - key is tired and thin, _____ The
C7
el - e - phant thinks he'll move in, _____ They
F
yell and they fuss, But they ain't fool - in' us 'cause they're
G G7 C CHORUS F C7
broth-ers right un - der the skin. _____ It's the
F C7 B♭ F
same, same, mer - ry - go - round, Which one will
C7 F
you ride this year? _____ The don - key and
B♭ F
el - e - phant bob up and down on the
B♭ C7 F
same mer - ry - go - round. _____

The elephant comes from the North
The donkey may come from the South
If you'll look you'll find -
The donkey's behind,
But they got the same bit in their mouth!
(CHORUS:)

If you want to end up safe and sound,
Get offa the Merry-go-round;;
To be a real smarty -
Just join the New Party
And get your two feet on the ground!
(CHORUS:)

ALL TOGETHER

Words and music by Morry Goodson and Sonny Vale
Copyright 1948 by Morry Goodson and Sonny Vale

This is a kind of cheerleading number, and a responsive audience is essential to its success.

G
Did we fight a war? (Yes we did) Do we know what for?
Did the Yanks do well? (Yes they did) Was the Red army swell?
D7
(Yes we do) Do we want an- y more? (No we don't) All to-
(Yes they were) Did we give 'em hell? (Yes we did) All to-
G C 1. G 2. G
geth-er, to-geth-er, to - geth-er. Did the
geth-er. to-geth-er, to - geth-er Yes, we'll
REFRAIN
C G
Do it, do it, do it, Yes we'll do it, do it,
D7
do it, Yes, we'll do it do it, do it All to-
G C G
geth-er, to - geth-er, to - geth- er!

Can we win the peace? (Yes we can)
Will our efforts cease? (No they won't)
Must our work increase? (Yes, it must)
All together, together, together.

Must we keep prices small? (Yes, we must)
Should we make wages tall? (Yes, we should)
Will it benefit us all? (Yes, it will)
All together, together, together.
(REFRAIN:)

Should we have more housing? (Yes, we should)
Does our Congress need delousing (Yes, it does)
Is our President drousing? (Yes, he is)
All together, together, together.

Should we build our unions? (Yes, we should)
Should we fight Jim Crow? (Yes, we should)
Should we boycott Franco? (Yes, we should)
Will we vote for Wallace? (Yes, we will)
Will we build a New Party? (Yes, we will)
All together, together, together.
(REFRAIN:)

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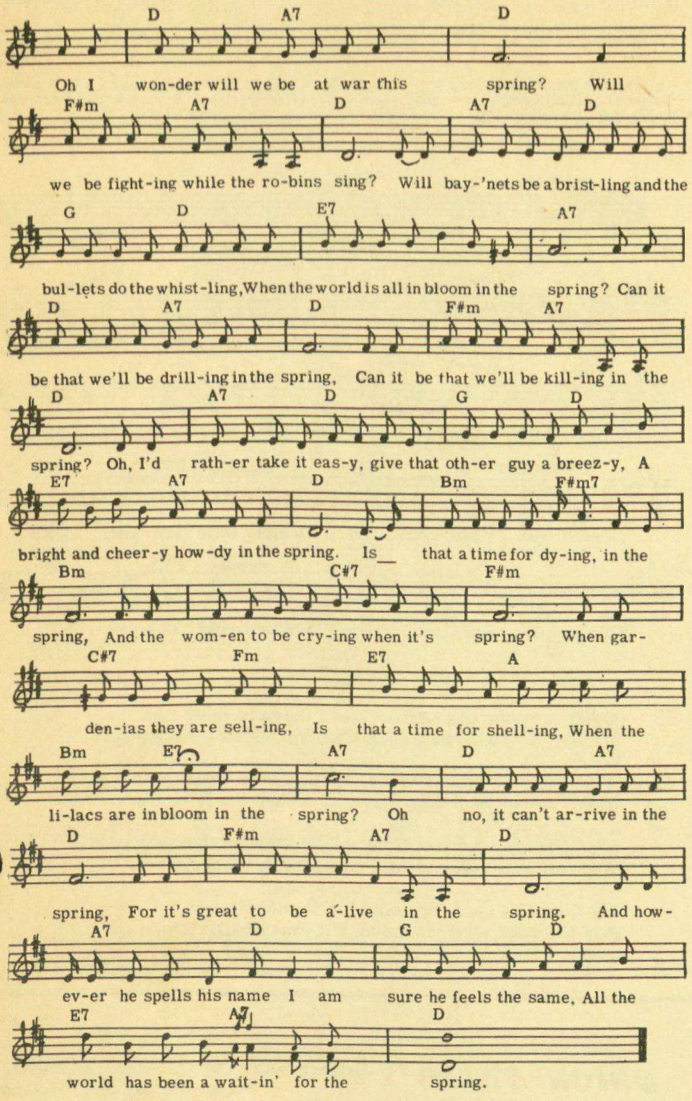
SPRING SONG

Words by Harry Schachter
Music by Earl Robinson

The scare headlines which appear in every day's paper make this song of the thirties more appropriate than ever today. The recording of the early version, by Paul Robeson, is being re-issued.

D A7 D
Oh I won-der will we be at war this spring? Will
F#m A7 D A7 D
we be fight-ing while the ro-bins sing? Will bay-'nets be a brist-ling and the
G D E7 A7
bul-lets do the whist-ling, When the world is all in bloom in the spring? Can it
D A7 D F#m A7
be that we'll be drill-ing in the spring, Can it be that we'll be kill-ing in the
D A7 D G D
spring? Oh, I'd rath-er take it eas-y, give that oth-er guy a breez-y, A
E7 A7 D Bm F#m7
bright and cheer-y how-dy in the spring. Is__ that a time for dy-ing, in the
Bm C#7 F#m
spring, And the wom-en to be cry-ing when it's spring? When gar-
C#7 Fm E7 A
den-ias they are sell-ing, Is that a time for shell-ing, When the
Bm E7 A7 D A7
li-lacs are in bloom in the spring? Oh no, it can't ar-rive in the
D F#m A7 D
spring, For it's great to be a-live in the spring. And how-
A7 D G D
ev-er he spells his name I am sure he feels the same, All the
E7 A7 D
world has been a wait-in' for the spring.

(Hum four lines, then go into the next four, or skip it entirely and go into second release)

I would like to know that in the spring
I won't have to go in the spring.
When in the park on Sunday, I'd like to know that Monday
Will be just another day in the spring.

(Second release)
Must we use the atom bomb in the spring?
And get blown to Kingdom Come in the spring?
Do I have to hate my neighbor? Must I fight against the labor
Of a thousand million friends in the spring?

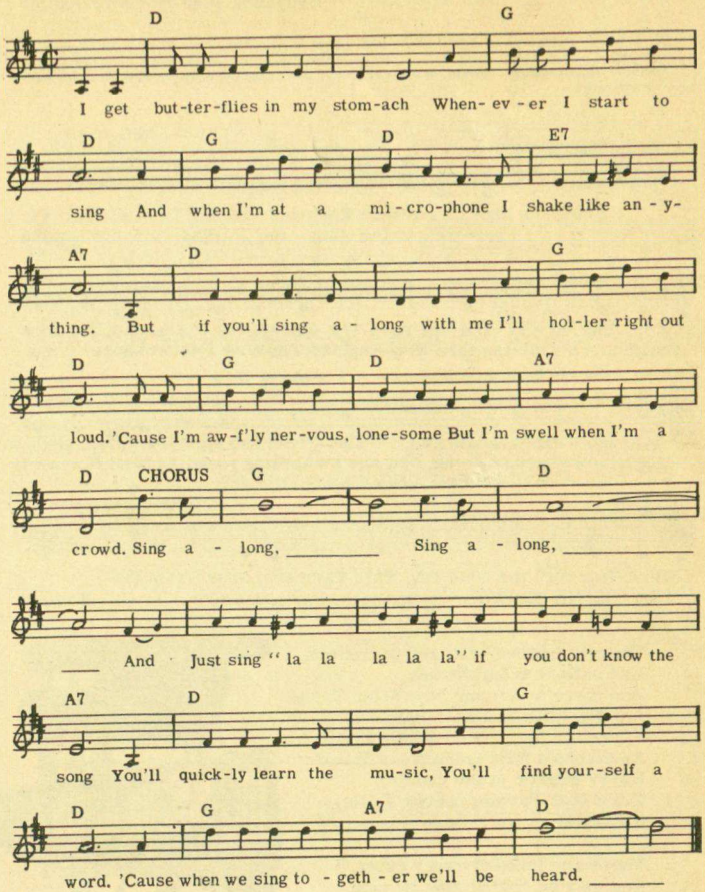
Oh, I'd just like an ordinary spring.
With people laughing just because it's spring.
Let's have a celebration with folks from every nation,
For it's great to be alive in the spring.

Copyright 1948 by Earl Robinson and Harry Schachter

SING ALONG

Words and music by Malvina Reynolds
Copyright 1948 by Malvina Reynolds

Malvina Reynolds, a housewife and a busy woman in her community of Long Beach, California, has made here one of the years best songs for group singing.


D G
I get but-ter-flies in my stom-ach When-ev-er I start to
D G D E7
sing And when I'm at a mi-cro-phone I shake like an-y-
A7 D G
thing. But if you'll sing a-long with me I'll hol-ler right out
D G D A7
loud. 'Cause I'm aw-f'ly ner-vous, lone-some But I'm swell when I'm a
D CHORUS G D
crowd. Sing a-long, Sing a-long,
___ And Just sing "la la la la la" if you don't know the
A7 D G
song You'll quick-ly learn the mu-sic, You'll find your-self a
D G A7 D
word. 'Cause when we sing to-geth-er we'll be heard.

O when I need a raise in pay
I have to ask my boss
If I go see him by myself
I'm just a total loss
But if we go together
I'll do my part right pretty
'Cause I'm awfully nervous-lonesome
But I make a fine committee.
(CHORUS)

My Congressman's important
He hob-nobs with big biz,
He soon forgets the guys and gals
Who put him where he is.
I'll just write him a letter
To tell him what I need
With a hundred thousand signatures
Why, even he can read.
(CHORUS)

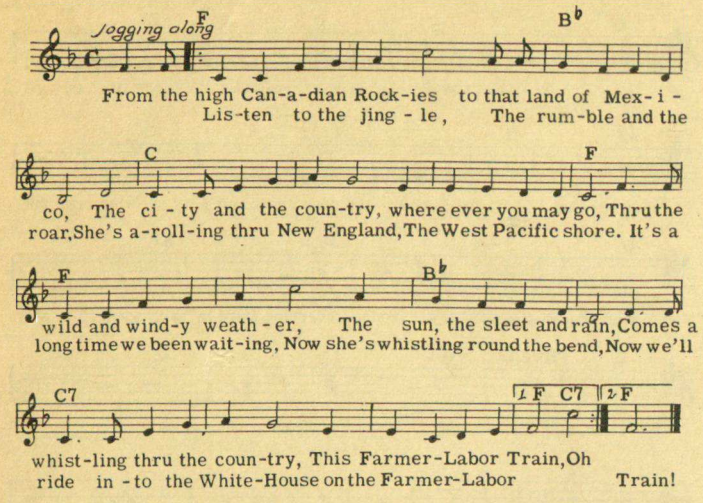
Oh, life is full of problems
The world's a funny place
I sometimes wonder why the hell
I joined the human race.
But when we work together
It all seems right and true
I'm an awful nothing by myself
But I'm OK with you.
(CHORUS)

And when I say "together"
I don't mean one or two.
It's black and white and yellow
Catholic, Protestant and Jew
The worker and the farmer
The sailor on the sea
It's you and you and you and you
And him and her and me.
(CHORUS)

THE FARMER-LABOR TRAIN

Words and music by Woody Guthrie
Copyright 1947 by Woody Guthrie

Another song by Woody Guthrie, especially timely now, with the growing need for farmer-labor cooperation.

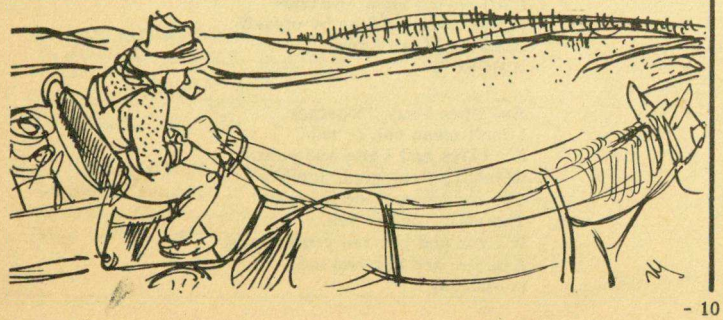

Jogging along
F
B♭
C
From the high Can-a-dian Rock-ies to that land of Mex-i-co, The ci-ty and the coun-try, where ever you may go, Thru the roar, She's a-roll-ing thru New England, The West Pacific shore. It's a wild and wind-y weath-er, The sun, the sleet and rain, Comes a long time we been wait-ing, Now she's whistling round the bend, Now we'll whist-ling thru the coun-try, This Farmer-Labor Train, Oh ride in-to the White-House on the Farmer-Labor Train!
Lis-ten to the jing-le, The rum-ble and the
C7
1 F C7
2 F

There's lumberjacks and teamsters,
And sailors from the sea,
And there's farming boys from Texas
And the hills of Tennessee;
There's miners from Kentucky,
And there's fishermen from Maine,
Every worker in the country
Rides that Farmer-Labor Train.
(CHORUS:)

There are folks of every color,
And they're sitting side by side,
From the swamps of Lousiana
And across the Great Divide;
From the wheat fields and the orchards
And the lowing cattle range,
And they're rolling on to victory
On this Farmer-Labor Train.
(CHORUS:)

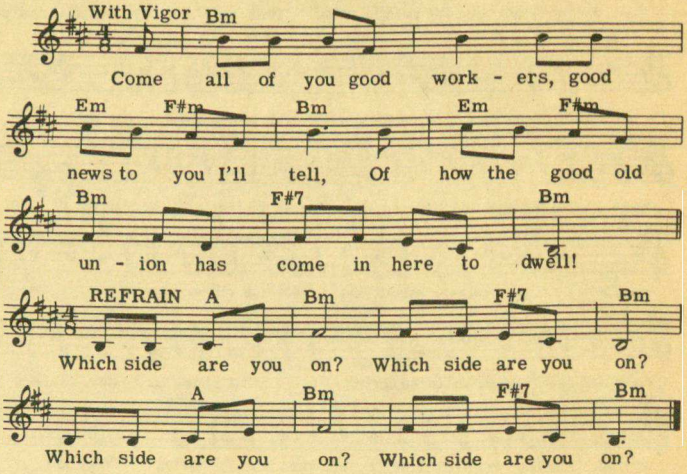
This train pulled into Washington
One bright and happy day;
When she steamed into the station
You could hear the people say,
"There's that Farmer-Labor Special,
She's full of union men,
And they're headed for the White House
On that Farmer-Labor Train."
(CHORUS:)

Yes, the crooked politicians,
They knew their time had come,
'Cause the union men and women
Put the gamblers on the run,
They sealed them in a box-car,
And switched them off the main,
And they cleared the people's railroad track
For the Farmer-Labor Train.
(CHORUS:)



WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

Words by Florence Reece
Music: Old Hymn Tune
Copyright 1947 by People's Songs, Inc.

This famous song was composed in the spring of 1931 by Florence Reece, the wife of a coal miner in Harlan, Kentucky. For many years it was thought that her two little daughters had made it up, because they sang it everywhere, in school, and at union meetings.

With Vigor
Bm
Come all of you good work-ers, good
Em F#m Bm Em F#m
news to you I'll tell, Of how the good old
Bm F#7 Bm
un-ion has come in here to dwell!
REFRAIN
A Bm F#7 Bm
Which side are you on? Which side are you on?
A Bm F#7 Bm
Which side are you on? Which side are you on?

Don't scab for the bosses, don't listen to their lies.
Us poor folks haven't got a chance, unless we organize . . .

They say in Harlan County, there are no neutrals there.
You'll either be a union man, or a thug for J. H. Blair . . .

Oh, workers, can you stand it? Oh, tell me how you can.
Will you be a lousy scab, or will you be a man? . . .

My daddy was a miner, and I'm a miner's son,
And I'll stick with the union, till every battle's won . . .

UNION TRAIN

(FOR WALLACE)

Original words by the Almanac Singers
Tune: The Old Ship Of Zion
Copyright 1947 by People's Songs, Inc.

All of you who know the famous old union song "The Union Train" will know how to sing these words. The melody is also the same as the gospel spiritual "That Old Ship Of Zion". The last word in the line is chanted over and over again by the group - while the leader sustains the melody and goes on. All join in on the last line, "Get on board, (oh,) get on board!"

Oh, what is that I see yonder comin' (comin', comin')
What is that I see yonder comin' (comin', comin')
What is that I see yonder comin' (comin', comin')
Won't you get on board. Oh, get on board.

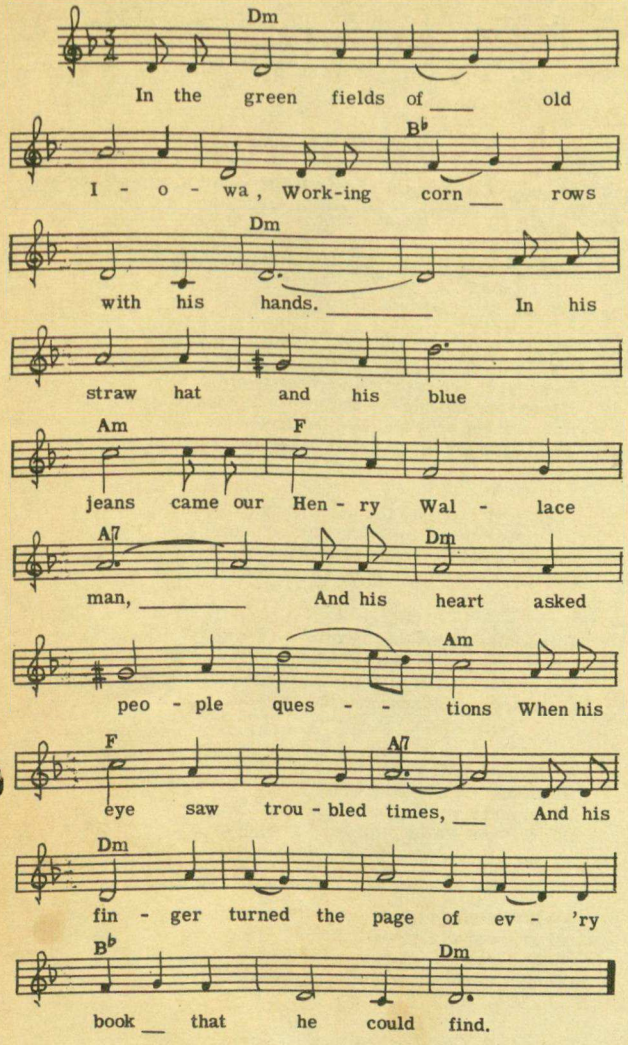
It's that Wallace party growin' . . . etc.

We'll be voting by the million . . . etc

We will carry it to vict'ry . . . etc.

HENRY WALLACE MAN

words and music by Woody Guthrie
Copyright 1948 by Woody Guthrie

A quiet ballad which tells a story. This is in the style of the oldtime broadsides which took the place of newspapers two centuries ago. The singer should not try to use any vocal histrionics, but should present it with simple sincerity, so that the audience will get absorbed in the tale.

Dm
In the green fields of ___ old
B♭
I - o - wa, Work-ing corn ___ rows
Dm
with his hands. ___ In his
straw hat and his blue
Am F
jeans came our Hen - ry Wal - lace
A7 Dm
man, ___ And his heart asked
Am
peo - ple ques - - tions When his
F A7
eye saw trou - bled times, ___ And his
Dm
fin - ger turned the page of ev - 'ry
B♭ Dm
book ___ that he could find.

2. We got you a job on Washington farm
To plow with Franklin D.
And you took us out of Hoover shacks
And you sent us to the fields.
You helped us work our timberlands,
You helped us dig our hills,
You fought so we could speak our minds
In all our union halls.

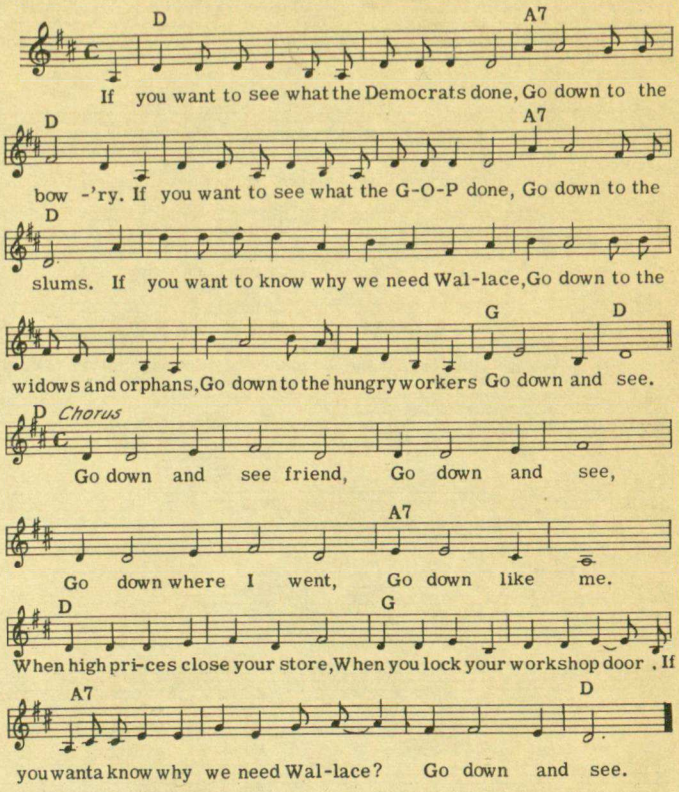
3. When the Nazi gang and fascist tried
To rule this world by hate,
I voted for F. D. R. and you
To save us from this wreck.
I shipped out on the merchant boats,
I joined the army, too.
Most every hand, both women and men,
Loved Franklin D and you.

4. I was glad that Roosevelt lived
To see the haters beat,
And I felt bad when I saw Truman
Drive you from your seat.
The senate bunch and the congress gang
They called you silly names,
Because you worked your fields of peace
And not in their gambling games.

GO DOWN AND SEE

Words and music by Woody Guthrie
Copyright 1948 by Woody Guthrie

Woody Guthrie, who saw much of the seamy side of our cities in his travels around America during the depression, writes this song out of his own experiences. Sing it with conviction.


D A7
If you want to see what the Democrats done, Go down to the
D A7
bow -'ry. If you want to see what the G-O-P done, Go down to the
D
slums. If you want to know why we need Wal-lace, Go down to the
G D
widows and orphans, Go down to the hungry workers Go down and see.
D Chorus
Go down and see friend, Go down and see,
A7
Go down where I went, Go down like me.
D G
When high pri-ces close your store, When you lock your workshop door, If
A7 D
you wanta know why we need Wal-lace? Go down and see.

If you want to see what Hoover done,
Go down to the hungry faces.
If you want to see what Truman done,
Go down to the jail.
When Taft and Hartley kill our union
And you're in the jug for not being American
And I'm in a cell for singin' this little song,
Go down and see.
(CHORUS:)

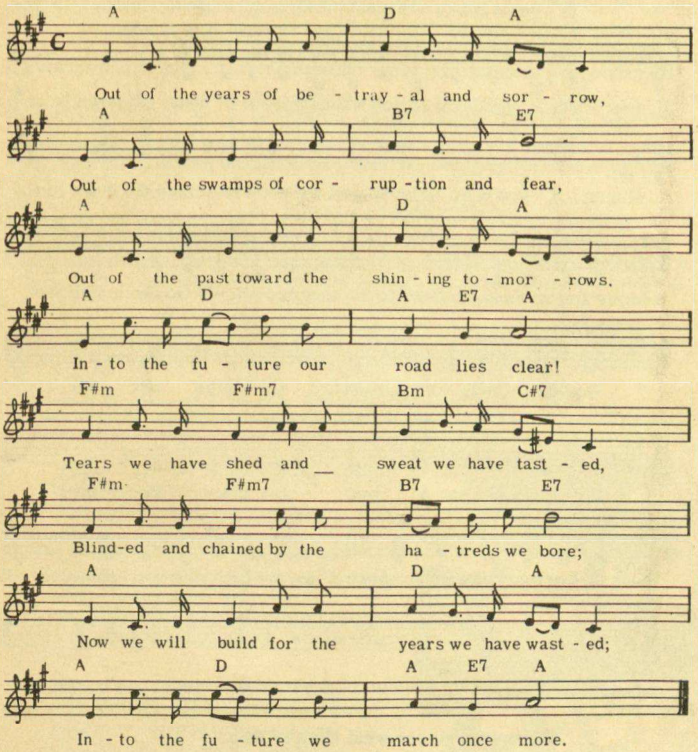
If you wanta see what old race hate's done,
Go take a walk in my lynch-rope country,
If you wanta see what wars has done,
Go down to the grave.
If you wanta save this world from fire,
And see our factory knocking out peace'works,
Just get up and march with Gideon's army,
Go down and see.
(CHORUS:)

5. Yes, you walked on to bust your sod
And plant your friendly seed,
You wanted peace with Russians
And you wanted all colors freed.
You rode the ships, and walked the streets,
You went by sky and rail,
You talked to hungry eyes and faces
All around this world.

6. I like that way your face lights up,
I like your cornfield smile.
Franklin D. had that same light
There sparkling in his eyes.
I don't like Hoover's lemony puss,
Nor Truman's bitter bark smile.
I'm betting my vote on the cornfield grin
Of this Henry Wallace man.

THE MARCH OF THE COMMON MEN

Words and music by Bob and Adrienne Claiborne
Copyright 1948 by Bob and Adrienne Claiborne

Many singers have felt that the inspiration given song-writers by the NEW PARTY could produce some new major works which would last beyond the immediacy of the present campaign issues. Here, we believe, is such a song. Utilizing a hymn-like quality and structure, it is a song which lends itself easily to full-scale choral production. Bob and Adrienne Claiborne, you may remember, comprise the song-writing team which turned out "Listen Mister Bilbo" two years ago.

A D A
Out of the years of be - tray - al and sor - row,
A B7 E7
Out of the swamps of cor - rup - tion and fear,
A D A
Out of the past toward the shin - ing to - mor - rows.
A D A E7 A
In - to the fu - ture our road lies clear!
F#m F#m7 Bm C#7
Tears we have shed and sweat we have tast - ed,
F#m F#m7 B7 E7
Blind-ed and chained by the ha - treds we bore;
A D A
Now we will build for the years we have wast - ed;
A D A E7 A
In - to the fu - ture we march once more.

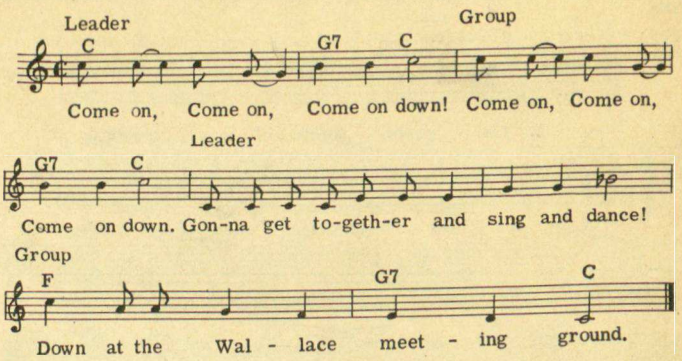
Bartered and sold like the goods of our making;
Bartered and sold like the crops that we grow;
Too long we've labored for other men's taking;
Now we shall reap from the seed we sow.
Tired of the lies and tired of the hating;
Tired of the greed that would drive us to war;
Out of our history a new world creating,
Into the future we march once more!

Stand and be counted! The whole world is waiting;
Stand and be counted! Let each show his worth;
End with our victory the fear and the hating;
We are the army of peace on earth.
Out of the faith that is stronger than scorning;
Out of the hope that we never for-swore.
Forging our dreams in the fires of the morning,
Into the future we march once more!

WALLACE MEETING GROUND

By Woody Guthrie
Copyright 1948,Woody Guthrie

Another group-participation song, with some typical Woody Guthrie lyrics.


Leader
Group
C G7 C
Come on, Come on, Come on down! Come on, Come on,
Leader
G7 C
Come on down. Gon-na get to-geth-er and sing and dance!
Group
F G7 C
Down at the Wal - lace meet - ing ground.

Leader: Bring your troubles to the meetin' groun's!
Group: Bring your troubles to the meetin' groun's!
Leader: Gonna argue free and talk out loud
Group: Down at the Wallace meeting grounds.

Drag your bones to the meetin' groun's!
Drag your bones to the meetin' groun's!
Dead bones they gonna rise ag'in
Down at the Wallace meeting grounds.

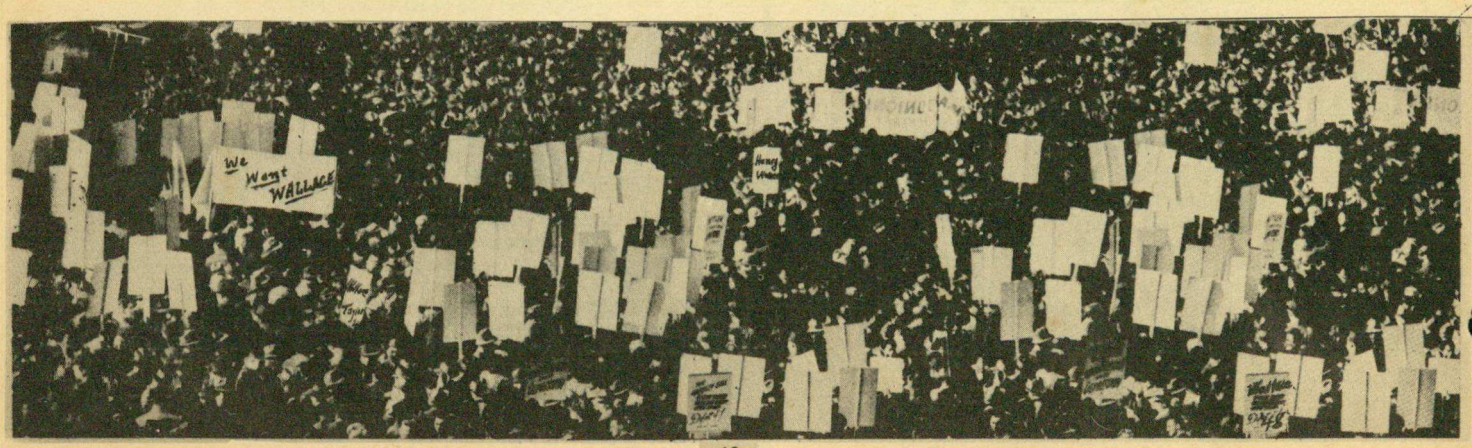
Blind folks gonna see ag'in!
Blind folks gonna see ag'in!
I'm gonna read my fightin' words
Down at the Wallace meeting grounds.

Black and white gonna write it,
Black and white gonna write it,
Black and white's gonna read and shout
Down at the Wallace meeting grounds.

All this world's gonna hear us!
All this world's gonna hear us!
Walkin', talkin', singin' an' a-dancin'
Down at the Wallace meeting grounds,

Come on! Come on! Come on down!
Come on! Come on! Come on down!
Gonna rattle the walls of the big high office
Down at the Wallace meeting grounds.

Come on! Come on! Come on down!
Come on! Come on! Come on down!
Gonna get together and sing and dance!
Down at the Wallace meeting ground.



JUNE 1948

VOL. 3 NO. 5

PEOPLE'S SONGS

THE BUFFALO SKINNERS - TURN TO PAGE . 3

DETROIT PICKETLINE TROUBADOURS

ROLF CAHN, FROM DETROIT, recently sent this letter in to our national office:

We thought you might be interested in our activity during the Chrysler strike. Three days after the strike began we offered our services to the Chrysler department of the UAW. As you can imagine, our offer was enthusiastically accepted. From then on every day, we were sent out by the International to various locals. Altogether we sang for six locals. There were three of us, Barbara Cahn, Doris White and Rolf Cahn. The other members of People's Songs worked days and since the main need for singing was during the mornings and early afternoons, most of them couldn't participate.

'The locals used us in all sorts of ways. We sang in the line, or from a sound car to the line, or gave a real concert with pop stuff and blues from within the sound car. At Plymouth local 51, we became a regular part of the agenda during their daily rallies. The educational director would make a point and we would make the same point in song. We would end each program with "Solidarity" and march off together towards the line. We were used in several rallies and demonstrations by the Chrysler department. Made it a point to sing in the strike kitchens for the women. Everybody requested songs, even the cops, who wanted numbers repeated.

'We were chauffeured around by International organizers, local organizers, and once, believe it or not, by a police inspector. Everywhere, we made wonderful contacts; people who sing or would like to, who play instruments, or who want their kids to learn to sing, as well as union officials who want our services in the future. One fellow even contracted us to sing for his wedding.

Rolf and Barbara Cahn on the Chrysler picketline

'The numbers that went over best were of course the old time hard-hitting labor songs, including "Casey Jones", "Talking Union", "Roll the Union On", "Union Maid" and "Solidarity". One of the best songs was "Round and Round the Picket Line", and we got the most laughs out of "Put It on the Ground". There were a lot of requests for jivey stuff; and for non-group singing stuff, the "Free and Equal Blues", and "OPA Blues" went over fine. "A Dollar Bill Don't Buy What It Used To" got a good response.

'There was a tremendous gratitude among the workers. They insisted that we eat in their strike kitchens and often they would squeeze money into our hands to show their gratitude. You can imagine how proud we are of our picketing card with 28 hours punched off.

'There were a couple of new verses made up to "Round and Round the Picket Line" which you may like to have:

"Axles in the summer time,
Bodies in the fall,
Money in the bosses' bank
But I get none at all!

Workin' in a factory,
I made a million cars,
But I do all my travelin'
On the DSR. (The local bus line)

I went down to Chrysler's
Saw my pay check there,
Stretched out on the table,
Small and thin and bare!"

'Also there is a new song that we wrote several weeks ago, on the bus coming back from the trek to Washington to lobby against the UMT bill. We were a bunch of real solid kids, on our way back home, and after fighting and arguing with our senators and congressmen we were ready to fight anything that got in our way...Then the bus driver let us off in the middle of the night to get some supper (we hadn't eaten since afternoon). We went merrily into the local restaurants which were emitting delicious odors and sights, only to find that we were in the state of Virginny and "We're sorry but it's a law, you know", this wonderful group of Negro and white kids were being denied the right to eat together.

'That was just too much! A couple of people said, "Maybe we can eat in a Negro restaurant somewhere"--but the overwhelming majority said, "Hell no! Let's not spend a cent in this darn state!" So we piled back on the bus determined to starve it out together. And we wrote songs to talk about how we felt. We borrowed this verse from Bernie Asbel who taught it to us last year (it was written after he and Lee and Sonny Terry had been jimcrowed in Washington) and used it for a chorus. Tune: We Don't Want Your Millions....

"We don't want your jimcrow coffee
We don't want your jimcrow bread
Before I'd eat in your jimcrow restaurant
I'd rather starve, I'd rather be dead."

'Barbara made up a verse:

We're not afraid to fight you, Mister,
'Cause we don't want to play your game,
And we'll get out of your jimcrow restaurant
Until you'll treat us all the same!"

'Then we borrowed another verse we'd 'heard somewhere:

"I fought to win a war, Mister,
I saw where black and white men bled,
And this one thing I sure know, Mister,
The blood of all them boys was red!

'Put them all together and we had a song hit! We get requests for it everywhere. And naturally our kids sang it all the way home and afterwards.

Your picketline troubadours,
Rolf and Barbara Cahn'

☆ ☆ ☆

(This month's cover is by Gene Deitch.)

PEOPLE'S SONGBOOK BANNED IN QUEBEC

As we go to press the news comes that The People's Songbook has been confiscated and banned in the Province of Quebec, by the government of Premier Maurice Duplessis. Other books, such as "War and Peace" by Tolstoy and Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass", were banned at the same time. Specific reason in the case of the Songbook was the inclusion of the song "Joe Hill", which was called "subversive". Protests have been sent to Duplessis by the National Office, and by several sponsors of People's Songs. If you also feel strongly about it, we suggest you do likewise. More on this next month.

PEOPLE'S SONGS is a non-profit organization formed to "create, promote, and distribute songs of labor and the people."

Vol. 3. No. 5 June, 1948

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BEFORE THE UNIONS CAME

--by Bob Claiborne

J. Parnell Thomas to the contrary, the class struggle was not invented by the CIO--or by the Comintern. Folksong and folklore alike bear testimony to conflicts between masters and men long before the appearance of unions or "reds". Cowboys and sailors, lumberjacks and miners all had trouble with their bosses, and expressed their feelings in song and story.

The story is always much the same--the boss appears, genial and oily, out to hire him some workers. The job is painted in glorious colors--practically a rest cure. "He said cow-punching was only play, why it's no work at all"; thus to the tenderfoot cowboy. The prospective whaler is told that "you'll take five hundred sperm (whales) before you're six months out". The English farm laborer gets "a fine story that's every word a lie".

But once on the job--watch out. Where workers lived on the job, food was a prime grievance. The sailor got "a little piece of stinking beef and a damn small bag of duff (pudding)". The cowboy feasted on "bacon and beans most every day/I'd as soon be eating prairie hay". The buffalo hunter got "buffalo hump and iron wedge bread"; the farm laborer got "cabbage cold and taters".

Working conditions were nothing to write home about either. Buffalo hunters and cowboys alike found that "The Indians watched to pick us off". The apprentice seaman heard "Lay aloft, you son of a b---- or overboard you go". The coal miner remarks of his shaft:

"She was heaved on the bottom and
cracked on the top,
Ne'er a pole, ne'er a slab, ne'er a
lagging or prop.
Pretty soon I expect that Gap Mount-
ain will drop. . . "

The farm laborer reports:

"The dinner hour it vexes them,
And then to us they'll say
'Come on, my lads, you'll get your
rest
When lying in the clay' "

But, finally, comes the pay off--in more ways than one.

"I went to the boss for to draw my
roll,
He figured me out nine dollars in the
hole"

The whaler gloomily predicts: "You'll all get fifty cents apiece". The miner laments:

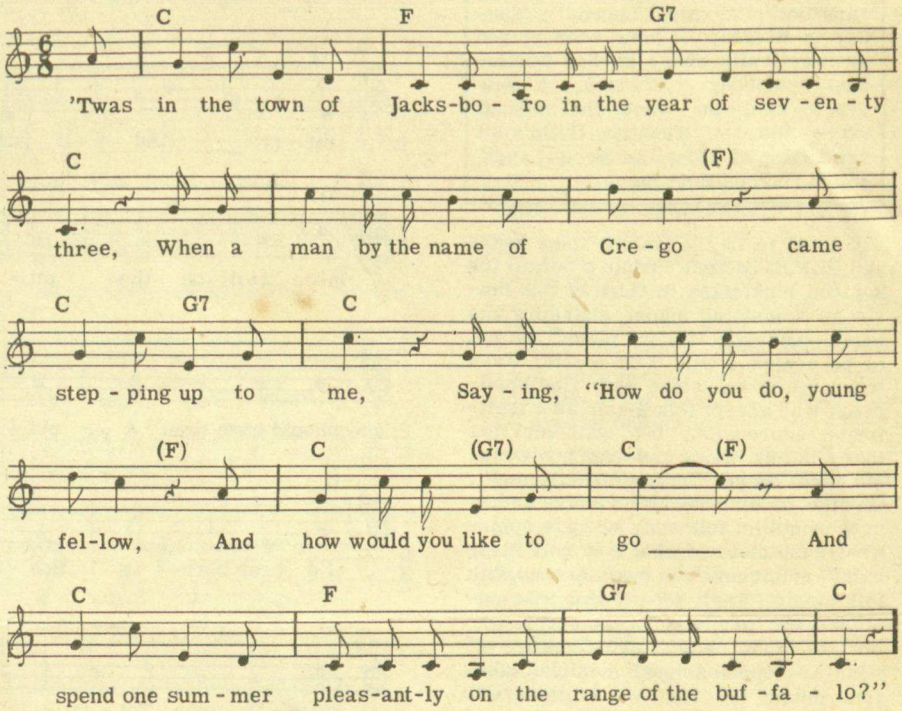
"All I made for a year was a dollar or
three;
Those company store thieves made a
pauper of me"

(Cont'd on page 10, column 1)

256 The Buffalo Skinners

Cowboy song
Collected by
John Lomax

We always like to point out this song to folksingers of the "purist" kind who claim they would sing "the nice old ballads but not these modern propaganda songs". We suspect that they don't realize that half the best old songs were red hot propaganda in their day. How many people today who sing "John Brown's Body" think of the way that great old fighter was reviled by America's most respectable citizens years ago? And take this "Buffalo Skinners", one of the finest of all cowboy songs: first, the singer admits to a state of unemployment (don't mention the word); then he insists upon free transportation (portal-to-portal pay, no less!); he complains of working conditions, and then when the boss reneges on pay, he kills him (the Un-American Committee would have us all in the pokey for writing such a song like this now, we're positive).

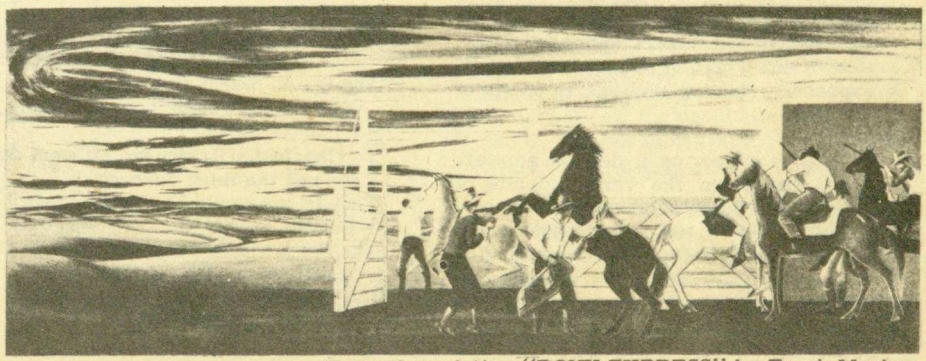

C F G7
'Twas in the town of Jacks-bo - ro in the year of sev - en - ty
C (F)
three, When a man by the name of Cre - go came
C G7 C
step - ping up to me, Say - ing, "How do you do, young
(F) C (G7) C (F)
fel-low, And how would you like to go ____ And
C F G7 C
spend one sum - mer pleas-ant-ly on the range of the buf - fa - lo?"

It's me being out of employment, boys, to old Crego I did say,
"This going out on the buffalo range depends upon the pay.
But if you will pay good wages, give transportation, too,
I think, sir, I will go with you to the range of the buffalo."

It's now we've crossed Pease River, our troubles have begun,
The first damned tail I went to rip, it's how I cut my thumb!
The water was salty as hell-fire, the beef I could not go,
And the Indians waited to pick us off, while skinning the buffalo.

The season being near over, boys, old Crego, he did say
The crowd had been extravagant, was in debt to him that day.
We coaxed him and we begged him, but still it was no go -
So we left his damned old bones to bleach on the range of the buffalo.

Oh, it's now we've crossed Pease River and homeward we are bound,
No more in that hell-fired country shall ever we be found.
Go home to our wives and sweethearts, tell others not to go,
For God's forsaken the buffalo range and the damned old buffalo.



From the painting "PONY EXPRESS" by Frank Mechau

FOLK SONG & SYMPHONY

By ELIE SIEGMEISTER

The following article is by Elie Siegmeister, who is no stranger to folk enthusiasts, for he has long been one of America's prominent young composers who has made extensive use of folk themes and folk-type themes in his symphonic compositions. These works (among them are "Ozark Set", "Prairie Legend", "Sunday in Brooklyn") have been played by practically every leading American symphony orchestra. A few years ago, he wrote the musical score for the Theatre Guild's hit production of "Sing Out Swee. Land", which starred Burl Ives.

It used to be the fashion some years ago, B.P.S. (Before People's Songs) for serious musicians to think of folk music as something quaint, charming and naive--all right "in its place" but not to be confused with real music. Even today there are some very fine musicians who accept folk music as a legitimate expression, but still feel that there is folk music and symphonic music, and "never the twain shall meet". On the other hand there are ardent proponents of folk song who are somewhat suspicious of what they call "long hair" musicians who mess around with folk music. Their idea is that folk music is the property of the people who do not know how to read music--as soon as a professional musician takes folk music for his own he is sure to distort, pervert and bowdlerize it.

It must be admitted that there is some justification for both kinds of purists. To be sure there are individuals in both camps who are completely insensitive to the other kind of music. We may well be suspicious of the concert singer who "renders" Barbara Allen or Shenandoah with operatic diction and flowery gestures, to a delicately-rippling piano accompaniment. And likewise the folk enthusiast who eloquently sweeps aside all the music of the masters as "not down to earth".

When we have disposed of these misguided enthusiasts, we can get to the heart of the matter. Is there any basic antagonism between the music of the people and the music of the most talented and skilled composers? Or are the two kinds of expression both part of one world of music, two ways of expressing human feelings in terms of sound?

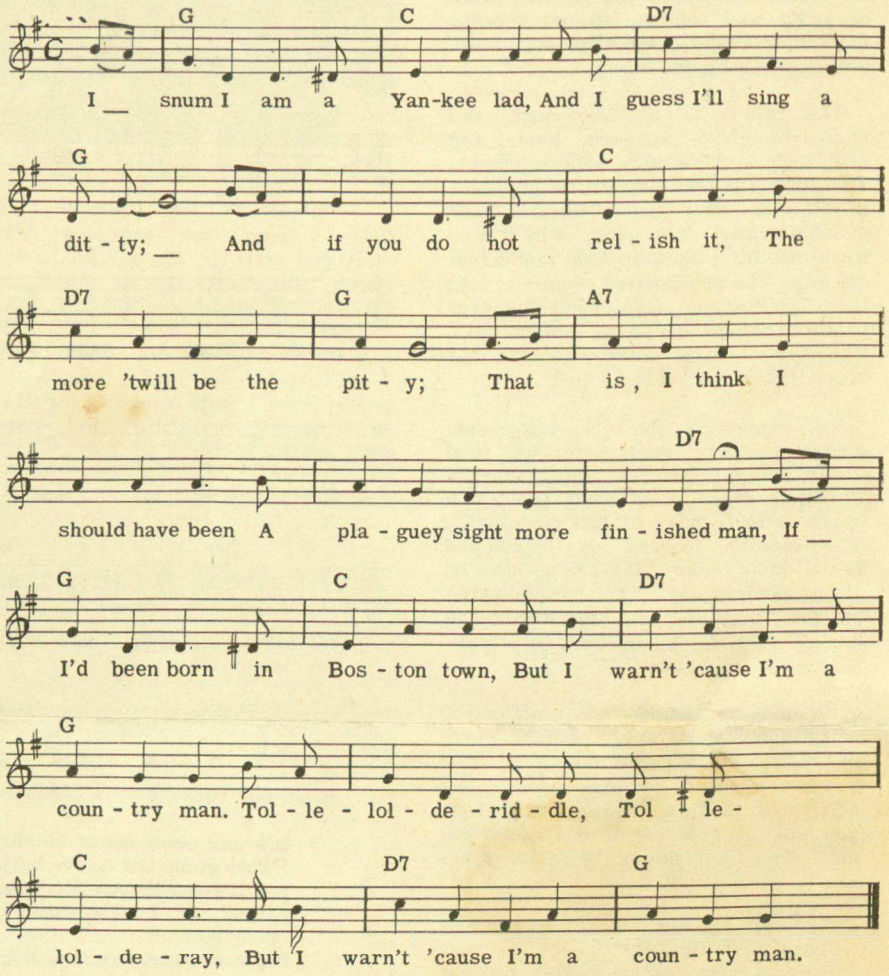
History gives us a definite answer. It is that from the very beginning of time, folk music and serious (or art) music have existed close to one another, have stimulated and complemented each other, have been fertilising elements to each other's growth.

(Cont'd on page 5)

257 Boston Tea Tax Song

Early American Ballad
As sung by John Allison

Seeing as this is the third Fourth of July which the infant People's Songs has observed, it is about time we published one of the best of all songs of America's Revolutionary War. For more like it, we suggest you look up "Early American Ballads", sung by John and Lucy Allison, Keynote K-102, available at your local record shop, or at Keynote Recordings, Inc., 522 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. And more New England favorites can be found in Botkin "Treasury of New England Folklore"


G C D7
I __ snum I am a Yan-kee lad, And I guess I'll sing a
G C
dit - ty; __ And if you do not rel - ish it, The
D7 G A7
more 'twill be the pit - y; That is, I think I
D7
should have been A pla - guey sight more fin - ished man, If __
G C D7
I'd been born in Bos - ton town, But I warn't 'cause I'm a
G
coun - try man. Tol - le - lol - de - rid - dle, Tol le -
C D7 G
lol - de - ray, But I warn't 'cause I'm a coun - try man.

And t'other day the Yankee folks
Were mad about the taxes,
And so we went like Injuns dressed
To split tea chests with axes.
It was the year of Seventy-three,
And we felt really gritty.
The Mayor he would have led the gang,
But Boston warn't a city! . . .

You see we Yankees didn't care
A pin for wealth or booty,
And so in State street we agreed
We'd never pay the duty;
That is, in State street 'twould have been,
But 'twas King street they call'd it then,
And tax on tea, it was so bad,
The women wouldn't scald it then. . .

To Charleston Bridge we all went down
To see the thing corrected;
That is, we would have gone there,
But the bridge it warn't erected.
The tea perhaps was very good,
Bohea, Souchong, or Hyson,
But drinking tea it warn't the rage,
The duty made it poison. . .

And then aboard the ships we went
Our vengeance to administer,
And we didn't care one tarnal bit
For any king or minister.
We made a plaguey mess of tea
In one of the biggest dishes;
I mean we steeped it in the sea
And treated all the fishes. . .

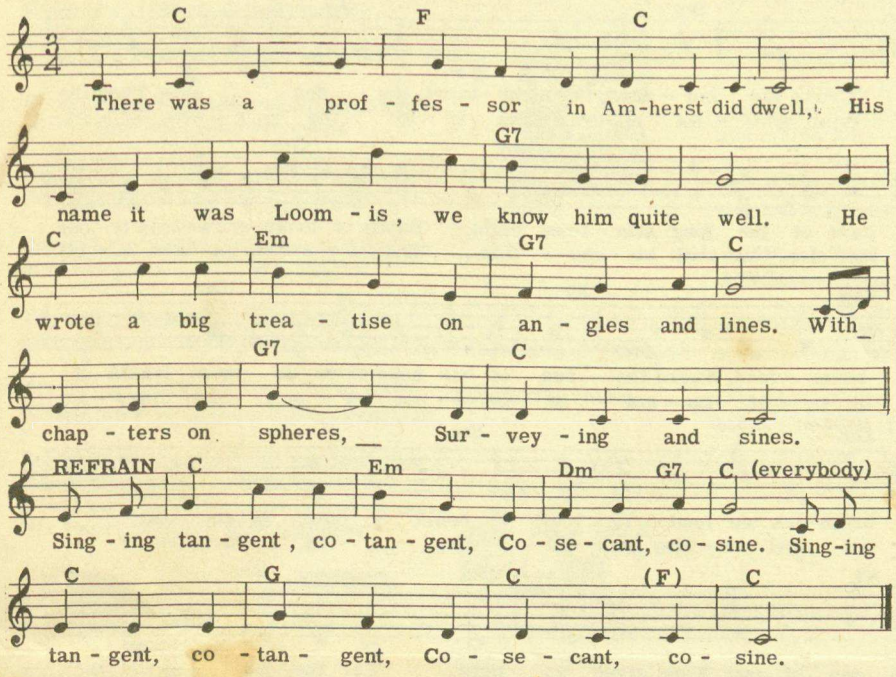
And then you see we were all found out,
A thing we hadn't dreaded.
The leaders were to London sent
And instantly beheaded;
That is, I mean they would have been
If ever they'd been taken.
But the leaders they were never cotch'd,
And so they saved their bacon. . .

Now heaven bless the president
And all this goodly nation.
And doubly bless our Boston Mayor
And all the corporation;
And may all those who are our foes,
Or at our praise have falter'd,
Soon have a change--that is, I mean
May all of them get halter'd. . .

258 Sing Tangent, Co-Tangent

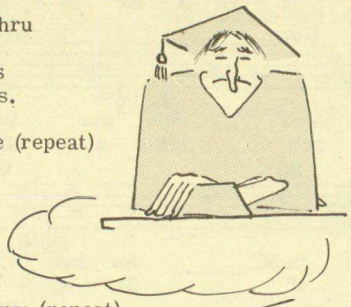
Words by F. Browning
From "The Academy Song Book" -1898

Considering how many members of People's Songs are students, it's about time we had a song especially for them. This song was pointed out to us by Professor Newton Gaines of Texas Christian University, former head of the Texas Folklore Society and an amateur singer himself. Obviously the best way to use the song would be for every student to go through it and adjust the names to his own school and textbooks. The melody, of course, is the same as the famous old music hall tune, "Sweet Betsy from Pike".


C F C
There was a prof - fes - sor in Am-herst did dwell, His
G7
name it was Loom - is, we know him quite well. He
C Em G7 C
wrote a big trea - tise on an - gles and lines. With
G7 C
chap - ters on spheres, Sur - vey - ing and sines.
REFRAIN C Em Dm G7 C (everybody)
Sing - ing tan - gent, co - tan - gent, Co - se - cant, co - sine. Sing-ing
C G C (F) C
tan - gent, co - tan - gent, Co - se - cant, co - sine.

Prof. Coffin, from cones cut by planes that passed thru
Made all kinds of figures that he ever knew
Some round like an apple, some lengthened like eggs
Some rounded like sandhills, some pointed like pegs.

REFRAIN: Singing origin, focus, directrix and curve (repeat)



Old Robinson added the third of the three
And algebra hard as the hardest could be
With theorems difficult, problems like steel
Intended, of course, for the students' good weal.

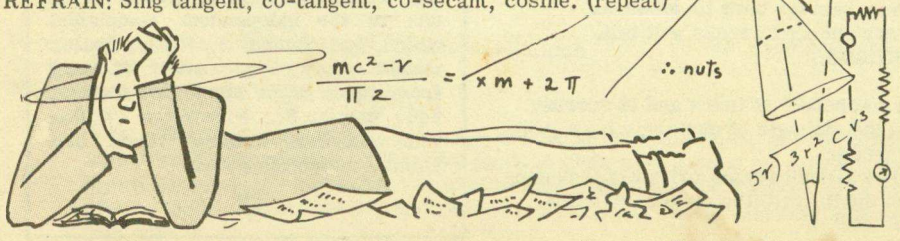
REFRAIN: Sing Robinson, Horner, Prof. Napier, Sturm (repeat)

There was a poor student in Amherst did dwell
The first in his class, and all liked him right well
He drank some cold conics, supposing 'twas wine,
And screeched as he died, "I am choked by a sine!"

REFRAIN: Sing tangent, co-tangent, cosecant, cosine (repeat)

Beware then of sines, now, my classmates, I pray
And follow not tangents, but a straight-forward way,
And then by plain sailing, your port shall be made,
In a harbor of rest by no mortal surveyed.

REFRAIN: Sing tangent, co-tangent, co-secant, cosine. (repeat)



(Siegmeister article, cont'd from page 4)

The great composers, from the Middle Ages through Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Brahms, Wagner, and down to Stravinsky, Bartok, de Falla, Prokofief, Copland, Ives, Gershwin, Blitzstein and Gould in our own time have drawn on the techniques, styles and themes of folk music for their own works. Composers are people (a fact we sometimes forget), and are as sensitive to the beauty and strength of folk music as anyone else. Many of the great styles of what we today call classical music started as forms of the folk. Thus the rondo, sarabande, bourree, gavotte, gigue, and minuet were first folk dances, then court dances, then forms of concert music. The sonata and the symphony arose out of the suite--itself originally a collection of folk or popular dances.

Even the hootenanny or jam session was a practise well known to the masters. It is on record that the Bach family--all musicians--would gather once a year to make music together. A feature of these occasions were the improvised "quodlibets" or extemporaneous combination of popular songs, which the great Johann Sebastian himself used to delight in.

Folk themes practically in their original state are to be found in the cantatas of Bach; the symphonies of Haydn; the songs of Schubert; the sonatas of Brahms; the symphonies of Tchaikovsky; the ballets of Stravinsky, Copland and so on. And the combination of the melodic strength of the folk and the wonderful skill of musical masters led some of the greatest products of western culture.

But this influence did not work only from the ground up. Often art music influenced the practise of folk singers. Thus the instruments we consider "folk" instruments were originally played by skilled professionals: the guitar was well known to the Moorish and Spanish courtiers in the 16th century. As for the banjo it started among the American Negroes (apparently there is a more primitive type of banjo in Africa); was taken over by the minstrel shows and became quite a fashionable instrument after the Civil War. Only later was it introduced to the southern mountaineers, who converted it back again into a "folk" instrument.

The same thing goes for songs. Perhaps the best-loved and most typical of all honest-to-goodness British American folk songs is "Barbara Allen". Originally, back in the 17th century, it was sung by professional concert singers in England, printed on broadsides and sold by music publishers. Later it spread among the people, emigrated to the U. S., was re-worked and re-interpreted and became a "folk" song.

Certainly the harmonic styles of Negro spirituals, while unique in themselves, were strongly influenced by the harmonic part singing of early American church choirs which the African
(Cont'd on page 12, bottom of column 1)

259 Fair & Free Elections

Early American

This song appeared during the period of the Alien and Sedition Laws (Circa 1795), when the government was attempting to intimidate voters. It deserves to be sung today.

While some on rights and some on wrongs
Prefer their own reflections,
The people's rights demand our song -
The right of free elections.

For government and order's sake
And laws important sections,
Let all stand by the ballot box
For freedom of elections.

REFRAIN:

Law and order be the stake
With freedom and protection.
Let all stand by the ballot box
For fair and free elections.

Each town and county's wealth and peace,
Its trade and all connections.
With science, arts must all increase
By fair and free elections.

Then thwart the schemes of fighting lands
And traitor disaffections.
Stand up with willing hearts and hands
For fair and free elections.
REFRAIN:

Should enemies beset us round
Of foreign fierce complexions.
Undaunted we can stand our ground
Upheld by free elections.

Elections are to make us laws,
For trade, peace and protection.
Who fails to vote forsakes the cause
Of fair and free elections.
REFRAIN:

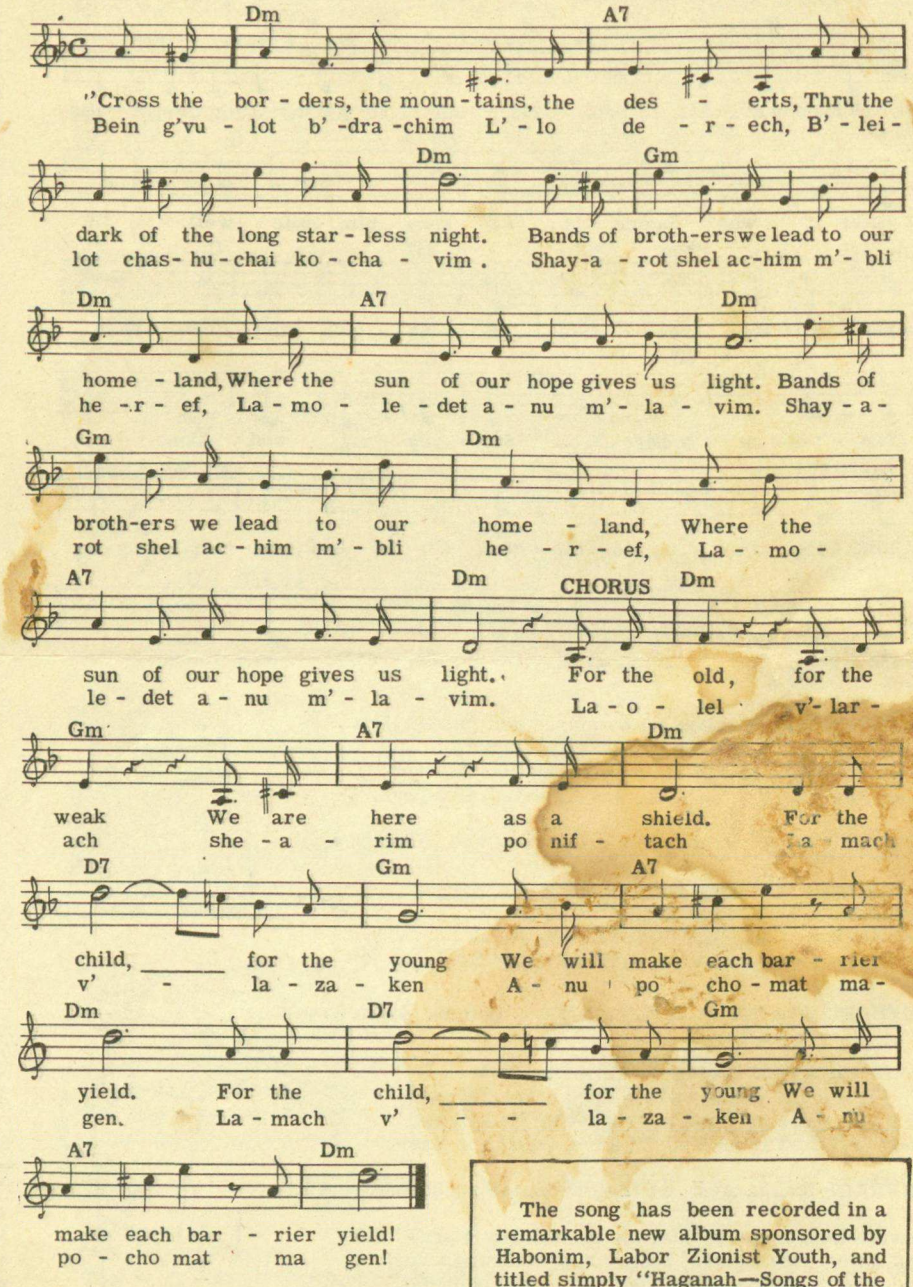
—RECORDS

This song was dug up by a People's Songs member, Paul Glass, who was doing research for the Young People's Record Club series on American history. For those who've not heard these records, we might mention that they have received acclaim as some of the best children's records in the country. They are issued singly on unbreakable plastic, a new record each month. 32 have so far been issued, including: "Little Indian Drum", "Circus Comes to Town", "Around the World" (all for pre-school age groups), and "Yankee Tars", "Mozart's Country Dances", "Underground Train" and "Jazz Band" (for elementary school age groups).

Many People's Songs members, including Betty Sanders, Tom Glazer, Oscar Brand, Peter Seeger, Jane Martin and Kenneth Spencer, have worked on the records. You can sign up for the series by the year ($12.50). Bought in a store, the records are $1.49 apiece. Young People's Record Club, 40 W. 40 St., NYC.

260 Haganah Brigade Song

Haganah song
with
English words by
Adrienne Claiborne

The Jewish Brigade Song was born of the fight against the Nazis in Africa and Italy by the "Jewish Fighting Group" of some 5,000, organized by the Jewish Agency of Palestine. This Jewish Brigade fought its way up to about the center of Italy when the war ended. The town it was stationed in served as a rallying point for Jewish refugees all over Europe who came there pouring into ships for Palestine. It is one of the outstanding songs of the Haganah (Jewish Defense Army) sung by fighting men facing death. (Sounds as Russian as a Red Army song.)

Dm A7
"Cross the bor - ders, the moun - tains, the des - erts, Thru the
Bein g'vu - lot b' -dra -chim L' - lo de - r - ech, B' - lei -
Dm Gm
dark of the long star - less night. Bands of broth-ers we lead to our
lot chas- hu - chai ko - cha - vim. Shay-a - rot shel ac-him m'- bli
Dm A7 Dm
home - land, Where the sun of our hope gives us light. Bands of
he -r - ef, La - mo - le - det a - nu m' - la - vim. Shay - a -
Gm Dm
broth-ers we lead to our home - land, Where the
rot shel ac - him m' - bli he - r - ef, La - mo -
A7 Dm CHORUS Dm
sun of our hope gives us light. For the old, for the
le - det a - nu m' - la - vim. La - o - lel v'- lar -
Gm A7 Dm
weak We are here as a shield. For the
ach she - a - rim po nif - tach La mach
D7 Gm A7
child, for the young We will make each bar - rier
v' - la - za - ken A - nu po cho - mat ma -
Dm D7 Gm
yield. For the child, for the young We will
gen. La - mach v' - - la - za - ken A - nu
A7 Dm
make each bar - rier yield!
po - cho mat ma gen!

If closed are the gates we will break them,
We will smash every enemy wall;
Every barrier built to defeat us,
Every enemy fortress will fall.
(CHORUS:)

Oh you people of tears and of sorrow,
Let the strength of our arms bear your weight.
There will soon come an hour of reckoning
For the killers, the closers of gates.
(CHORUS:)

The song has been recorded in a remarkable new album sponsored by Habonim, Labor Zionist Youth, and titled simply "Haganah—Songs of the Jewish Underground". Also included are a fine, gay hora, and some tender, haunting ballads. Again, it is one of the independent companies which has issued it; if your dealer cannot supply you, order directly from them: Night Music Recordings, 6400 Bartlet St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa. The complete Hebrew words are printed inside the cover.

261

BALLOT IN THE BOX

AN ELECTION SQUARE DANCE

Calls - by Irwin Silber
Music: Old Joe Clark
Copyright 1948, by
People's Songs, Inc.

Over two years ago we published a union square dance which was written by the famed caller, Ralph Tefferteller, when he was an organizer for the textile workers in Tennessee. Recently the American Folksay Group of New York made these additional changes. If any reader thinks of some more, let us know.

1) Hands up and hands around
Our Brand New Party's goin' to town

1) All circle left.

2) Let's go back on a brand new track
Make your feet go wickety-wack
Hurry up and don't be slow
Stomp out reaction as you go

2) All circle right.

3) First couple out to the couple on the right
Circle four with all your might

3) First couple leads to second couple. They join hands and circle left.

4) Ballot in the box and three hands 'round
Henry Wallace is goin' to town

4) First lady gets into center of circle, and other three join hands around and circle left.

5) Count those ballots and when you're done
It's Henry Wallace in Washington

5) First lady joins circle again and first man (her partner) takes her place in center of three.

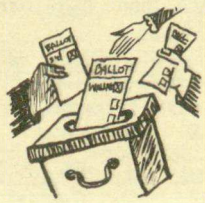
6) You swing mine and I'll swing yours
Swing your own sweet pretty honey, Truman's taking all my money

6) First man swings the opposite lady, first lady swings opposite man. Then each swings his own partner.

7) Circle four and dance some more, active couple add two more
'Cause we don't want a third world war

7) Two couples join hands and circle left. First gent drops hands and adds third couple to circle. They circle left.

8) Ballot in the box and five hands 'round
Henry Wallace is goin' to town
Count your ballots and when you're done
It's Henry Wallace in Washington



8) Same as 4 and 5 above.

9) You swing mine and I'll swing yours
I want my gal 'cause she's a smarty
She belongs to that Brand New Party

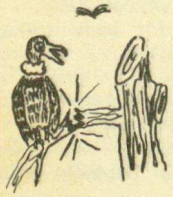
9) Each gent swings his corner (left-hand) lady. Then he swings his own.

10) Ring up six and don't be slow
Truman's in the White House, but out he'll go
Six and two equals eight, circle up until you're straight
'Cause it's Henry Wallace in '48

10) Three couples join hands and circle left. First gent drops hands and adds fourth couple. They circle left.

11) Ballot in the box, seven hands 'round
Henry Wallace is goin' to town
Put that Ol Man Reaction in
Poor old buzzard's out on a limb

11) Same as 4 and 5 above.



12) Balance in with a whoop and a yell
We'll give those two old parties H--l

12) All balance in with first gent in center, making noise.

13) You swing mine and I'll swing yours
Grab your own and do some cuttin'
Make sure she wears a Wallace button

13) Each gent swings his corner lady. Then he swings his own partner.

14) Promenade, promenade, every gal is a Wallace babe
If you don't want that guy to be a soldier or a sailor
You'd better work for Wallace and Taylor

14) All promenade.

15) Do-si-do your corner girl
And around your own for a peaceful world

15) Each gent passes back-to-back with corner lady; then back-to-back with partners.

16) Swing your corner like swingin' on a gate
It's Wallace and Taylor in '48

16) Swing with corners.

17) Swing your own, at least she's human
She's much better than old man Truman

17) Swing with partners.

18) Promenade, hand in hand, take your honey across the land
To shout out loud with a big brass band
We all want that Henry Wallace Man

18) Promenade to seats.

Note: The above description and sequence is the way this dance is used for demonstration purposes by the American Folksay Group. When the dance is done with groups of people who are spending an evening Square Dancing, a regular Square pattern should be followed. That is: — at number 18, dancers promenade back to their original places, and second couple starts around the ring with number 3. Number 1 and 2 are only done at the very beginning of the dance.

ON THE RECORD

● Polish Jews en route to the crematoriums sang a song:
"We go where we are bidden,
Not knowing where or why;
Soon another rhythm will
Sound in our ears
And those who lie hidden in terror
Will join us.
Then we will know
Where we are going, and WHY."

The above song is from a new album of songs (Vox Records) from the DP camps of Europe. The songs are sung by Emma Schaver, coloratura soprano, who collected them when touring DP camps last year for the World Jewish Congress. Some of the songs are terrific social documents, recording faith in the future in the face of fascism and annihilation.

● "Dear Friends. Can you tell me where and if 'Kevin Barry' has been recorded?", writes A.J. from the midwest. Yes, it has been recorded, but you will probably not be able to get it in your local music store, and will have to order it directly. The record is an Earl Robinson single disc, and is out of print. (Timely Records)

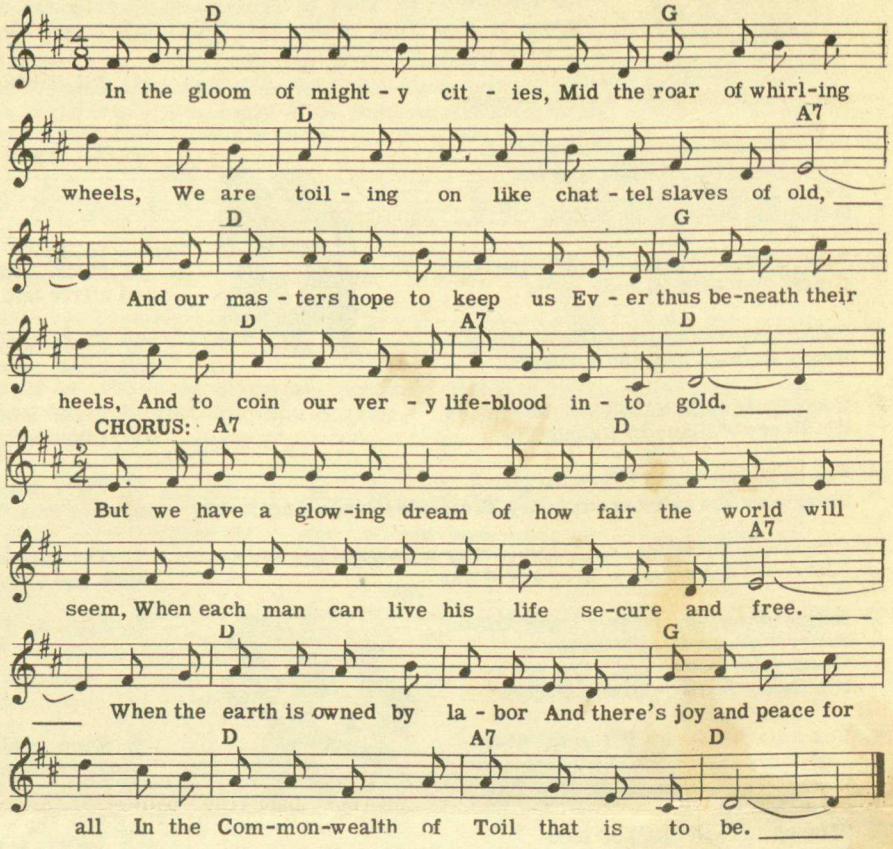
● Woody Guthrie writes: "Cisco and myself sung the 'Henry Wallace Man' song at two rallies in Syracuse over the weekend, and one up at Cornell. The crowd liked the song pretty well, seemed like. (Sold lots of record albums at these three places and a good pile of songbooks, never less than $27 worth at a meeting of sixty or eighty people, which was a good sale, considering the sizes of the crowds.) They're really alive as to what's going on around the world, and hungry for songbooks and records that have a labor message.

All for this dime,
Woody Guthrie"

262 The Commonwealth of Toil

Words by Ralph Chaplin
Music: Darling Nelly Gray

One of the finest of all the old IWW songs, written around 1918.


D G
In the gloom of might - y cit - ies, Mid the roar of whirl-ing
D A7
wheels, We are toil - ing on like chat - tel slaves of old,
D G
And our mas - ters hope to keep us Ev - er thus be-neath their
D A7 D
heels, And to coin our ver - y life-blood in - to gold.
CHORUS: A7 D
But we have a glow-ing dream of how fair the world will
A7
seem, When each man can live his life se-cure and free.
D G
When the earth is owned by la - bor And there's joy and peace for
D A7 D
all In the Com-mon-wealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten
Cringing meekly at their feet.
They would stand between each worker and his bread.
Shall we yield our lives up to them
For the bitter crusts we eat?
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead? (Chorus:)

They have laid our lives out for us
To the utter end of time.
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?
Shall we let them live forever
In their gilded halls of crime
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad? (Chorus:)

When our cause is all triumphant
And we claim our Mother Earth.
And the nightmare of the present fades away,
We shall live with Love and Laughter,
We, who now are little worth.
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay. (Chorus:)

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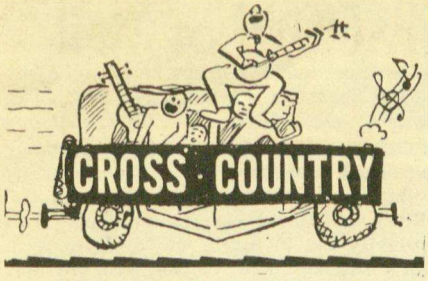


● Bernice Targ has accepted the directorship of the new People's Songs chorus in Chicago. First rehearsal was held Monday, May 10, at the Fine Arts Bldg., 410 S. Michigan Ave., Room 528. Subsequent rehearsals each Monday, same time, same place.

● Mendy Shane, well known in the field of Jewish music, claims to have found the best way to lead singing as he does every summer up at Camp Lakeland, N. Y. He is now an enthusiastic booster for the lantern slide machine, having found a method whereby he can type out the words to any song he wants on a few minutes notice, and put it in the projector. The gadgets he uses are called "Radiomats", and consist of a piece of cellophane on which the words can be typed. They can be ordered from Willoughbys, 110 W. 32 St., NYC.

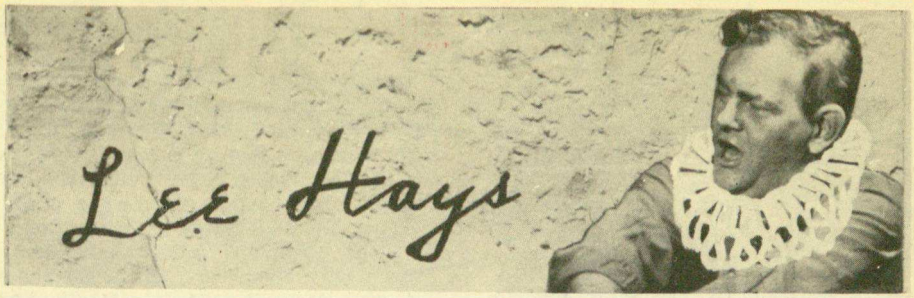
● Here is a new verse by Jackie Gibson (NYC) to the United Nations song:

"Mazeltov to the Jewish State;
2000 years is too long to wait..."

● Earl Robinson relates that when his song "Abe Lincoln" was used in the Broadway hit musical "Hellzapoppin", the Shubert brothers, producers of the show, enthusiastically called in Earl and Alfred Hayes, the lyricist, to discuss a possible topical musical show. "How would this be?", they asked, "something about 'The Reds vs. the Communists', or maybe put in some song like 'Hang Roosevelt to a Sour Apple Tree'." Al and Earl listened in amazement and backed out muttering to themselves about the brains of the people who run Broadway show business.

● Southwestern songster Jenny Wells told everyone at the People's Songs convention how the Indians in her home state of New Mexico went for Palestinian music. The story that tickled us most was that of the old Indian who pestered her to teach him the words to "Artza Alinu", insisting that he wanted to learn it to sing at the next ceremonial dance.

Sure enough, a few weeks later she dropped by his house, and there he was in the backyard, washing his long black hair in preparation for the big shindig, and humming to himself, "Artza Alinu, etc., etc."



SHAKESPEARE X BACON = HAYS!

I am happy to announce that the great Shakespeare-Bacon controversy has now been settled.

As you know, the debate has raged for years. Baconians have claimed all the works of Shakespeare for their master on various grounds, such as that Shakespeare was only an actor and couldn't even spell his name twice the same; whereas Bacon was past master of the slung word.

On this question, Logan Pearsall Smith comments:

"And then, faint and far, as the wind shifts, we hear the ululations of these vaster herds of Baconian believers, as they plunge squeaking down the Gadarene slope of their delusion." (From "On Reading Shakespeare")

Deluded or not, the Baconians are fanatics and true believers. All is grist for their mill. Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, in "Bacon Is Shakespeare", argues from a supposed cryptogram found in the fifth act of "Love's Labour's Lost". The word, as you may see for yourself, is:

honorificabilitudinitatibus

and is pronounced by the clown. Now Sir Edwin (I call him thus familiarly only because I have known him at least as long as had his mother when she took the liberty) shuffles the letters of this word around and comes up with

HI LUDI F. BACONIS NATI TUITI ORBI

which being translated says, "These plays, F. Bacon's offspring, are preserved for the world."

I learned all this from Roger Hill, Headmaster of Todd School. That is, I never met Mr. Hill, but I have read part of one of his books. (The Mercury Shakespeare, edited for reading and arranged for staging by Orson Welles and Roger Hill -- The Merchant of Venice. Harpers.) When Hill was an undergraduate at Illinois he effectively disposed of Sir Edwin's claim by rearranging honorificabilitudinitatibus himself, like this:

IDIOTIC RUBBISH IN LATIN AT U. OF I.

There's more proof on both sides, but you get the idea. But both sides have now been confounded by the revelation that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare, nor was he Bacon, but a chap named Hays!

Of course we have known this all along in the family but have neglected to mention it. We haven't been overly proud of that early Hays who let an ordinary actor swipe his stuff and get away with it so easily. It would have been a simple matter for him to register his claim to authorship on the proper copyright form. But the suspicion in the family has been that he probably laid up drunk and let such routine matters slip, until the thieving was done.

So you see, if I have at times allowed certain of my own writings to wander, as it were, like lost sheep untended by their proper though neglectful master, into the fold of some other writing person or persons (here unnamed) -- it is only that it runs in the family. I come by it honestly, and am only endeavoring to maintain the tradition.

Even as a child, I had my suspicions about Shakespeare. I remember how my great-great-grandmother used to sing me to sleep with the well known Shakespearean song whose name I forget at the moment. It has a hey nonny nonny in it, I think, and these lines:

"Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy"

Already, you see, Shakespeare -- I mean Hays -- was singing with a southern accent, as early as 1600 A.D.

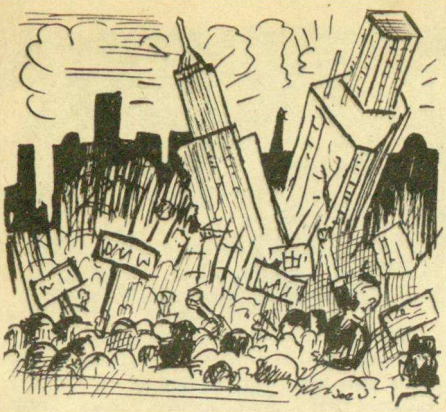
Hays was also well known for his familiarity with ballads, ballad singers, and ballad sellers, a familiarity which crops up in the family line occasionally -- well, the first two, anyhow, though I can't say any of us have done well as ballad sellers, and that's a fact. In one of Hays' plays, "Winter's Tale", occurs this passage:

CLOWN. What hast here? ballads?

MOPSA. Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

AUTOLYCUS. Here's a ballad of a fish that appeared upon the west on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It is thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for

(Cont'd on page 12)



(Before the Unions, cont'd from page 3)

Overworked, underfed and underpaid, the sailor, lumberjack or miner seldom found protest possible. Only on the frontier, where every man carried his own law strapped to his belt, could workers "leave old Crego's bones to bleach", thus fulfilling what must have been the ambition of many workers of the period. Generally, they could only sing about their grievances--well summed up by a sea chantey:

"She shipped it green and made us curse;
The mate is a devil and the old man worse
The winds were foul, the ship was slow,
The grub was bad, the wages low,
We'll sing, oh may we never be
On a hungry b---- the like of she"

Not until the Wobblies came along did the songs of complaint turn into songs of protest and action. With the coming of unions, the workers found it possible to fight back as well as sing. And the fight still goes on:

"I wish I had a needle,
I wish I had a thread,
I wish I had a raise in pay--
I reckon I'm a red" (1947)

263 New Walls of Jericho

By E. Y. Harburg
Copyright 1948
by E. Y. Harburg

Strictly speaking, this is not a song, but a sermon, such as might be preached by a holiness preacher. It was first performed in "Showtime for Wallace" which was put together last spring by some of Broadway's best actors and writers. Opening night was on a Sunday in New York's swank Cafe Society. Richard Huey ("Bloomer Girl", "Lonesome Train", etc.) took the part of the preacher. He was preceded by a quartet who sang Harburg's new words to "Jericho" ("Wallace come to battle for 'Merica, and Wall Street's tumbing down"). Huey started the sermon solemnly, with the song continuing in the background. Gradually the intensity was built up, with congregation responses, till at the end it was a singing chant, vibrant with rhythm. The song came in then as a finale. You may either use Harburg's version (order People's Songs Broadside #42) or the original "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho", which has the advantage that the audience can and will swing right in with you.

Yes my brethren
The walls of Wall Street
There they stand
High and mighty
Around the City of the Golden Calf
Wherein dwelleth the money changers
Dwelleth the gamblers

Who twirleth the roulette wheel of history
Who stacketh the cards against the wheat and the grain
Who loadeth the dice against those who toil and those who sweat
Who reapeth the harvest they soweth not
Who put the steel and the oil
Above the flesh and the blood
Who paradeth the Bible and waveth the flag
And drowneth the issues in brass bands
And in brass hats
And with brass hearts
Who abandon the Golden Rule
For the rule of gold
There they stand these mighty walls
And around them twineth the root of all evil
From which bloometh the blossom of all sin

I'm talking about the sins of 1948
The sin of the slums
The sin of Jim Crow
The sin of the college quota
The sin of restrictive covenants
The sin of the Poll Tax
The sin of want amidst plenty
The sin of cannon for the hungry people of Greece
The sin of clubs for the pickets of America
The sin of no homes for the homeless
The sin of billions for bombs and pennies for books
The sin of dollar a pound butter
And thirty cents a day for a sharecropper
The sin of profits for G. E.
And death for G. I.

And as Joshua stood before the walls of Jericho
So Wallace stands before the walls of Wall Street
And though he hath not the trumpet of the press
And though he hath not the trumpet of the radio
He hath the trumpet of Truth
And the Truth is seven times louder than thunder
And that thunder is rolling over the land
Yes, Lord, it's that ONE-WORLD THUNDER
And that thunder is rolling over the land
And it's the same thunder that's thundering over the world
Yes, Lord, it's that ONE-WORLD THUNDER
And the people are hearin'
And the people are gatherin'
And the people are comin'
Coming to the battle for 'Merica!
'Merica! 'Merica!

SONGS FOR WALLACE

A collection of 25 songs, parodies, etc. for use in the election campaign. It includes songs by E. Y. (Yip) Harburg, Earl Robinson, Bob and Adrienne Claiborne, Goodson and Vale, Bryant Morey French, Ray Glaser and Bill Wolff, Woody Guthrie, and others.

Published by People's Songs, Inc. for -
NATIONAL WALLACE-FOR-PRESIDENT COMMITTEE

Individual copies — 25¢
Special rates for orders of 50 or more.

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126 West 21st Street
New York City, -11, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Readers:

This is your page. Many of the letters included raise issues on which you may have a different opinion. This page can become really alive and exciting if you put in your "two cents". So, let's hear from you!

Dear People's Songs:

What song am I thinking of and where can I find it? It is a song from the Orkney or Shetland Islands. Runs something like this:

"The sea winds are wailing wearily, wearily,
(Birds are doing something) drearily, drearily.
(And ends): Come (thou) (ye) to me."

Huston Smith
St. Louis, Mo.

(Editor's note: Information, please!!)

☆ ☆ ☆ ——

Dear People's Songs:

I want to write you a few words of praise and encouragement for Lee Hays' column. The guy is all right. He has a feeling for the little guy, the farmer, the sharecropper and all the people who go to make up those who stand to lose the most and gain the least, if another war should be forced upon us by our own leadership.

More power to you, and him, and "People's Songs".

Yours very truly,
Robert R. Citron, M.D.
Chicago, Ill.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear People's Songs:

There has been a crazy, incorrect story going around about a certain song, and it seems that this would be the best place to set things straight for the record!

It concerns a "Philippine Guerilla Song" with the chorus, "To my gun, to my gun, to my thunderbolt." The first verse goes, "I'm a battling bastard from Bataan, no pop, no mom, no Uncle Sam". Fact is, this song was written in 1941 by the Almanac Singers when they read this couplet in a newspaper release about Bataan. Arthur Stern, one of the Almanac Singers at that time, heard me singing a Texas oxdrivers' song. He made up the rest of the verses and the chorus following that opening couplet.

So now everywhere I go, people want to know if I've heard that wonderful "Philippine Guerilla Song".

Peter Seeger

Dear People's Songs:

The new songbook is really a beauty. I've seen a number of collections of people's songs, but this one really tops the lot. This is not merely my opinion, but the consensus of everyone to whom I've shown it. Almost everyone wants a copy--which is a good omen for future sales.

I've only one serious complaint: the guitar arrangements are simply not up to the rest of the book. A few are good; most are difficult in spots; some are simply unplayable.

The guitar chords used in the songbook are, I know, derived directly from the piano arrangements. This system is, I believe, a convention of the music-publishing business which no one has ever seen fit to challenge. Well, I challenge it!

The guitar and the piano are, obviously, two different instruments. Both are versatile, but each has its own limitations. An arrangement which is effective for piano is not necessarily effective for guitar, and vice versa. Indeed, for a number of technical reasons which I won't bore you with, a guitar accompaniment for a song must, nine times out of ten, be harmonically simpler than a piano accompaniment for the same song. This goes for most types of music, but particularly for folk songs and songs in the folk style.

The only justification I can see for "adjusting" guitar chords to the piano harmonies is the possibility that at some time somebody will want to play guitar along with piano. This seems to me most unlikely. The two instruments don't go well together; the guitar almost invariably being drowned out. I feel that anyone who wants to play the guitar while somebody else is playing the piano should be discouraged rather than encouraged. And for every such misguided individual you'll find at least a dozen pure and simple guitarists who want a simple, playable arrangement and to hell with the piano score.

With the exception of Dyer-Bennett's small book, I know of no collection of songs where the guitar is treated as an instrument of independent importance. Considering the importance that the guitar has played in the development and propagation of People's Songs, it seems to me that we should try to correct this situation.

It seems to me perfectly reasonable that, just as piano arrangements are made by pianists, guitar arrangements should be made by guitarists--with some sort of note in the preface making clear that the piano and guitar scores will not necessarily click if played together.

I certainly hope that, if and when a revised edition of the songbook is published, something of the sort will be done. Meantime, despite this weakness, the book is a fine job, and should have an equally fine sale.

Bob Claiborne
New York City

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Sirs and Brothers:

On behalf of the membership of our Union on strike at Vim and the Times Square Stores and the Executive Council, I should like to express our sincere appreciation to Ronnie Gilbert, George Levine and Gene Bass for their splendid efforts in behalf of our strikers during the return trip of the anti-Mundt Bill delegation from Washington.

As a result of their musical contributions from car to car three of our strikers were able to collect approximately $173 in contributions toward the strike fund. Our Vim strikers are now in their ninth week of strike and our Times Square members are in their sixth week of strike. The sum collected will be of great assistance in solving some of our urgent welfare problems.

We know that the contribution of these members of your organization meant a personal sacrifice in addition to the strains of the delegation itself. We are indeed grateful that both your organization and the caliber of your artists make such sacrifices possible on behalf of organized labor.

Our striker delegates, Max Sobel, Irving Moldawsky and Steve Cerniglia, wish to add their personal expression of appreciation.

Fraternally yours,
Nathan Solomon
President
Local 830, Retail and Wholesale
Employees Union
New York, N. Y.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear People's Songs:

People's songs are effective weapons today and as such take their place in historical situations. Such being the case I am extremely interested in seeing the songs old and new more fully documented so that not only the singer but the historian could use the songs as weapons

Sincerely,
Norbert Simon
Chicago, Ill.

(Shakespeare, cont'd from page 9)
she would not exchange kisses with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful and as true.

DORCAS. It is true, think you?

AUTOLYCUS. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

CLOWN. Lay it by: another.

AUTOLYCUS. This is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man". There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Already they were making up new songs to old tunes, you see. In some ways, Autolycus reminds me of -- but 'twere better not said.

Having presented these corollary and internal evidences, perhaps it is time to state a few facts in proof of my claim.

East of the Mississippi, authority for the claim that Shakespeare was really Hays is, of course, myself.

West of the same river, however, the authority is a chap named Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who has, I believe, attained a certain small reputation in the cinema. Sir Cedric has let it be known that he is in possession of an ancient playbill announcing a playing of a play called "Macbeth", and stating in black and white that until that time the author had been thought to be Shakespeare but that now the real author, Hays, would be credited with "Macbeth" as with all the other plays which had been pirated by Shakespeare, the actor.

People's Songs of California may inquire of Sir Cedric, if they wish. If I'm lying, let Sir Cedric sue me.

So I conclude with a few quotes from that great ancestor of mine (and who has a better right than I?)

"Hey nonny nonny!"
"Heigh ho!"
"Bow wow."
"Ding dong bell."
"Cock-a-diddle-dow!"

--Sha- Oops, pardon! --Hays

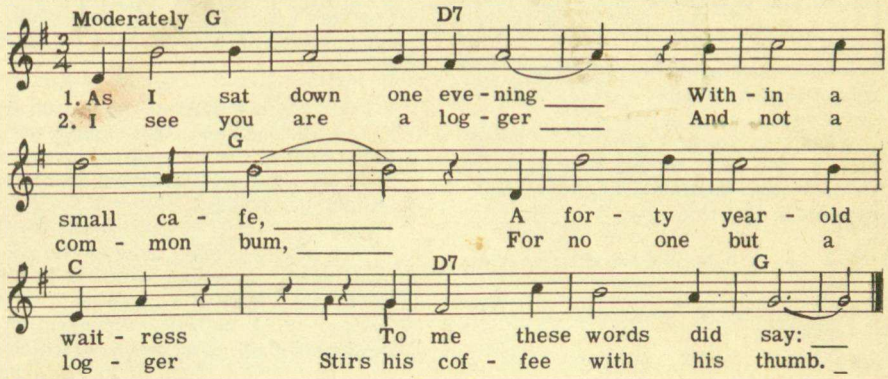
(Siegmeister article, cont'd from page 5)
slaves heard and re-created in their own way. Africans have no such harmony. The writers of church hymnbooks were almost always schooled and trained musicians who knew their textbook rules. It is in this way that folk music is influenced by "serious" music, even as the "serious" music itself shows the folk strain.

Folk music is very much alive in America today, and it is natural that our most talented and sensitive composers should love this people's art, be influenced by it, and create symphonic works that reveal this love while going further in the development of American symphonic music.

--by Elie Siegmeister-

264 The Frozen Logger

Words by Jim Stevens
As sung by Ivar Haglund

A "made up" song, along the order of "Eddystone Light" and "Strawberry Roan", but one which will no doubt take its place with the great body of American folksongs and tall stories. The authors in this case are not anonymous, but two very much alive citizens of Seattle. Ivar Haglund, in addition to broadcasting the song from his local radio program, and teaching it to another Seattlite, Earl Robinson, runs a sea food restaurant on the waterfront, appropriately enough called "Acres of Clams". The song is recorded by Earl Robinson in his album "Americana" (Keynote 132).

Moderately G
D7
1. As I sat down one eve - ning With - in a
2. I see you are a log - ger And not a
G
small ca - fe, A for - ty year - old
com - mon bum, For no one but a
C
D7
G
wait - ress To me these words did say:
log - ger Stirs his cof - fee with his thumb.

My logger was a lover
There's none like him today
If you poured whisky on it
He'd eat a bale of hay.

He never shaved the whiskers
From off his horny hide
But he drove them in with a hammer
And bit 'em off inside

My logger came to see me
On one freezing day
He held me in a fond embrace
That broke three vertebrae

He kissed me when we parted
So hard he broke my jaw
I could not speak to tell him
He'd forgot his Mackinaw

I saw my logger lover,
Sauntering thru the snow
A going gaily homeward,
At forty-eight below.

The weather tried to freeze him,
It tried its level best.
At one-hundred degrees below Zero -
He buttoned up his vest.

It froze clean thru China,
It froze to the stars above,
At 1000 degrees below Zero
It froze my logger love.

They tried in vain to thaw him,
And if you'll believe me, sir,
They made him into axe-blades,
To chop the Douglas Fir.

And so I lost my lover,
And to this cafe I come,
And here I wait till someone,
Stirs his coffee with his thumb.

Copyright 1947 by Jim Stevens and Ivar Haglund

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SONGS OF LABOR AND THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Vol. 3 No. 1 & 2

SECOND ANNIVERSARY

Feb. & Mar. 35¢

People's Songs is a non-profit organization formed to "create, promote and distribute songs of labor and the people."

Vol. 3 Feb. & Mar.
No. 1 & 2 1948

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PEOPLE'S SONGS GROWING UP

A BIG JOB AHEAD

EARL ROBINSON

It is a deep and heartfelt pleasure to welcome the Second Anniversary People's Songs Bulletin. It is good to record that we are alive and kicking in spite of tough times and real financial problems. It is good to record a steady improvement in the Bulletin, the readability, the song values, the human content. It is important to remember that we have traveled a long ways forward from that first brown paper mimeograph job.

The Bulletin is an event every month now for a few thousand people in the U.S. and Canada, and a few foreign countries. Traveling around America in this last period it has been heartening to see groups clustered around pianos playing through the songs, copies in conspicuous places on table and piano, or carefully arranged in order in booklet form. And best of all, the songs being sung to all by audiences in concert halls and picket lines.

The criticisms? Mainly on the level of song material. Not high enough yet by a jugful. Better music needed, real tunes that sing and have a higher musical value, twists and turns and beauty and strength to occasionally go beyond the extra simple folk song. And yet be very singable.

Let's draw in a few more professionals, people from the commercial field as well as stimulating and setting higher standards for the amateur writers. And most important, dig down deeper into the needs of the people for our subject matter. Take a real part in the fight for a decent life, for peace in the world and the specific problems of each town and state.

We have a big job ahead of us. An important and exciting job which will take real energy and heart and mind from the growing army of people's singers. Here's singin' at you.

—EARL ROBINSON

PEOPLE'S SONGS BIRTHDAY

There are two candles in the People's Songs birthday cake this month. It was just a little over two years ago that Vol. 1 No. 1 of the People's Songs Bulletin was issued.

Now usually, a two-year old baby hasn't got much to look back on. He's still in his swaddling clothes, just learning how to walk around and discovering that the noise which he can make come out of his mouth is liable to bring results. Well, People's Songs is a lot like that two-year old. We're still in our swaddling clothes; still learning how to move ahead in the most sure-footed way; and first really beginning to understand the things we can do when we get our mouths open wide.

Unlike that baby, though, we do have a lot to look back upon. And since birthdays usually seem to be a time for looking over the record and sizing things up—maybe we ought to do that.

We've certainly come a long way in our short two years from the first unassuming, mimeographed copy of the People's Songs Bulletin and the first New York Hootenanny. Our Bulletin reaches 2,500 readers every month (except when financial headaches get the better of us); People's Songs branches are busy servicing their communities all over the country, with active groups operating in Los Angeles Chicago, Cleveland, New York, Brooklyn, San Francisco, Detroit, Toronto, Portland, Minneapolis, Albuquerque, and Cornell University; new songs are being written and gotten to people's singers every week; the new People's Songbook is finally off the presses in a first edition of 25,000 copies; and much more.

The year since our first birthday has been an especially exciting one. Most outstanding event, of course, was the first national convention of People's Songs, held in Chicago Oct. 9 - 12. Here, some fifty singers, songwriters, composers and others gathered together to discuss a new kind of organization. And when they were finished, there was a new People's Songs—with a national constitution, with duly-elected national officers, and a much sounder idea of where they were going.

1947 also saw People's Songs thruout the country really settle down to the job of important community work. People's Songsters in Los Angeles participated in and spark-plugged the California Housing Caravan; the dynamic People's Songs gang in Cleveland traveled all over Ohio singing for shoe workers in Portsmouth and for the Wallace-organizing convention in Columbus; songwriters of the newly-organized Brooklyn branch of People's Songs turned out sparkling material for the November New York City elections.

(Cont'd on page 10)

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This month's cover by Jacob Lawrence

CLEVELAND SINGS FOR WALLACE

As our contribution to the '48 election campaign, People's Songs Cleveland started publication of an expanding Wallace for President Song Book. The first issue contains three songs. More songs are in process of being written and we intend to make it a substantial contribution to the Wallace movement throughout the nation as well as in Ohio. This first issue was received with real enthusiasm at the initiation of the Wallace for President campaign in Ohio on Feb. 1st in Columbus. Joe Haber, local artist and People's Songs member, was responsible for the art work and layout of the song booklet.

A "Wallace for President" rally in the Friendship Baptist Church, at which Paul Robeson was the featured speaker, drew a crowd which the Cleveland Plain Dealer described as 'Large enough and generous enough to make professional politicians envious.

Before Robeson delivered the main address of the evening, he sang six songs, including a rendition of new verses to the tune of 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' written by Bryant French of Cleveland. Robeson introduced the song with high praise and said it might "well become the theme song of the '48 campaign."

After Robeson introduced the song and credited French as the author of the words, the audience of more than 3,000 applauded warmly. As Robeson's rich baritone filled the church, the audience, without any prompting, joined in on the final chorus.

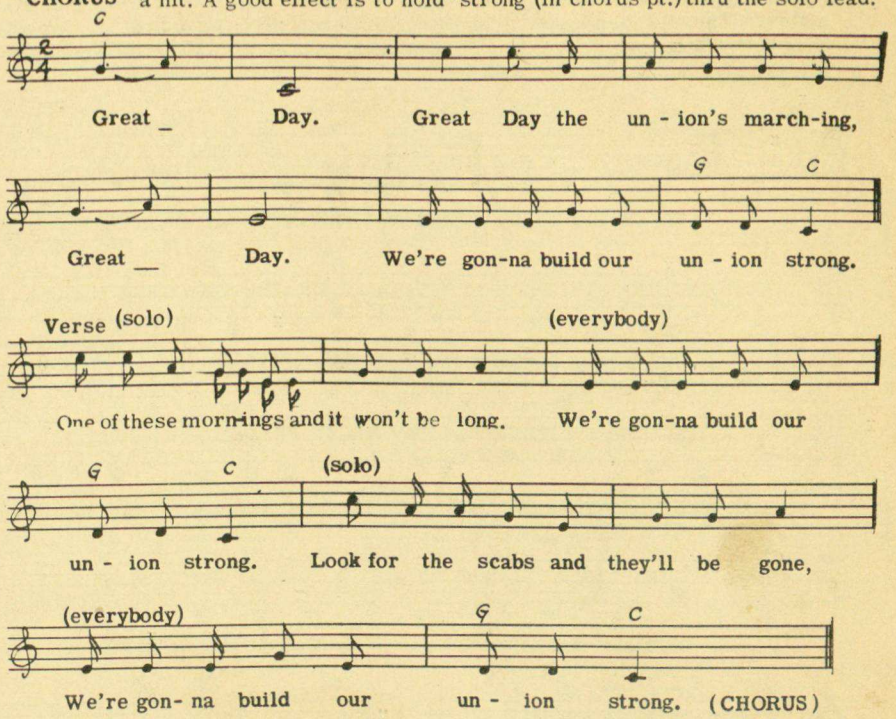
Robeson later stated to Bryant that he intends to use this version throughout his travels during the campaign. In addition, Robeson gave permission to People's Songs Cleveland to use his parody on "Gideon's Army" in their next publication of the Wallace Song-Book. Robeson wrote it to the tune of a traditional Negro spiritual.

Joseph Haber, Publicity Director
People's Songs, Cleveland, Ohio

222 Great Day

Words by Highlander Students
F. T. A. Term '46
Music: Negro spiriaual

When Zilphia Horton sang and led this song for us at the Carnegie Hoot Dec 13; we didn't need anymore song-screening to know that this was a hit. A good effect is to hold 'strong' (in chorus pt.) thru the solo lead.


CHORUS
C
Great _ Day. Great Day the un - ion's march-ing,
G C
Great __ Day. We're gon-na build our un - ion strong.
Verse (solo)
(everybody)
One of these mornings and it won't be long. We're gon-na build our
G C
(solo)
un - ion strong. Look for the scabs and they'll be gone,
(everybody)
G C
We're gon- na build our un - ion strong. (CHORUS)

One of these mornings bright and fair
Old man McKellar won't be there . . .
(CHORUS)

Some of these mornings bright and fair
Crump'll be a workin' and we don't know where . . .
(CHORUS)

223 Battle Hymn Of '48

Tune: John Brown's Body
See article on Cleveland above. New words by Bryant M. French

There's a fresh breeze a-blowing all across this mighty land,
And it sings of peace and progress and prosperity at hand
With security and plenty for the people to command,
For the People's march is on. (CHORUS)

Glory, glory, hallelujah. Glory, glory, hallelujah.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, for the People's march is on.

From the Bay of Massachusetts out into the Golden Gate
Henry Wallace leads his army 'gainst destruction, fear, and hate,
We Americans will save the precious land that we create,
For the People's march is on. (CHORUS)

From the village, from the city, all the nation's voice has roared;
Down the rivers, 'cross the prairies, like a torrent it has poured;
"We will march like Gideon's army, we will fight with Gideon's sword,
For the People's march is on." (CHORUS)

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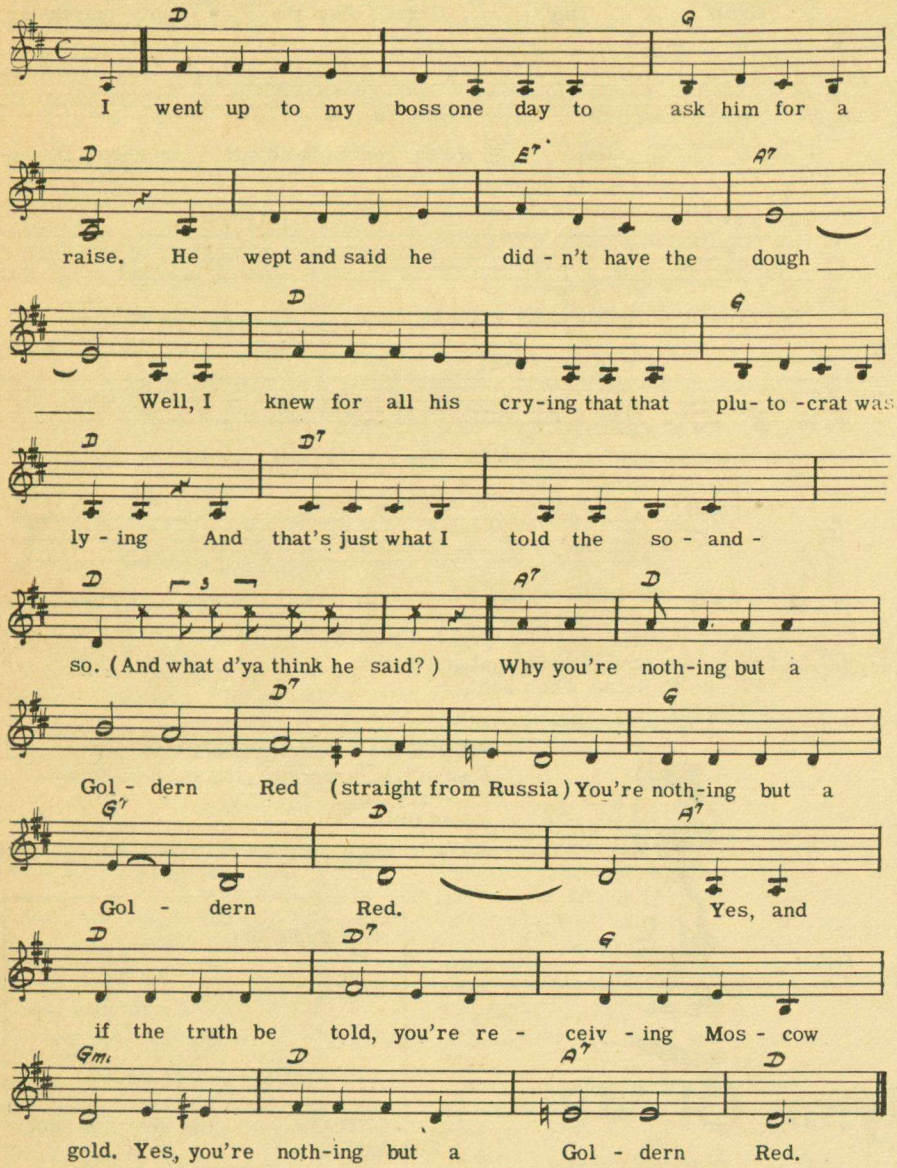
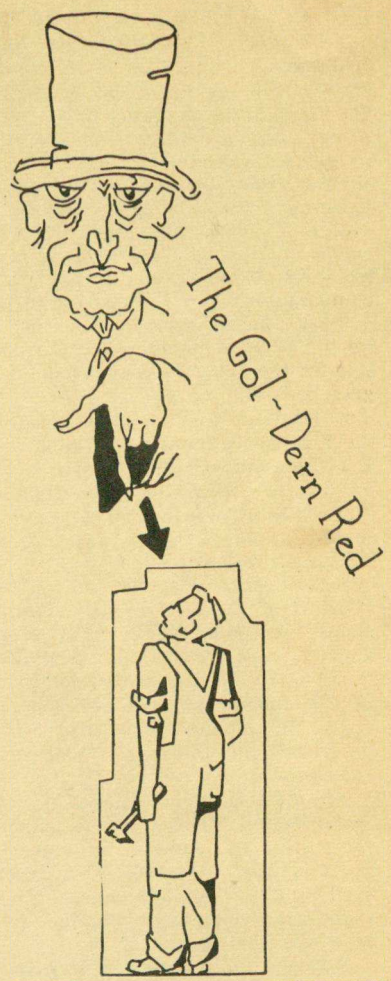
224 The Gol-dern Red

Words and music by Bob Claiborne
Copyright 1947 by Bob Claiborne

One of the first songs that came as an answer to the attacks of the Un-American Activities Committee was this one. You may also remember Lewis Allan's 'Is There a Red under your Bed'. Although Gol-Dern Red has already been distributed as a Broadside, its continued popularity and timeliness make it a valuable addition to this Bulletin.


I went up to my boss one day to ask him for a
raise. He wept and said he did - n't have the dough ____
____ Well, I knew for all his cry-ing that that plu- to -crat was
ly - ing And that's just what I told the so - and -
so. (And what d'ya think he said?) Why you're noth-ing but a
Gol - dern Red (straight from Russia) You're noth-ing but a
Gol - dern Red. Yes, and
if the truth be told, you're re - ceiv - ing Mos - cow
gold. Yes, you're noth-ing but a Gol - dern Red.



Birthday Greetings From:

PEOPLE'S SONGS

NATIONAL STAFF

Pete Seeger	Chairman
Irwin Silber	Executive Director
Waldemar Hille	Librarian

The speed-up was terrific, and the pay was mighty small,
So we organized a union one fine day.
I said "Boss, you better talk, or we'll have to take a walk"
And here's the very words I heard him say — (and I quote):
Why you're nothing but a gol-dern red (agitator)
Why, you're nothing but a gol-dern red.
If you're for the CIO, you're a stooge for Uncle Joe,
Yes, you're nothing but a gol-dern red.

Well, the boss refused to bargain, so we had to call a strike.
The coppers tried to bust our picket line.
I fought them like a man, but they threw me in the can
And this is what I heard the judge opine —— (hear ye, hear ye)
Why you're nothing but a gol-dern red (thirty days)
Why, you're nothing but a gol-dern red.
If you strike for higher wages, you've been
reading Lenin's pages.
Yes, you're nothing but a gol-dern red.

I took a Negro brother out to get some hash with me.
The waitress blushed and looked the other way,
The owner said "Get out — we don't want your kind about,
And you won't get served in here till Judgment Day-
(Here it comes)
Why you're nothing but a gol-dern red (just like Lincoln)
Why, you're nothing but a gol-dern red.
If you think a man's a man when his skin is black or tan
Then you're nothing but a gol-dern red.

Here's the moral to my story: if you strike for higher pay,
If discrimination gets you good and mad,
If you get into a fight for insisting on your rights,
Then you're sure to be denounced as something bad -
(Guess what)
Why you're nothing but a gol-dern red (great God)
Why, you're nothing but a gol-dern red.
Every loyal union man is an Un-American,
Yes, you're nothing but a gol-dern red.

Shirley Gray and Lee Barrie

Two Voices and a Guitar

GREETINGS FROM **LEE**

GREETINGS from the SOUTHWEST

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Greetings from-

JOE JAFFE

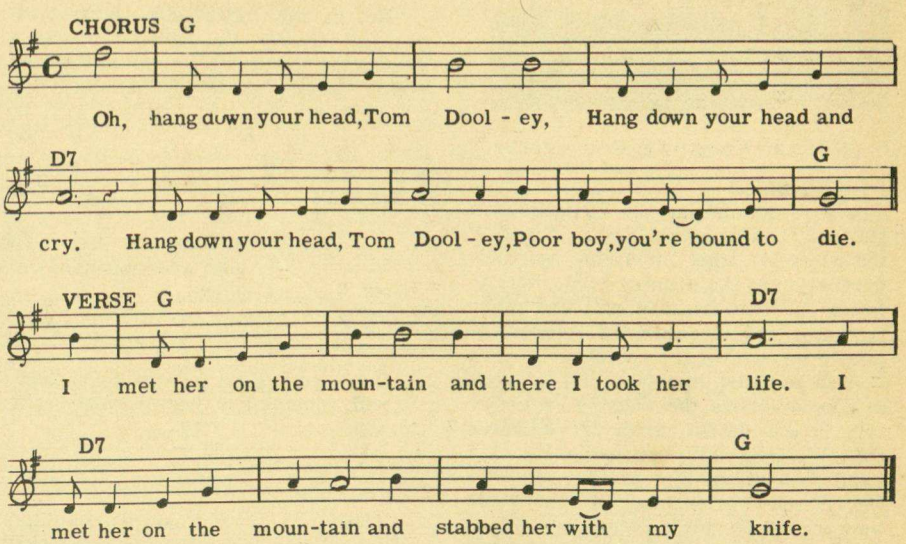
GREETINGS TO PEOPLE'S SONGS

LANGSTON HUGHES

225 Tom Dooley

Civil War song
As sung by Frank Warner
Used by permission

Tom Dooley is about an incident growing out of the Civil War. A returned soldier finds that things are not quite the same with his girl as they were before he left. He now has competitors for her favor. Not being able to cope with the situation, he kills the girl. The rest of the story is told in the lyrics of the song.


CHORUS G
Oh, hang down your head, Tom Dool - ey, Hang down your head and
D7
G
cry. Hang down your head, Tom Dool - ey, Poor boy, you're bound to die.
VERSE G
D7
I met her on the moun-tain and there I took her life. I
D7
G
met her on the moun-tain and stabbed her with my knife.

Hand me down my banjo
I'll pick it on my knee
'Cause this time tomorrow
It'll be no use to me. (Cho.)

This time tomorrow
Where you reckon I'll be?
If it hadn't 'a-been for Grayson
I'd 'a been in Tennessee. (Cho.)

This time tomorrow
Where you reckon I'll be?
Down in some lonesome valley
A-hanging on a white oak tree. (Cho.)

Frank Warner has popularized this version of Tom Dooley. It is one of many songs which Frank will include in a book he is working on now. The release date will be announced. Some of his favorite songs can be heard in his album Hudson Valley Songs, Disc-119.

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Norman Franklin & Henry Foner

FLYING DISCS

A few months ago the citizens of a number of midwestern states reported the unusual sight of flying saucers hurtling over the country-side. Speculation on "men from Mars" and other fantastic ideas aroused the interest of people throughout the country.

Also designed to arouse the interest of people across the country is People's Songs' latest project—"FLYING DISCS". Originally outlined at the national convention, this project involves the extensive interchange of recordings between the People's Songs branches.

Already some forty-five discs have reached New York and Chicago from Los Angeles. People's Songsters in New York have already taken advantage of these discs by adding some new songs and parodies to their repertories. Some of these are songs which may not appear in the Bulletin at all—or else will not appear for some time.

Among the popular parodies Los Angeles sent out were 'Swingin' on a Scab' and 'Snowball' by the Berries, and 'Freedom Train' with the new Los Angeles People's Songs Chorus.

Main value of these discs is that it gives singers an opportunity to listen to the sound of certain songs which in print do not seem to be worth-while. Goodson & Vale's material, for instance, written out, may not seem the kind of songs which can be done easily. But after listening to the style used by Sonny and Morry, singers in other parts of the country can add this material to their repertoires successfully.

Chicago has also come through with a number of acetates, and these are being listened to eagerly by New York singers and songwriters. Eventually, both of these sets will make the rounds of all of the People's Songs branches.

The New York branch is now preparing a set of acetates which will soon start its way across the country—including new material from some of the well-known performers as well as from some of the younger singers.

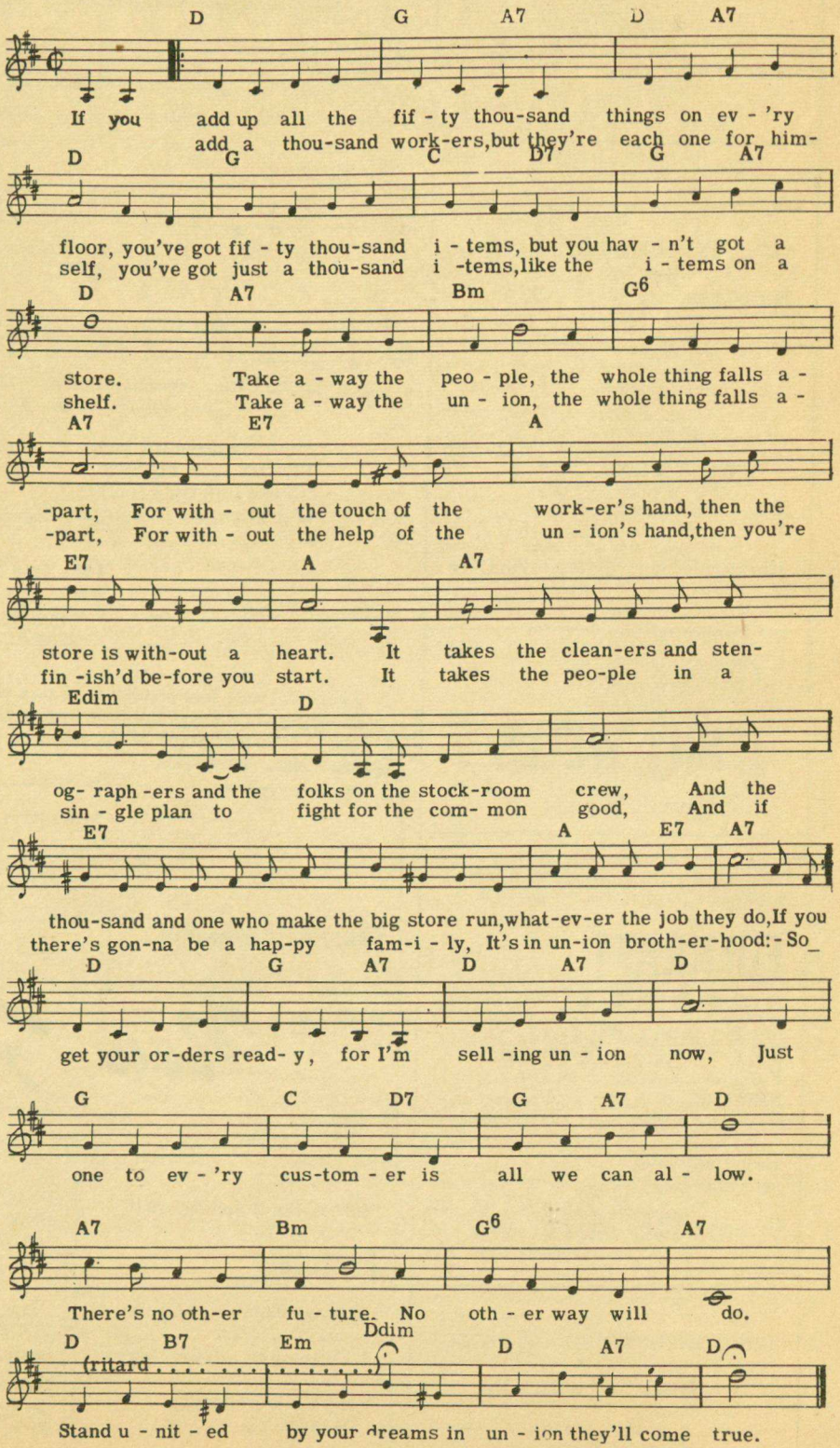
This is a project which a good many of our People's Songs subscribers will want to be a part of. However, the only way to get in on the listening end is through a People's Songs branch. And so, if any added inducement were needed, here's an additional reason for signing up now with your local People's Songs group. For complete information on the branch in your area, write the National Office, 126 west 21 st, New York 11 N.Y. - I. S.

226 Selling Union

Words by Henry Foner
Music by Norman Franklin
From "Thursdays Till Nine"

Thanksgiving 1947 marked the presentation of the first labor musical in NYC since "Pins and Needles" made Broadway history almost ten years earlier. Titled "Thursdays Till Nine", the show was presented by the Department Store Employees Union, CIO, and featured a cast of 55 behind-the-counter workers of Macy's, Gimbels, Hearns, Namms, and a host of other New York stores.

Set in the R.H. Maybe Department Store ("Don't say no, say maybe") the musical depicts the tribulations of a homeless haberdashery salesman who learns the lessons of unionism the hard way. Fifteen songs, including "Selling Union" and a "Ballet of the Shirts" dot the production.


D G A7 D A7
If you add up all the fif - ty thou-sand things on ev - 'ry
add a thou-sand work-ers, but they're each one for him-
D G C D7 G A7
floor, you've got fif - ty thou-sand i - tems, but you hav - n't got a
self, you've got just a thou-sand i -tems, like the i - tems on a
D A7 Bm G6
store. Take a - way the peo - ple, the whole thing falls a -
shelf. Take a - way the un - ion, the whole thing falls a -
A7 E7 A
-part, For with - out the touch of the work-er's hand, then the
-part, For with - out the help of the un - ion's hand, then you're
E7 A A7
store is with-out a heart. It takes the clean-ers and sten-
fin -ish'd be-fore you start. It takes the peo-ple in a
Edim D
og- raph -ers and the folks on the stock-room crew, And the
sin - gle plan to fight for the com- mon good, And if
E7 A E7 A7
thou-sand and one who make the big store run, what-ev-er the job they do, If you
there's gon-na be a hap-py fam-i - ly, It's in un-ion broth-er-hood: - So_
D G A7 D A7 D
get your or-ders read- y, for I'm sell -ing un - ion now, Just
G C D7 G A7 D
one to ev - 'ry cus-tom - er is all we can al - low.
A7 Bm G6 A7
There's no oth-er fu - ture. No oth - er way will do.
D B7 Em Ddim D A7 D
(ritard . . . . . .
Stand u - nit - ed by your dreams in un - ion they'll come true.

Copyright 1947 by Norman Franklin and Henry Foner

NEW ENGLAND FOLKLORE

BOOK REVIEW

A Treasury of New England Folklore—stories, ballads, and traditions of the Yankee people, edited by Ben A. Botkin Crown Publishers. New York, $3.75.

Did you know that the proverbial sea serpent was of Yankee origin? Among many other items of such interest, Botkin tracks him down to his lair in New England. The last report of the sea-serpent that we had was from Lee Hays who saw him in Arkansas.

But even more exciting and probably more important are Botkin's discoveries about the "Yengees" (Indian pronunciation). Here are a few introductory quotes about them:

"...a strange hybrid...the earth has never seen such mystic-practicalism, such niggard-geniality, such calculating-fanaticism, such cast-iron-enthusiasm, such sour-faced humor, such close-fisted generosity." (J.R.Lowell)

"...they think of their emotions as constantly suppressed for all in an assumed belief in the little white church, the public school, and the savings bank. Now people seldom hold these beliefs. The traits they ascribe to themselves are not real but accredited characteristics fostered by literary treatments of the region..."

This is only a starter, and as Carl Sandburg has so aptly written about Botkin's earlier volume "A Treasury of American Folklore"—"This is a big shot": certainly this is another big shot. I would add, with more careful aim (at the Yankees). We are told that there are more volumes coming, and we can already see the logical sequence unfolding; first, a general American survey, then New England, and then on to succeeding phases of Americana, which enrich and describe the American scene.

In this 'big shot' in amount and quality of material is the story of New England, as the people have made it, and it is in many ways much more revealing and significant than many history books. For those who want to understand the grass roots of New England, and so, America; this book is the best single opportunity available. To show you what entertaining reading it makes, here are a few excerpts:

"Mankind luvs to be cheated, but they want it dun by an artist." (Josh Billings).

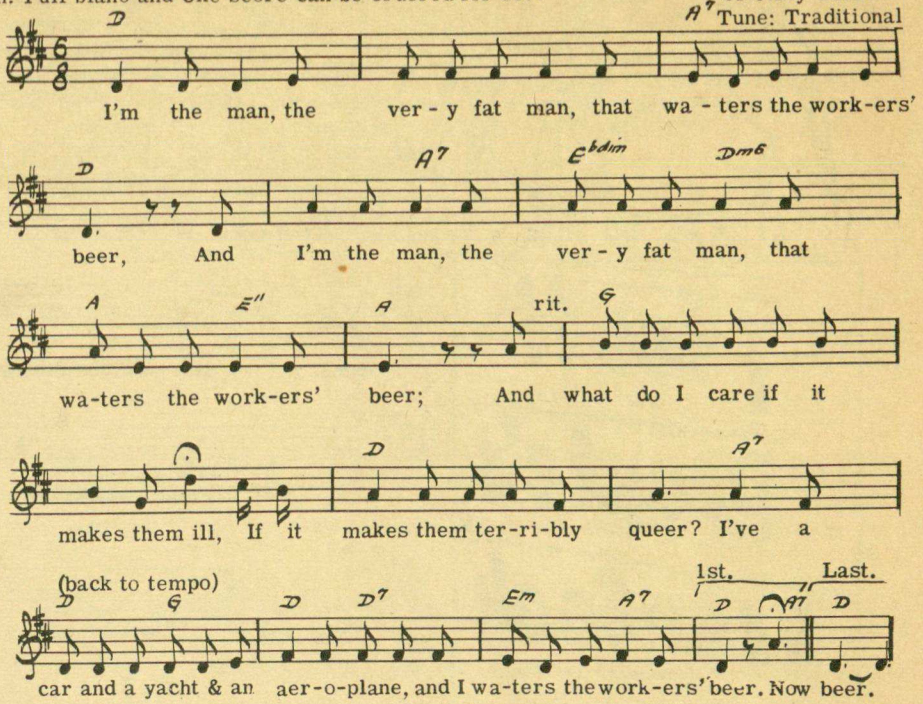
The Yankee Pedlar: "...Benjamin Franklin, when he said 'honesty is the best policy', spoke like the city-bred shopkeeper that he essentially was. It was not that he and other members of

(Cont'd in next column)

227 I Waters the Workers' Beer

Another song put out by the British Workers' Music Association. Full piano and Uke score can be ordered for 35¢.

Words by Paddy Ryan
Of Unity Theatre
Tune: Traditional


I'm the man, the ver - y fat man, that wa - ters the work-ers'
beer, And I'm the man, the ver - y fat man, that
wa-ters the work-ers' beer; And what do I care if it
makes them ill, If it makes them ter-ri-bly queer? I've a
(back to tempo)
car and a yacht & an aer-o-plane, and I wa-ters the work-ers' beer. Now beer.
1st.
Last.

Now, when I makes the workers' beer,
I puts in strychinine,
Some methylated spirits
And a drop of paraffin,
But, since a brew so terribly strong
Might make them terribly queer,
I reaches my hand for the water tap,
I waters the workers' beer. (CHORUS)

Now, ladies fair, beyond compare,
And be ye maid or wife,
O, sometimes lend a thought for one
Who leads a wand'ring life;
The water rates are shockingly high
And meth. is shockingly dear,
And there isn't the profit there used to be
In wat'ring the workers' beer. (CHORUS)

Now, a drop of good beer is good for a man
Who's thirsty and tired and hot,
And I sometimes has a drop for myself
From a very special lot;
But a fat and healthy working class
Is the thing that I most fear,
So I reaches my hand for the water tap,
And I waters the workers' beer. (CHORUS)

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his comparatively respectable class were really more honest than pedlars, but only that they had found it profitable to seem so."

On Horse Trading: "Wal", said Brown, "you bought her, and she's yourn. But don't say I didn't warn ye. I said she don't look so good; she be nigh blind fer a year."

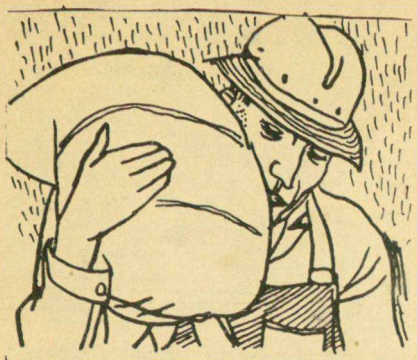
On Courtship: "The Lord," began the pious suitor, "has commanded me to marry you." Betty dropped her eyes. It has been said she also dropped a plate she was wiping; and said demurely, "Then the Lord's will be done."

Tall Corn—or a Long Reason: The reason why the New Hampshire and Vermont boys are so tall is because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountains to see the sun rise. It is dreadful stretching work.

Diploma digging: One of the old herb doctors who flourished years ago in Maine would never admit his lack of any remedy. An acquaintance once said to him: "See here, doc, have you any diploma?" "Wal, no, I ain't got none on hand, but I'm going to dig some just as soon as the ground thaws out in the spring."

Clergy: A man who went to sleep in church suddenly awakened to ask how long the minister had been preaching. When told "thirty to forty years", he remarked: "Well, I guess I'll stay. He must be most through." . . . A certain minister, who had some unpleasantness with the church, took as his text "The world, the flesh, and the devil" and said "I shall touch lightly upon the world, hasten to the flesh, and pass on to the devil, when I will give it to you as hot as you can sup it."

(Cont'd on page 8 -bottom)



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Greetings to People's Songs from

EVERYBODY'S MARKET
2111 Brooklyn Avenue
Los Angeles, Calif.

(Book Review, Botkin, Cont'd)

These snatches are only from Part One, "Fabulous Yankees." Other sections are titled; myths, legends, and traditions; beliefs and customs; word lore; and songs and rhymes. The final section contains song material many singers have been looking for, such as 'The Boston Tea Tax' and other songs made popular by the Allisons in their record album "Ballads of the American Revolution and the War of 1812"—(Victor Album P-11); and humorous, nursery, and play-party songs. In closing this review I give you a campaign rhyme of the pre-Civil War period which can still be used (zip in your own names—no coaching please):

———'s a patriot, noble and true;
——— we never could trust;
——— will guard well the red, white and blue;
With ——— it will drag in the dust.

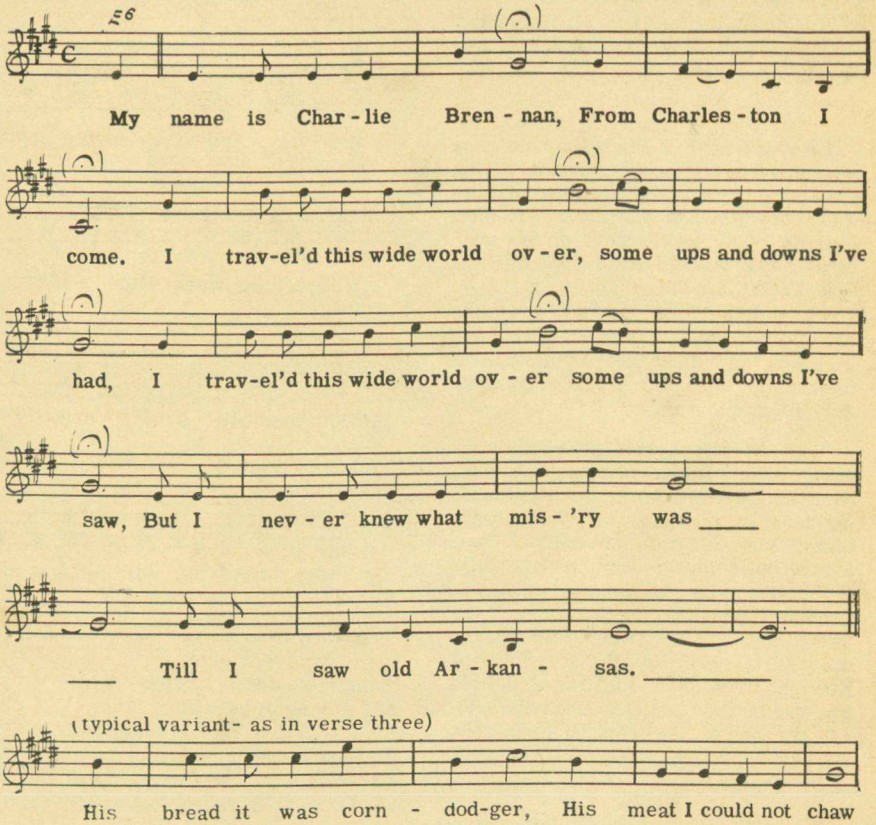
By - W. H.

228 The State of Arkansas

Folk song, as sung by Lee Hays

Sod Buster Ballads, & Deep Sea Chanties

In line with a general policy to re-issue outstanding albums of American folk music, Decca has put out these two albums on Commodore records—as sung by the Almanac Singers. Sod Buster Ballads contains one of the outstanding performances ever recorded of folk-style song, in the 'State of Arkansas' number.


E6
My name is Char - lie Bren - nan, From Charles - ton I
come. I trav-el'd this wide world ov - er, some ups and downs I've
had, I trav-el'd this wide world ov - er some ups and downs I've
saw, But I nev - er knew what mis - 'ry was ____
___ Till I saw old Ar - kan - sas. _____
(typical variant- as in verse three)
His bread it was corn - dod-ger, His meat I could not chaw

2. I dodged behind the depot
To dodge that blizzard wind,
Met a walking skeleton
Whose name was Thomas Quin.
His hair hung down like rat tails
On his long and lathering jaw
He invited me to his hotel,
The best in Arkansas.

3. I followed my conductor
To his respected place
Where pity and starvation
Was seen on every face.
His bread it was corn-dodger
His meat I could not chaw
But he charged me a half-a-dollar
In the state of Arkansas.

SPOKEN:

Then I got me a job on a farm. But I didn't like the work, nor the food, nor the farmer, nor his wife, nor none of the children. So I went up to him one day and I told him, "Mister, I'm quitting this job, and you can just pay me off right now.

He says to me, "OK son, if that's the way you feel about it, and he handed me a mink skin." I told him, I said, "Hell, brother, I don't want this thing, I want my money."

He says to me, says: "That's what we use for currency down here in Arkansas." So I took it and headed for a saloon to see if I could get me a pint of drinking whisky. Put my mink skin on the bar, and be darned if the bartender didn't throw me a pint. Then he picked up my mink skin and h blowed the hair back on it, and he handed me three 'possum hides and fourteen rabbit skins for change. (sing again)

(Sung)

4. I'm going to the Indian territory
And marry me a squaw
Bid farewell to the cane-brakes
In the state of Arkansas.
If you ever see me back again
I'll extend to you my paw,
But it'll be through a telescope
From hell to Arkansas.

ON THE RECORD

Michael Loring, well known for his pre-war recording of "Joe Hill", sang "Ballad for Americans" for a huge Wallace rally in Portland last fall. It was such a tremendous success that PCA and the Urban League have had it recorded and pressed for circulation mainly in Oregon. The chorus with Mike was the fine Jefferson High School interracial chorus directed by Dale Baker. Albums cost $3.50 and can be gotten by writing PCA in Portland.

Several union organizers have been playing Dorothy Shay's record of "Efficiency" which is a musical version of the old gag about the worker who pulled levers with first one hand, then two, and then with his feet, until the boss finally arranged for him to sweep the floor at the same time. This record is included in her Columbia album C=110.

A fine lesson in race relations was given in the album "Herman Ermine in Rabbit Town" narrated by John Garfield. It is a children's story with incidental music by Alec Wilder.

"Favorite American Union Songs", just released by the National CIO features most of the old union favorites, including Union Train, Solidarity, Union Maid, Hold the Fort and Roll the Union On. Tom Glazer does a creditable job on the songs, although one can't help but wonder how much more effective these songs would be with a strong supporting group. The album contains 3 12-inch vynolite discs and is available for $7.50 through the National CIO, 718 Jackson Pl., N.W., Washington, D.C.

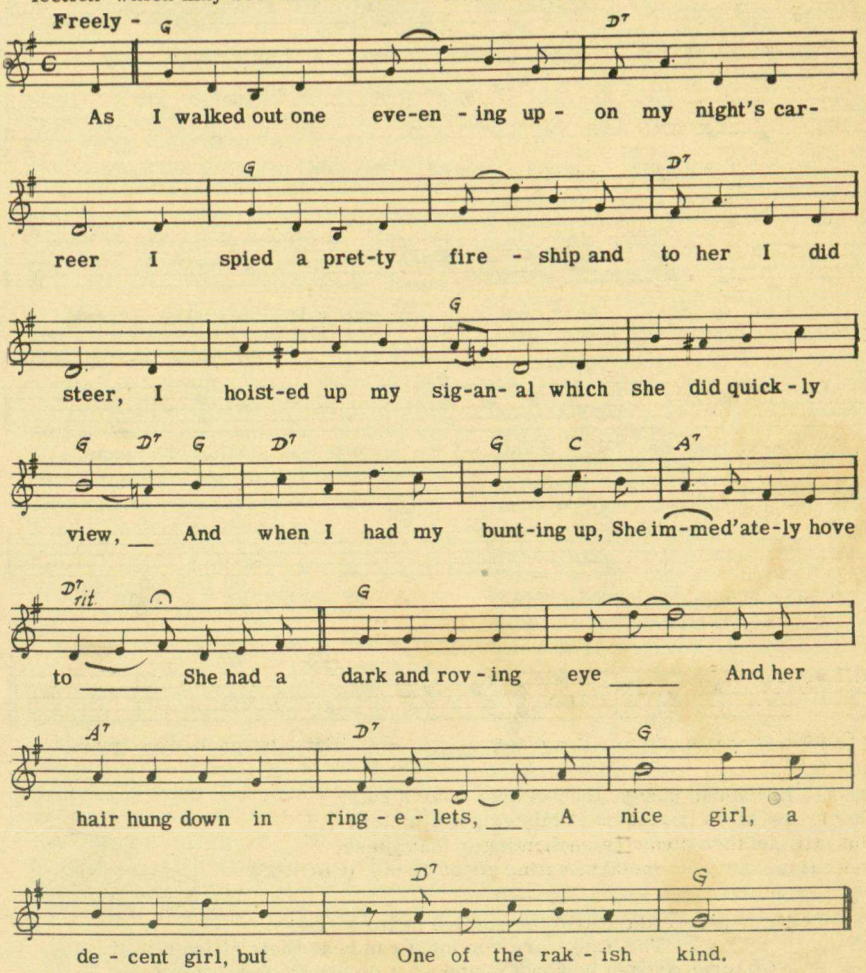
Charter Records really makes People's Songs news this month with two new releases which should prove mighty popular. Goodson and Vale perform "The Elephant and the Ass" in their usual inimitable style, backed up by Pete Seeger singing "Hallelujah, I'm A-Travellin'". Sonny and Morry also come through on the "2nd Hungry Rhapsody", a take-off on the Franz Liszt classic satirizing Hoover's trip to Europe last year. The new People's Songs Chorus of Los Angeles sings Tom Glazer's "Ballad of FDR" on the reverse side. Both discs retail for $1.05.

Brownie McGhee brings his 'low-down' blues style to a new DISC release in his own album. This outstanding blues man really sings out on Lonesome Blues, Pawnshop, The Way I Feel and three others.

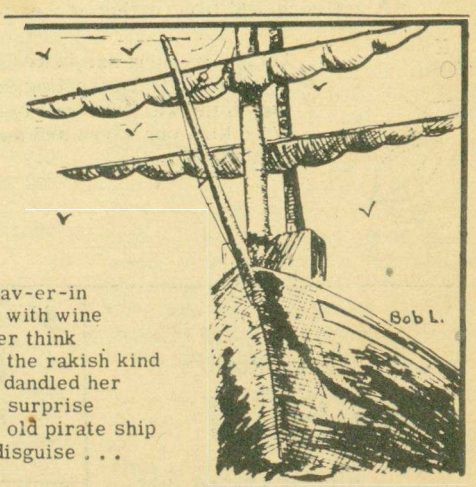
229 The Fireship

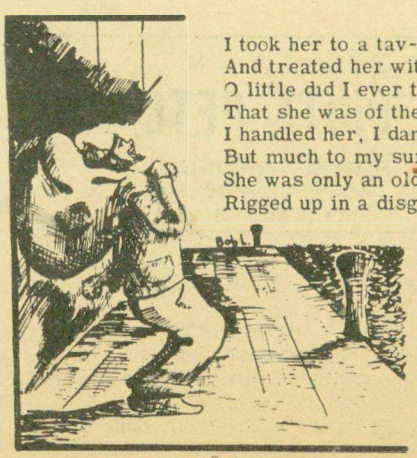
Sea Shanty

'The Fireship' is an old english sea shanty of the 'forecastle' variety. This would signify that it was sung when the days work was over. This version is as sung by Betty Sanders, NY People's Artist, and is from the growing collection which may become known as "Betty's Bawdy Ballads."


Freely - G D7
As I walked out one eve-en - ing up - on my night's car-
G D7
reer I spied a pret-ty fire - ship and to her I did
G
steer, I hoist-ed up my sig-an- al which she did quick - ly
G D7 G D7 G C A7
view, And when I had my bunt-ing up, She im-med'ate-ly hove
D7 rit G
to She had a dark and rov - ing eye And her
A7 D7 G
hair hung down in ring - e - lets, A nice girl, a
D7 G
de - cent girl, but One of the rak - ish kind.

Excuse me, sir, she said to me
For being out so late
For if my parents knew of this
Then sad would be my fate
My father was a minister
A good and virtuous man
My mother is a Methodist
I do the best I can . . .





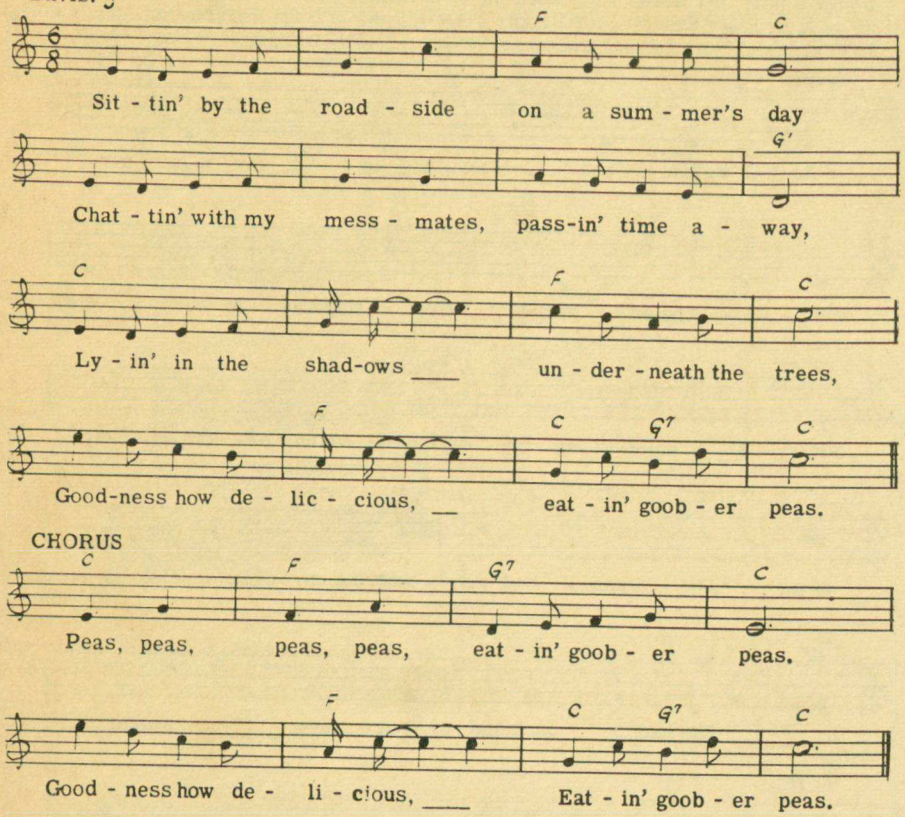
I took her to a tav-er-in
And treated her with wine
O little did I ever think
That she was of the rakish kind
I handled her, I dandled her
But much to my surprise
She was only an old pirate ship
Rigged up in a disguise . . .

So listen all you sailormen
Who sail upon the sea
Beware of them there fire ships
One was the ruin of me
Beware of them, stay clear of them
They'll be the death of you
T'was there I had my mizzen sprung
And my strong-box broken through . . .

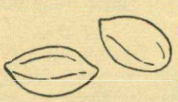
230 Eating Goober Peas

Civil War Song

To add a little humor to our Anniversary bulletin, here is Fred Hellerman's version of the much sung Civil War song—'Goober Peas' (peanuts today). This song was a favorite of the Confederate Army, and expresses some of the complaints the "boys in gray" had concerning the none too soft life provided by Jeff Davis.


F
C
Sit - tin' by the road - side on a sum - mer's day
G7
Chat - tin' with my mess - mates, pass-in' time a - way,
C
F
C
Ly - in' in the shad-ows ___ un - der - neath the trees,
F
C
G7
C
Good-ness how de - lic - cious, ___ eat - in' goob - er peas.
CHORUS
C
F
G7
C
Peas, peas, peas, peas, eat - in' goob - er peas.
F
C
G7
C
Good - ness how de - li - cious, ___ Eat - in' goob - er peas.

When a horseman passes the soldiers have a rule,
To cry out at their loudest, "Mister get a mule"
But still another pleasure enchantinger than these,
Is wearing out your molars, eating goober peas. (CHORUS)



Just before the battle the gen'ral hears a row,
He says, "The Yanks are coming, I can hear their rifles now."
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees?
The Georgia Militia, eating goober peas. (CHORUS)

I think my song has lasted almost long enough,
The subject's interesting, but the rhymes are mighty rough;
I wish the war was over, when free from rags and fleas,
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts, and gobble goober peas.
(CHORUS)

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(P. S's Birthday Cont'd)

The first edition of the People's Songs wordbook came out during the past year and 5,000 copies spread across the country like lightning.

And even bigger than that, the brand new People's Songbook (Boni & Gaer) came to completion. Hailed by such outstanding musicians and singers as Leonard Bernstein, Marc Blitzstein, Burl Ives, Harold Rome and others, this outstanding collection contains 100 songs with full piano arrangements and guitar chords. Waldemar Hille, editor of the People's Songs Bulletin, supervised the production of the book, with valuable assistance from Herbert Haufrecht, Alan Lomax, Peter Seeger, Earl Robinson and others.

Some of the important new songs which appeared in the People's Songs Bulletin over the past year were Goodson & Vale's 'Red Boogie', Tom Glazer's 'Whole Wide World Around', 'Liberal Commentator' by Harold Rome, Bernie Asbel's 'Song of my Hands' and Woody Guthrie's 'Songs to Grow On'.

Two special projects handled by People's Songs which were of important service to the labor movement were the songs written for the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union by Bob Claiborne and the film-strip sound track project organized for the National Maritime Union by People's Songs in New York.

Another sign of People's Songs coming of age was the recently-concluded national tour of Earl Robinson organized by the National Office's People's Artists Bureau. Earl sang for audiences in Toronto, Chicago, New York, New Orleans, Fort Worth and Albuquerque.

And finally, People's Songs groups across the country kept their fingers on the pulse of the nation with hootenannies on the high-cost-of-living, civil liberties, peace, housing, and many other issues.

There's lots more we could say. How People's Songsters in Toronto have been bringing their own songs to meetings and parties in Canada; about the new People's Songs Chorus of Los Angeles; the expansion of the People's Songs library with hosts of material from many countries throughout the world; People's Songs' first Hootenanny at Carnegie Hall—you get the idea.

People's Songs doesn't grow in the abstract, however. People's Songs keeps growing as it continues to play an ever more important part in the struggles of the people of America for security, housing, and peace.

Now in the crucial year of 1948, the job of People's Songs and people's singers and songwriters throughout the country is even greater. As Bryant French, organizer of the Cleveland branch of People's Songs puts it in his latest song—"We'll march with Gideon's army, we'll fight with Gideon's sword, for the people's march is on."

- Irwin Silber

THE SINGING PREACHER

You may know Claude Williams as a fighting Presbyterian whose active faith has kept him in hot water for a good many years. He once lost his pulpit when he tried to make his church a community center for coal miners, and young people and Negroes. He was brutally beaten by plantation thugs, has been cast in jail, has had his life threatened more than once; he has been ostracized, seen his children suffer want and hunger; he has fought on picket lines and in strikes, and always in his pulpit, for more food, and security and happiness for all children. He has been a labor leader. Claude's a fighter, and he wears more scars than the visible ones on his body.

Claude has been honored, too. The young people who were lifted out of the apathy and hopelessness of their little southern towns, and were taught by Claude, who studied along with them—there are a good many of us, and we love him. Also, Cedric Belfrage has written a stirring biography of Claude. It is currently called "A Faith to Free the People" and is, I believe, the only zipper-biography in existence—every time a new edition comes out, Cedric and Claude make extensive additions and elisions and new interpretations to suit the demands of the day. Claude has had other honors. He was one of several ministers who flew to Yugoslavia as guests of the government there, and I hear that Tito gave Claude a pipe. All across America there are people who say "Claude gave me my first insight into the real struggles of the people, and Claude helped me find out how to take my place in the fight." His great honor, of course, is the fear which the planters and reactionaries of the South have for him—it is their complaint that Claude stirs up people.

What Claude has tried to do is to take the Bible seriously. Born in a land where the Bible is read from kiver to kiver, and where preachers preach a literal interpretation of the Bible, Claude has said, "Look here, do you really believe the Bible? Then for Heaven's sake let's do what the Bible tells us to do." For of course if we all did that, we'd have no Jim Crow, no hate; we'd have democracy in our plantations and factories and schools and homes and churches; we'd have, Claude says, the Kingdom of God on earth. Who wouldn't want that?

So Claude has organized his simple faith, first in his community church in the Arkansas coal fields, when coal miners came in truckloads to help to build it, then in the New Era Schools, then in his organizing work among the sharecroppers, then at Commonwealth College, and finally in his People's Institute of Applied Religion. Always Claude's method has been to find the natural leaders of the people—be they college kids, cotton preachers, union organizers—and help them get the facts and the materials they need to be the leaders the people need. Lynd Ward drew some magnificent large charts which PIAR members use in lectures. Claude has used movies, pamphlets, books, tent meetings, cake suppers, all the methods he could find to bring the message of democracy to the people. Always he has used songs.

WE'RE GONNA ROLL:-

Claude—for the record—is one of the papas of People's Songs. He has written parodies on hymns, and some hillbilly songs. He has written some original songs. He has dug up folk singers and songwriters and set them to work fashioning songs for particular meetings or causes. All Claude's meetings are singing meetings. He publishes songbooks, and his people learn the new songs and take them into their communities and churches, and union halls.

Whenever you hear 'Roll the Union On' or 'What is that I see yonder coming—coming—coming' you are hearing what can only be called Claude's songs. A good many of the Almanac union songs and certainly the spirit of all of them derived largely from Claude's work in this field. When the history of the people's victory is written, such simple facts may not even be noted; but it is important to us to know that we owe this debt to such men as Claude Williams.

When I came North to organize the Almanac Singers (in the same sense in which, let us say, Columbus set out to discover America) I had a pretty good notion of the job to be done. It was not such a simple job, either; it wasn't as easy as writing good songs and then going out and singing them. What we had to do was to tap that root of the people's own culture—to mine out a particular vein. I think the Almanacs came closer to the mother lode than any other group before or since, because they were closer to the people, and from the people drew their wisdom and strength. Other persons, such as Walter Lowenfels, helped to formulate the Almanac approach: and now I think it is time to give credit to Claude Williams. I don't claim the Almanacs could have done their job without him; but they did do their job with the benefit of Claude's experience to serve and guide them.

ZILPHIA HORTON:

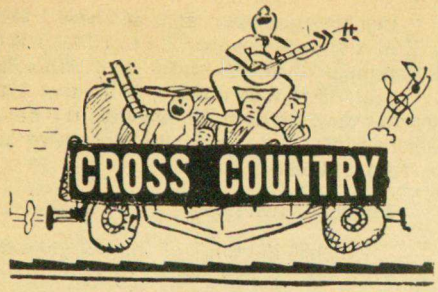
Zilphia Horton, of the Highlander Folk School, has had a great deal to do with the growth of people's music—in fact, she is one of the few musicians who remain to work steadily in Southern labor struggles. I am sure Zilphia will not mind if I say that she was one of Claude's pupils—one of the young people who helped Claude build that community church back in Arkansas. I myself have had a chance to do some things for people's songs during the past ten years or more. And I was one of Claude's pupils, too.

We wrote and produced many plays for sharecropper and Farmers Union audiences. We wrote 'zipper' plays, so constructed that the local union members could play roles in the plays—committee men, plantation thugs, and so on. All plays opened with a prayer, by a local preacher who often as not stepped out of character to pray for the play its authors, producers, and actors. Claude would play the part of the visiting union organizer, and at certain points in the play he would deliver lectures on local union problems. Perhaps we borrowed considerably from 'Waiting for Lefty', for the burden of his lectures was usually "Don't wait for the organizer to come and tell you what to do. Fight your own fights. Make your union strong the way you want it to be, the way you can make it strong by your own efforts." Sometimes the pie-card officials of the unions didn't appreciate this approach: once Claude forestalled a move to call a rump session of an executive council while the play was going on, by arranging quietly for most of the council members to appear as—council members.

It was in the plays that we first sang 'No More Mourning' and 'Roll the Union On' and 'What is that I see yonder coming.' And always we sang songs like 'Let the will of the Lord be done' and 'When the struggle's over we shall all be free, in the new society'. Sometimes at meetings way out in the backwoods or in the heart of the dismal cotton country, Claude would sing an old song like 'We shall not be moved'—prepared to break into the old hymn words if gun thugs should appear.

Always Claude would find some local singer and job him into making new songs for the occasion, using familiar tunes of the people. One of these was John Handcox, and many songs are attributed to him which more properly should include Claude's name in the credits. As for my songs of that day, I have long since forgot how many of them Claude helped to write. Sometimes the basic idea for a song is the most important part of a collaboration.

('Hay's' Column cont'd on page 13)



CLEVELAND—People's Songsters from this community made a lasting impression on hundreds of farm, labor and progressive leaders at the "Wallace for President" convention held at Columbus last month. A brochure containing three songs was turned out by the group, including Bryant French's 'Battle Hymn of '48' (see page 3). Current plans are for national distribution of the popular folio. Meanwhile, individual copies can be gotten for 10¢ from the Cleveland Branch.

PORTLAND—Pete Seeger stopped off in Portland a few weeks ago on the second leg of his cross-country tour and stayed long enough to help set up a new People's Songs branch. Marshall Kolin and Mike Loring are temporary co-chairman and singers are being rounded up for active work.

ALBUQUERQUE—Jenny Wells has started a People's Songs branch in this southwest community and expects a good deal in the way of singing and songwriting, especially among the big group of Mexican and Spanish-speaking people here.

TORONTO—Earl Robinson took this town by storm early in February, when he sang over the Canadian Broadcasting System and at a People's Songs concert arranged by the local branch.

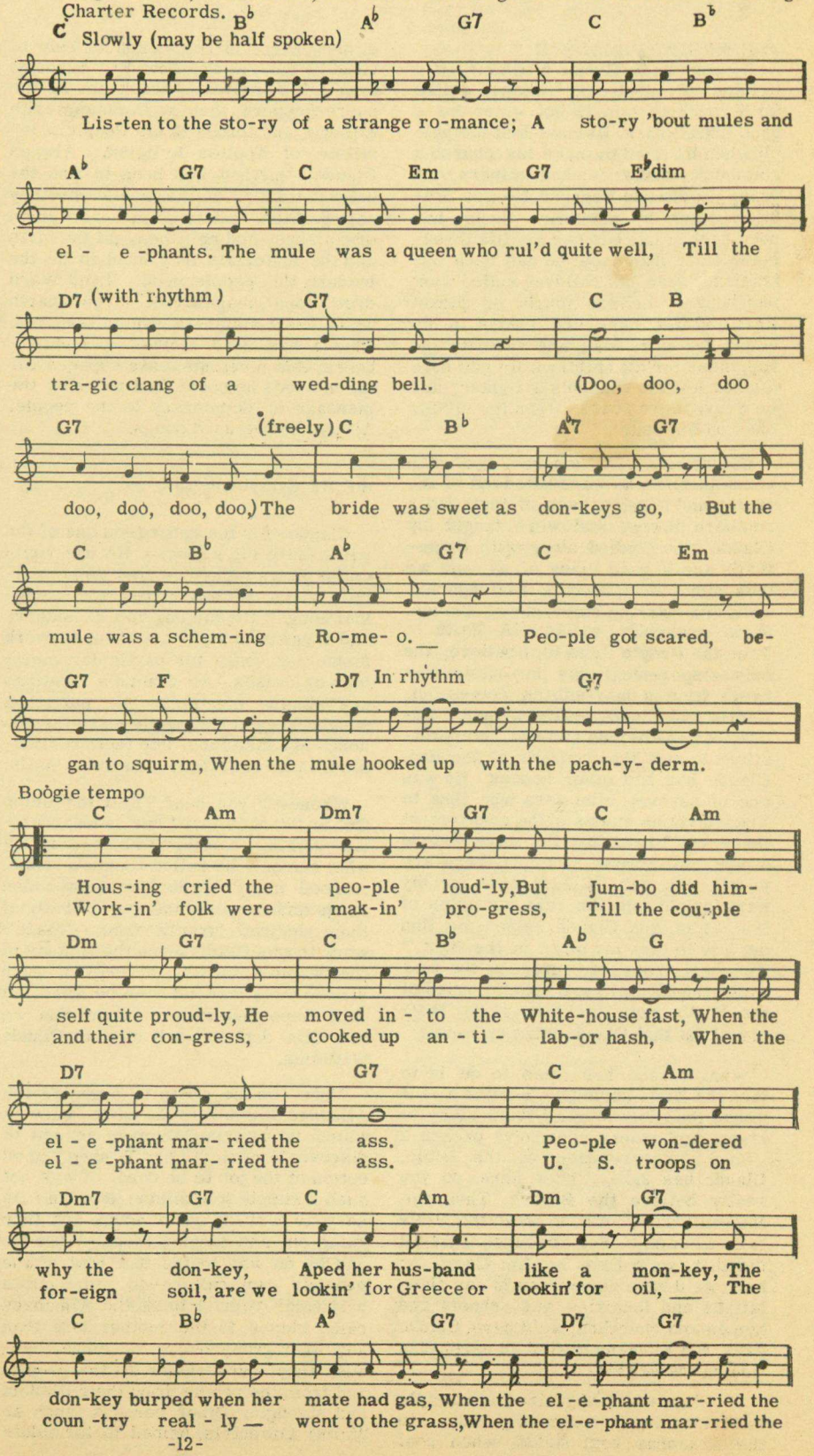
LOS ANGELES—Lou Gayle has become the new executive secretary of the Los Angeles Branch of People's Songs, replacing Boots Casetta. Boots is now devoting full time to his work at Charter Records.

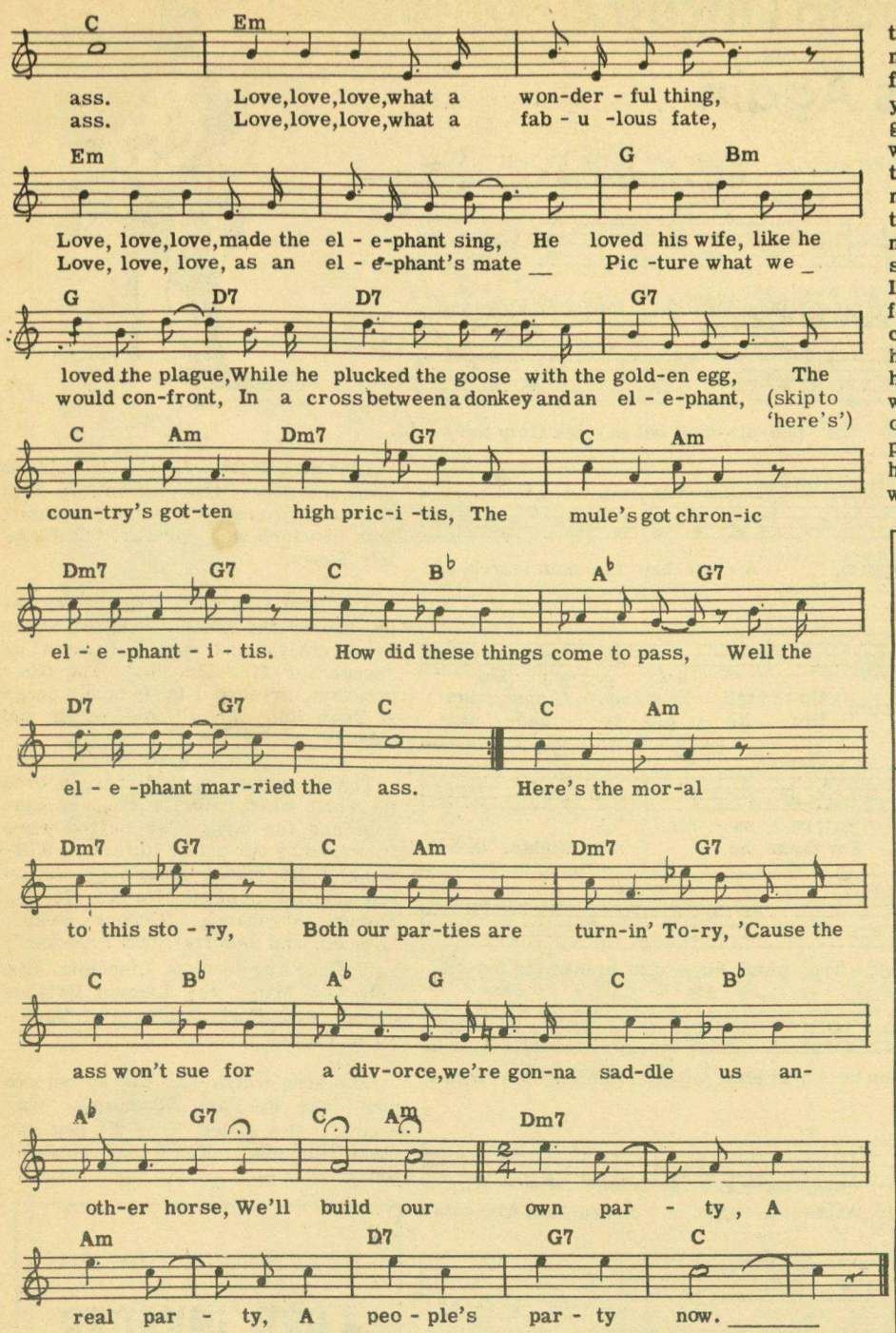
BROOKLYN—The P/S branch in the home of "dem bums" is busy with three workshops involving a good portion of their membership. Two weekly guitar classes, led by Gladys Bashkin, are now in full swing. Monroe Rappaport is head of a folklore workshop, and a new thing called a Hootenanny Workshop has been organized by Harry Berlow.

ALL OVER—Pete Seeger expected back in the national office sometime in the middle of March after his two-month cross-country tour. Pete worked out a novel way for helping to organize P/S branches and make expenses by attaching a trailer to his jeep station wagon and carrying a full line of folk and topical records. Stops included Denver, Kansas City, Fort Worth, New Orleans, Atlanta and Chapel Hill.

231 The Elephant and the Ass

Words and music by Morry Goodson & Sonny Vale
Copyright 1948 by Goodson & Vale

Sonny and Morry have done it again. Yes, they composed and wrote not only this hot boogie number on the third party but also Red Boogie, Unity Rhumba, and more recently recorded with Charter Records 'The Hungry Rhapsody', to the well-known Liszt's 2nd Hungarian Rhapsody. Sonny Vale and Morry Goodson could easily be voted as the People's Songsters of the year. Sonny has also organized, directed and arranged for the Los Angeles People's Songs Chorus, the Berries; and their recordings will soon be availabe through Charter Records.

C B♭ A♭ G7 C B♭
Slowly (may be half spoken)
Lis-ten to the sto-ry of a strange ro-mance; A sto-ry 'bout mules and
A♭ G7 C Em G7 E♭dim
el - e -phants. The mule was a queen who rul'd quite well, Till the
D7 (with rhythm) G7 C B
tra-gic clang of a wed-ding bell. (Doo, doo, doo
G7 (freely) C B♭ A7 G7
doo, doo, doo, doo,) The bride was sweet as don-keys go, But the
C B♭ A♭ G7 C Em
mule was a schem-ing Ro-me- o. Peo-ple got scared, be-
G7 F D7 In rhythm G7
gan to squirm, When the mule hooked up with the pach-y- derm.
Boogie tempo
C Am Dm7 G7 C Am
Hous-ing cried the peo-ple loud-ly, But Jum-bo did him-
Work-in' folk were mak-in' pro-gress, Till the cou-ple
Dm G7 C B♭ A♭ G
self quite proud-ly, He moved in - to the White-house fast, When the
and their con-gress, cooked up an - ti - lab-or hash, When the
D7 G7 C Am
el - e -phant mar- ried the ass. Peo-ple won-dered
el - e -phant mar- ried the ass. U. S. troops on
Dm7 G7 C Am Dm G7
why the don-key, Aped her hus-band like a mon-key, The
for-eign soil, are we lookin' for Greece or lookin' for oil, The
C B♭ A♭ G7 D7 G7
don-key burped when her mate had gas, When the el-e-phant mar-ried the
coun -try real - ly went to the grass, When the el-e-phant mar-ried the


C Em
ass. Love, love, love, what a won-der - ful thing,
ass. Love, love, love, what a fab - u -lous fate,
Em G Bm
Love, love, love, made the el - e-phant sing, He loved his wife, like he
Love, love, love, as an el - e-phant's mate __ Pic -ture what we _
G D7 D7 G7
loved the plague, While he plucked the goose with the gold-en egg, The
would con-front, In a cross between a donkey and an el - e-phant, (skip to 'here's')
C Am Dm7 G7 C Am
coun-try's got-ten high pric-i -tis, The mule's got chron-ic
Dm7 G7 C B♭ A♭ G7
el - e -phant - i - tis. How did these things come to pass, Well the
D7 G7 C C Am
el - e -phant mar-ried the ass. Here's the mor-al
Dm7 G7 C Am Dm7 G7
to this sto - ry, Both our par-ties are turn-in' To-ry, 'Cause the
C B♭ A♭ G C B♭
ass won't sue for a div-orce, we're gon-na sad-dle us an-
A♭ G7 C Am Dm7
oth-er horse, We'll build our own par - ty, A
Am D7 G7 C
real par - ty, A peo - ple's par - ty now. _____

(Lee Hay's column - concluded)

So our People's Songs anniversary, this year and all the years to come, is not just a second or third or tenth or fortieth anniversary. Just what birth year are we celebrating, anyhow? If we go back, say, to the time of conception, we must go considerably farther back than two years—and we have to designate a good many papas and mamas of the people's songs movement whose names don't appear in the list of sponsors or directors of People's Songs, Inc. Let's have a little more regard for these, our ancestors—we'll be ancestors ourselves some day. Let's hope the people's songsters of that day have a better world than the sad one we've got now. If we continue to mine our songs out of that mother lode that persons like Claude Williams have helped us to locate—i.e., the people—why, it's bound to be a good world.

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"BIRTHDAY GREETINGS"

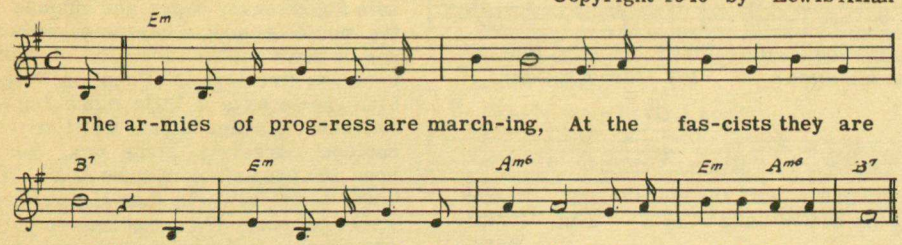
FROM

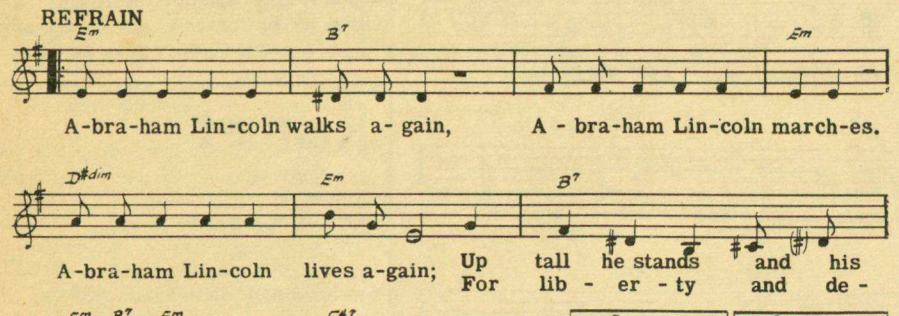
JOINT BOARD FUR DRESSERS & DYERS-UNIONS

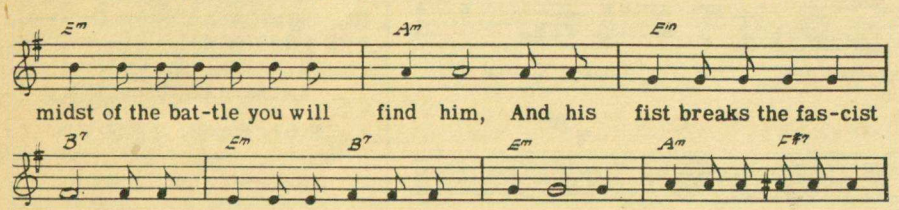
232 Abraham Lincoln Walks Again

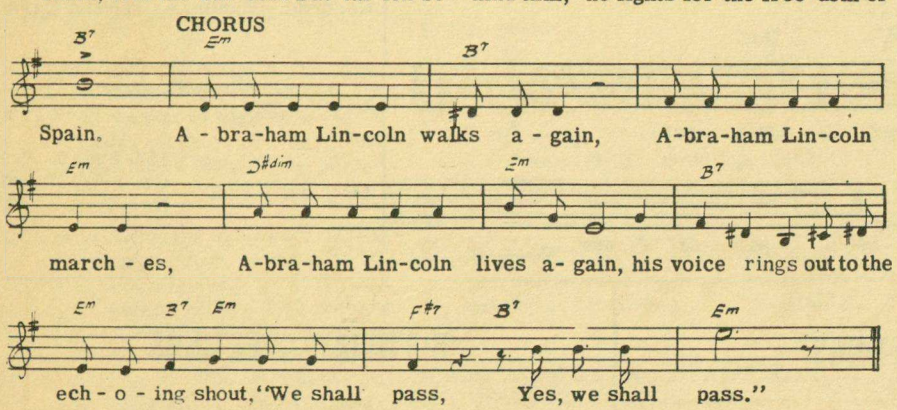
This is a fairly old song, but still going strong.

Music and words by Lewis Allan
Copyright 1940 by Lewis Allan


Em
The ar-mies of prog-ress are march-ing, At the fas-cists they are
B7 Em Am6 Em Am6 B7
hurled. A gov-ern-ment of the peo-ple shall not per-ish from the world.


REFRAIN
Em B7 Em
A-bra-ham Lin-coln walks a- gain, A - bra-ham Lin-coln march-es.
D#dim Em B7
A-bra-ham Lin-coln lives a-gain; Up tall he stands and his
For lib - er - ty and de -
Em B7 Em F#7 1. B7 2. B7
great big hands hold a gun: "No pa - sa - ran."
moc - ra - cy, hu-man rights, For these he fights. In the


Em Am Em
midst of the bat-tle you will find him, And his fist breaks the fas-cist
B7 Em B7 Em Am F#7
chain, With the Lin-coln Bat-tal-ion be - hind him, he fights for the free-dom of


CHORUS
B7 Em B7
Spain. A - bra-ham Lin-coln walks a - gain, A-bra-ham Lin-coln
Em D#dim Em B7
march - es, A-bra-ham Lin-coln lives a- gain, his voice rings out to the
Em B7 Em F#7 B7 Em
ech - o - ing shout, "We shall pass, Yes, we shall pass."

Lincoln's birthday was celebrated in song and dance this year in New York City with two major concert programs, both of which were prepared by People's Songs.

The first was part of the series being run by the American Labor Party in Brooklyn and was presented as "Songs for Mr. Lincoln." The other program, presented by People's Songs at Town Hall, was titled "Lincoln and Liberty".

The People's Songs library proved its worth when calls for songs on Lincoln and the Civil War period were answered by our astute librarian, Waldemar Hille. Some of the songs dug up and revived included "We Are Coming Father Abraham", "Goober Peas", "Lincoln and Liberty", "Oh Freedom", and some up-to-date Lincolnia like "My Old Man", the Lincoln Brigade songs, and Earl Robinson's "Lonesome Train."

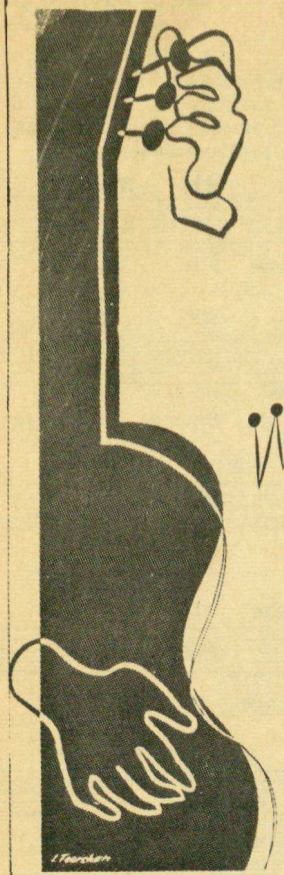
One song which was dug up but not used was in Carl Sandburg's "War Years". It's called "Give Us Just Another Lincoln." Not a bad idea for today.

I. S.

GREETINGS FROM THE
LORD INVADER

BEST WISHES
AND
SING FOR WALLACE
HARVEY
MATUSOW

SECOND ANNIVERSARY
GREETINGS
FROM
EARL ROBINSON



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Second Anniversary Greetings from the MUSIC DIVISION

PROGRESSIVE CITIZENS OF AMERICA

Singing People.

Earl Robinson and Lewis Allan are working on a new song for the Wallace campaign. This is the song-writing team which produced 'The House I Live In' and a new work introduced by Earl at Town Hall in New York last month called 'The Town-Crier', a cantata devoted to freedom of expression.

Murray Phillips, People's Songs performer from the Bronx, helped the successful campaign of Leo Isaacson two weeks ago with two songs of his introduced at a big rally attended by some 10,000 people. Murray shared the platform with Henry Wallace, Paul Robeson and others and sang his parodies to 'Skip to my Lou' and 'Buffalo Gals.'

Booking-of-the-Month: Gladys Bashkin (Brooklyn) sang at a huge charity rally sponsored by the Hearst N.Y. Journal-American. Gladys stopped the show with her rendition of Tom Glazer's 'Whole Wide World Around', the song dedicated to the World Federation of Trade Unions against which the Hearst papers have been particularly outspoken. (Song published in July-August issue of the Bulletin).

Harold Thompson, chairman of the N.Y. State Folklore Society, has become faculty advisor to the Cornell Branch of People's Songs.

Herbert Haufrecht, member of P/S national board of directors and consulting editor of the People's Song Book, has written stage music for Stage for Action's new production about the Salem witch trials.

The Worker's Music Association of England is planning production of their own songbook in the near future. Plans call for a book something on the style of the pamphlet-sized UAW songbook. The National CIO Education Department is also planning a similar kind of songbook which is being prepared under the supervision of Zilphia Horton of the Highlander Folk School.

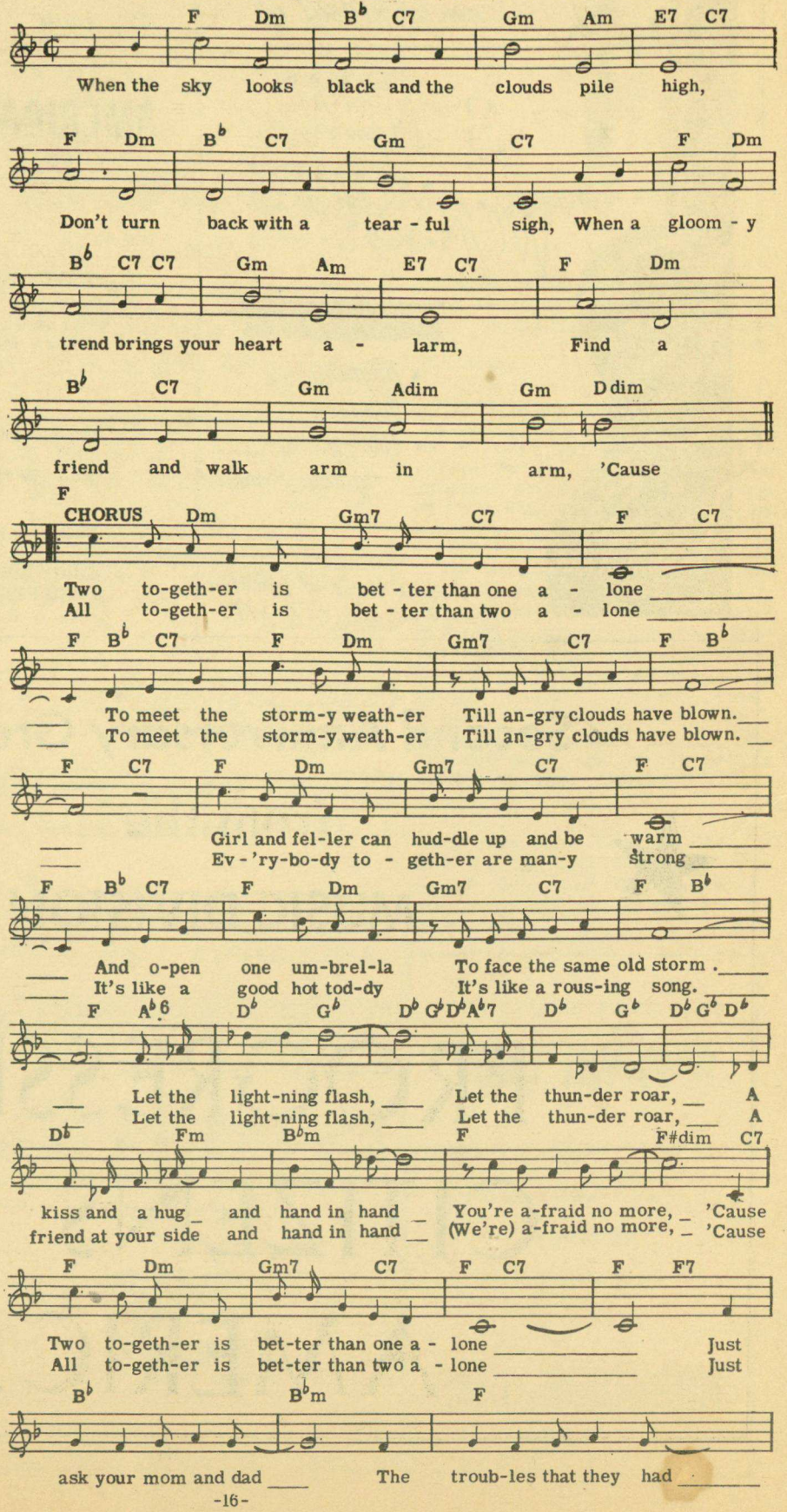
More on songbooks: Jack and Sylvia Kolb almost ready to go to press with their 25¢ edition of a folksong book for Bantam. While Bantam, like other pocket book publishers, have done a lot in the way of detective stories, there's no mystery about the quality of this new book which will contain, among others, songs made famous by Lead Belly, Woody Guthrie, Lee Hays and Pete Seeger.

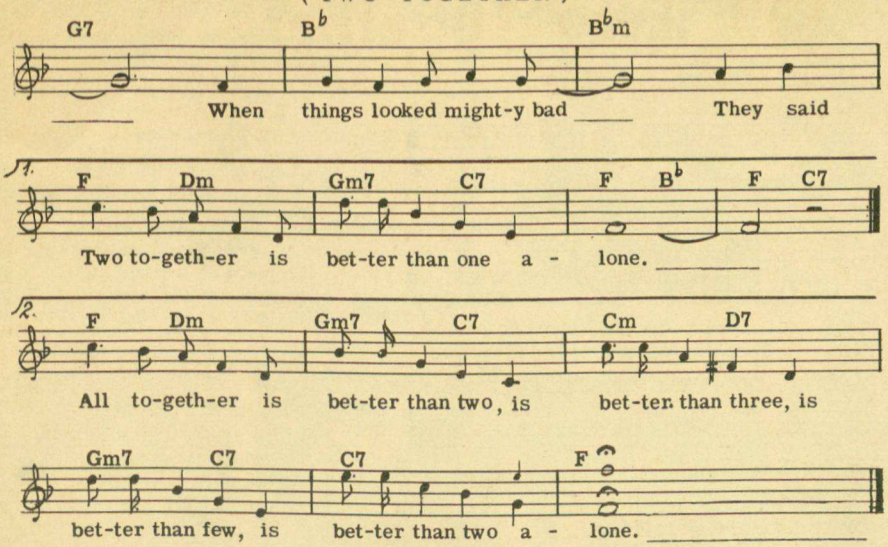
Yip Harburg, Harold Rome, other top Bway song-writers, working on new PCA political cabaret in New York.
(Cont'd on next page - outside column)

233 Two Together

Lyrics by Lewis Allan
Music by Sid Bass

Do you have a dance band in your community, or a pop song stylist, or just a good pianist who can supply the pianistics for you? If you have, then here is a song you should be doing. It is a little rough on guitar players as written—but you can simplify the chording by cutting out some of the offbeat chords.


F Dm B♭ C7 Gm Am E7 C7
When the sky looks black and the clouds pile high,
F Dm B♭ C7 Gm C7 F Dm
Don't turn back with a tear - ful sigh, When a gloom - y
B♭ C7 C7 Gm Am E7 C7 F Dm
trend brings your heart a - larm, Find a
B♭ C7 Gm Adim Gm D dim
friend and walk arm in arm, 'Cause
F
CHORUS Dm Gm7 C7 F C7
Two to-geth-er is bet - ter than one a - lone
All to-geth-er is bet - ter than two a - lone
F B♭ C7 F Dm Gm7 C7 F B♭
To meet the storm-y weath-er Till an-gry clouds have blown.
To meet the storm-y weath-er Till an-gry clouds have blown.
F C7 F Dm Gm7 C7 F C7
Girl and fel-ler can hud-dle up and be warm
Ev - 'ry-bo-dy to - geth-er are man-y strong
F B♭ C7 F Dm Gm7 C7 F B♭
And o-pen one um-brel-la To face the same old storm .
It's like a good hot tod-dy It's like a rous-ing song.
F A♭6 D♭ G♭ D♭ G♭ D♭ A♭7 D♭ G♭ D♭ G♭ D♭
Let the light-ning flash, Let the thun-der roar, A
Let the light-ning flash, Let the thun-der roar, A
D♭ Fm B♭m F F#dim C7
kiss and a hug and hand in hand You're a-fraid no more, 'Cause
friend at your side and hand in hand (We're) a-fraid no more, 'Cause
F Dm Gm7 C7 F C7 F F7
Two to-geth-er is bet-ter than one a - lone Just
All to-geth-er is bet-ter than two a - lone Just
B♭ B♭m F
ask your mom and dad The troub-les that they had

(TWO TOGETHER)

G7 B♭ B♭m
When things looked might-y bad They said
1. F Dm Gm7 C7 F B♭ F C7
Two to-geth-er is bet-ter than one a - lone.
2. F Dm Gm7 C7 Cm D7
All to-geth-er is bet-ter than two, is bet-ter than three, is
Gm7 C7 C7 F
bet-ter than few, is bet-ter than two a - lone.

Copyright 1948 by Lewis Allan & Sid Bass

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PETE SEEGER - Travelin'

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SIR LANCELOT - Walk in Peace

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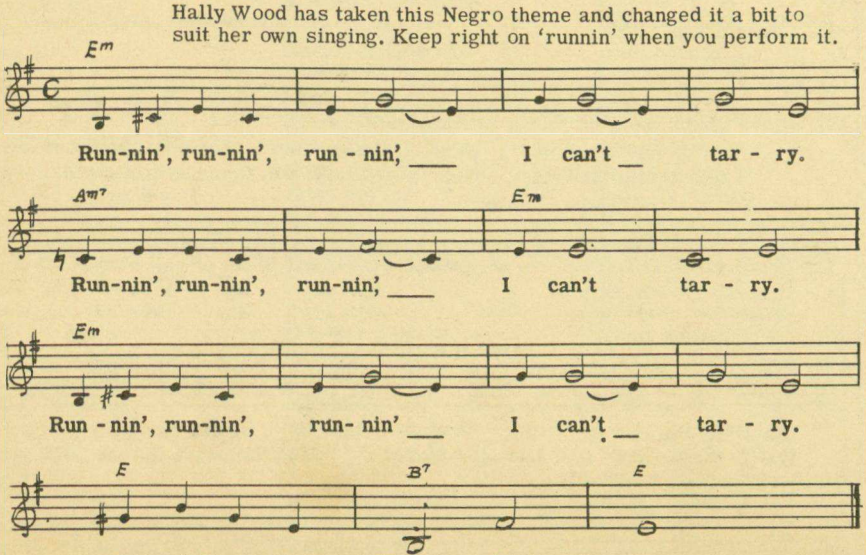
PEOPLE'S SONGS CHORUS - Jim Crow

Charter RECORDS 1903 W. PICO-LOS ANGELES

234 Runnin', Runnin'

Negro Song
Adapted by Hally Wood

Hally Wood has taken this Negro theme and changed it a bit to suit her own singing. Keep right on 'runnin' when you perform it.


Em
Run-nin', run-nin', run - nin', I can't tar - ry.
Am7 Em
Run-nin', run-nin', run-nin', I can't tar - ry.
Em
Run - nin', run-nin', run- nin' I can't tar - ry.
E B7 E
Run - nin' up the King's high - way.

(Singing People , Cont'd)

Some of the younger New York People's Songsters are now heard weekly on station WNYC on Oscar Brand's regular Sunday night folk music program. The singers and instrumentalists, from the American Folksay Group, include Fred Hellerman, Joe Jaffe, Ernie Lieberman, Tom Paley and Paul Turok.

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Greetings

PEOPLE'S SONGS CHORUS L. A.

I'm weepin', Lord, I'm cryin',
I can't tarry. . . . etc.

This road is hard and rocky,
I can't tarry . . . . etc.

It's the road that leads to freedom,
I can't tarry. . . etc.

Hurry, hurry, hurry, I can't tarry.
. . . . etc.

Keep me on that road, Lord,
I can't tarry. . . . etc.

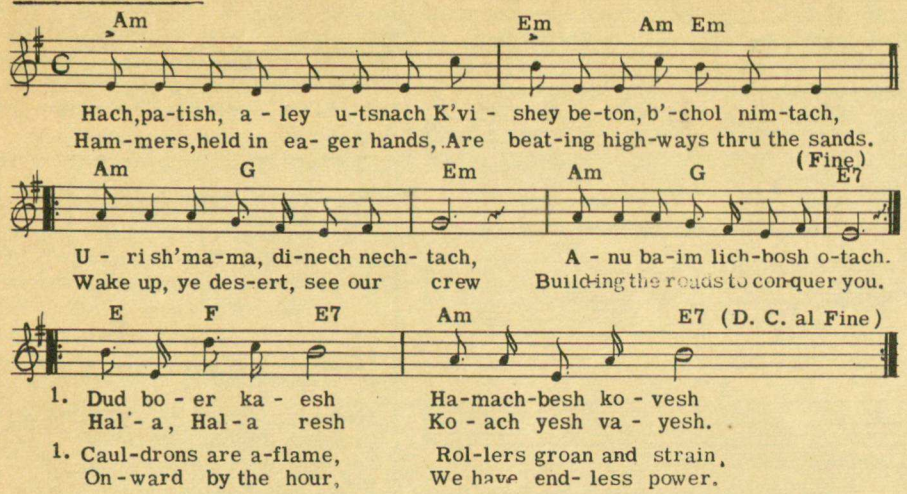
Don't let trouble stop me,
I can't tarry . . . . etc.

Runnin', runnin', runnin',
I can't tarry. . . . etc.

235-6 Two Palestinian Songs

Two Palestinian Jewish Folksongs
Through the courtesy of Ruth Rubin
English lyrics by Lou Relin

HACH PA - TISH


Am
Em
Am Em
Hach,pa-tish, a - ley u-tsnach K'vi - shey be-ton, b'-chol nim-tach,
Ham-mers,held in ea- ger hands, Are beat-ing high-ways thru the sands.
Am
G
Em
Am
G
(Fine)
E7
U - ri sh'ma-ma, di-nech nech- tach, A - nu ba-im lich-bosh o-tach.
Wake up, ye des-ert, see our crew Building the roads to conquer you.
E
F
E7
Am
E7 (D. C. al Fine)
1. Dud bo - er ka - esh Ha-mach-besh ko - vesh
Hal'-a, Hal-a resh Ko - ach yesh va - yesh.
1. Caul-drons are a-flame, Rol-lers groan and strain,
On-ward by the hour, We have end- less power.

Verse 2:

Dud ha-ze-fet cham,
Yad no-te-fet dam
Ka-cha ben a-dam
B'mid-bar nil - cham.

Verse 2:

Tar pours in a flood,
Hands are dripping blood.
Thus the son of man
Battles with the sand.

The dislocations resulting from the abolition of serfdom in Czarist Russia in 1861, the economic depression of the 70's, the pogroms of the 80's, resulted in a steady flow of great masses of Jews away from Eastern Europe. Many migrated to the U.S., Canada, South America, Australia, Africa, Palestine.

In Palestine, Eastern European Jewish song met Oriental song, Arabic song, Yemenite song. New songs were born, to express anew the dreams and aspirations of the young pioneers (Chalutzim and Chalutzoth). Old and new blended in songs of labor, in the factories, building the roads, in the "kibbutz" (communal farm), draining the swamps, on the sea, tending the sheep. New and old crafts intermingled and rang out in spirited and dynamic songs, courageous and fearless in the face of new hardships.

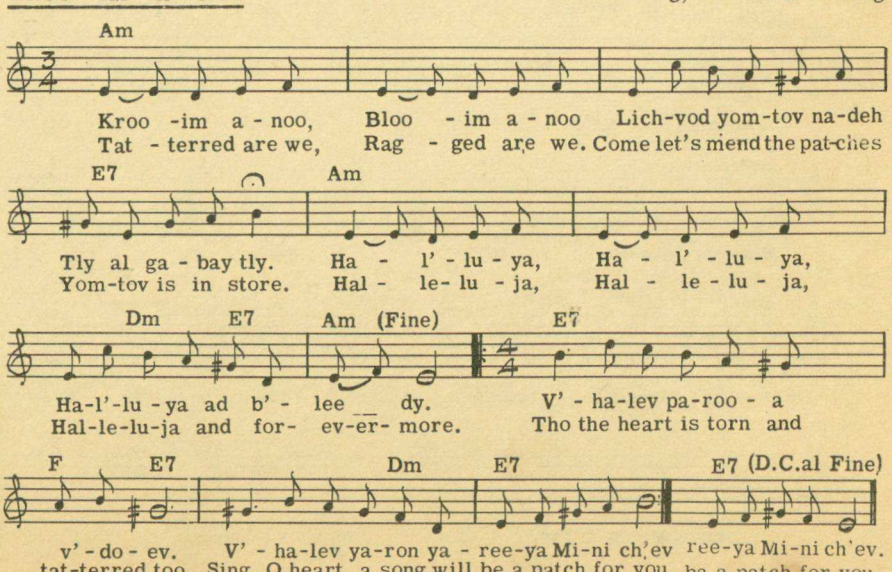
The two work songs given here express two moods: "Kroo-im A-noo" is both wistful and energetic, depending on how you sing it. It has the flexibility of a Chassidic song, and you can sing it gaily and even dance to it. Then again, you can sing it very sadly too. "Hach Pa-tish" on the other hand combines the new and old tunes—new applying to the new abode, Palestine; old—to the Eastern Europe left behind. Here we have the energetic rhythm of road gangs at work, draining the swamps and building the roads—new professions for the young Jewish men and women of Czarist Russia. The marked rhythm that accompanies work strongly resembles the rhythmic singing of Negro work-gangs of the South.

The songs were collected in Palestine, by Henry Coopersmith, when he was there some years back, and are included in a collection entitled "Songs of Zion" published by the Behrmann Publishing Co., New York 1942. These two are folksongs, authors and composers unknown, and I have checked with Palestinians as to the authenticity of the tunes and texts.

—Ruth Rubin

KROO - IM - A - NOO

Work song, also a Dance song


Am
Kroo -im a - noo, Bloo - im a - noo Lich-vod yom-tov na-deh
Tat - terred are we, Rag - ged are we. Come let's mend the pat-ches
E7
Am
Tly al ga - bay tly. Ha - l' - lu - ya, Ha - l' - lu - ya,
Yom-tov is in store. Hal - le- lu - ja, Hal - le - lu - ja,
Dm
E7
Am (Fine)
E7
Ha-l'-lu - ya ad b' - lee dy. V' - ha-lev pa-roo - a
Hal-le-lu-ja and for- ev-er- more. Tho the heart is torn and
F
E7
Dm
E7
E7 (D.C.al Fine)
v' - do - ev. V' - ha-lev ya-ron ya - ree-ya Mi-ni ch'ev ree-ya Mi-ni ch'ev.
tat-terred too, Sing, O heart, a song will be a patch for you. ba a patch for you.

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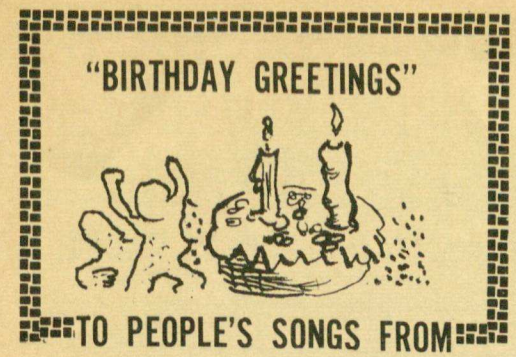

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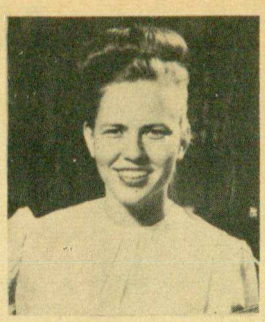
N.Y. Band Leader



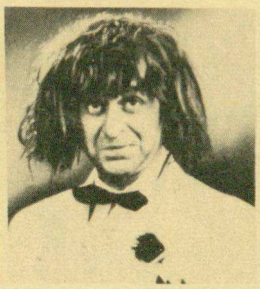
HALLY WOOD
Texas Folksinger

NORMAN ATKINS
Concert Baritone

MAX CHERE
Accordianist

OSCAR BRAND
"Barefoot" Troubadour

GLADYS BASHKIN
Brooklyn Balladeer

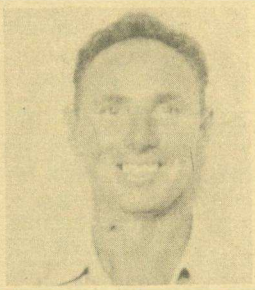


MEL LEONARD
Comedian

FRED HELLERMAN
Topical Folksinger

LEE JAFFA
Yiddish Song Stylist

WOODY GUTHRIE
Dust Bowl Balladeer



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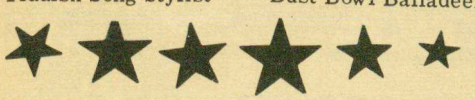
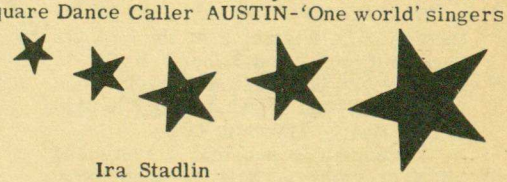
International Singer

SODDIE RAEL
Square Dance Caller

BILL JOHNSON & SONYA
AUSTIN-'One world' singers





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237 Eight Hours

Words by I. G. Blanchard
Music by Rev. Jesse H. Jones
Anno - 1868

Dr. Philip Foner Instructing
(Summer trade union school, Wisc.)

TWO EARLY LABOR SONGS

by Philip S. Foner, author of
"History of the Labor Movement in
the United States"

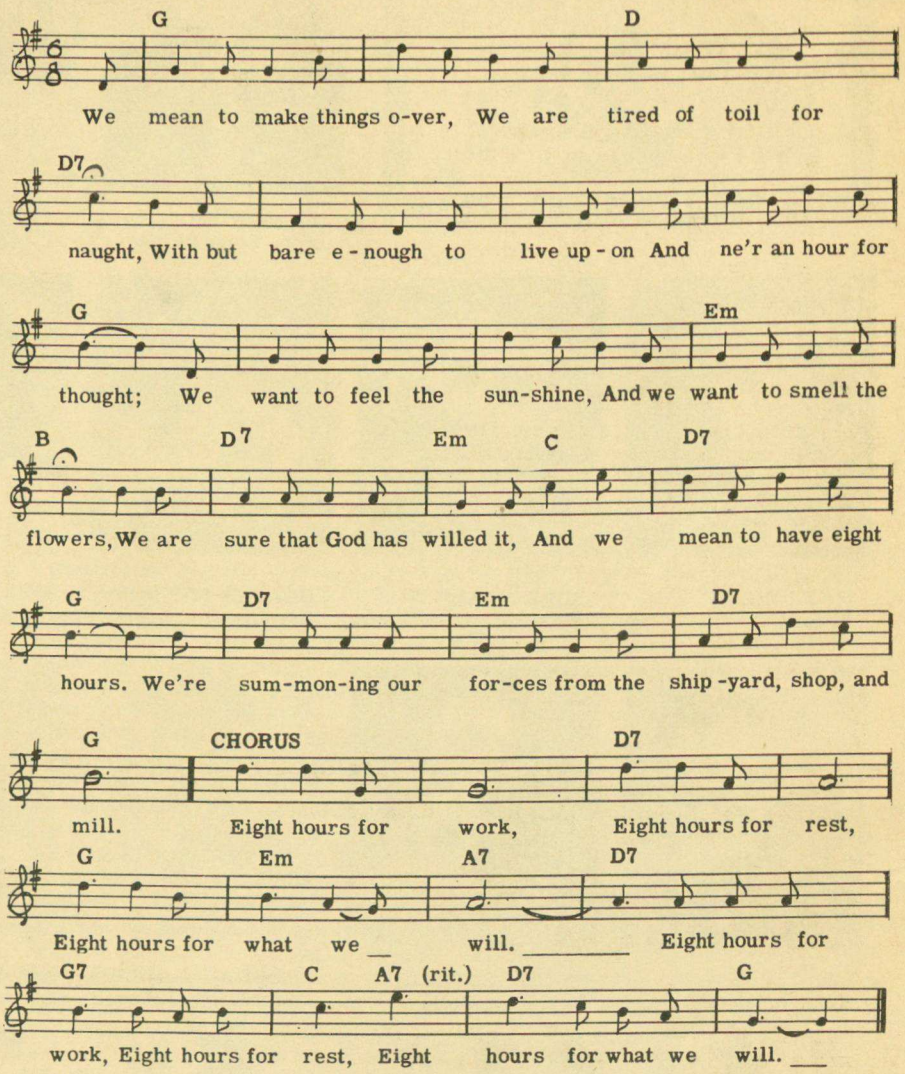
Below are two songs of the American labor movement: one written in 1860 and the other in 1868. The first, "The Shoemaker's Song," was written during the great Shoemaker's strike in New England which started in Lynn and Natick, Massachusetts, on February 22 1860 and rapidly spread throughout the state, into New Hampshire, Maine and Connecticut. By the end of the month, shoeworkers' unions were organized in at least twenty-five New England towns and close to 20,000 shoeworkers were on strike. It was the biggest strike in American history prior to the Civil War and gained nation-wide attention. Newspapers all over the country carried glaring headlines—'The Revolution in the North,' 'The Rebellion among the Workmen of New England', 'The Shoemakers' Strike—Progress of the Social Revolution', 'Beginning of the Conflict between Capital and Labor.' It was in reference to the great shoe strike then in progress that Abraham Lincoln said at New Haven, March 6, 1860:

"I am glad to see that a system of labor prevails in New England under which laborers can strike when they want to, where they are not obliged to labor whether you pay them or not. I like the system which lets a man quit when he wants to, and wish it might prevail everywhere. One of the reasons why I am opposed to slavery is just here..."

The shoeworker's strike lasted for an entire month and resulted in an increase in wages for the workers.

The second song printed below, 'Eight Hours', was the most popular labor song in America during the late '60's, '70's and '80's. Although some unions raised the demand before and during the Civil War, the eight-hour movement began in earnest when the war was over. Under the leadership of Ira Steward of the Machinists and Blacksmiths Union, known as the father of the movement, and William H. Sylvis, president of the National Molders' Union, the struggle for the eight-hour day

(Cont'd on page 24)


G D
We mean to make things o-ver, We are tired of toil for
D7
naught, With but bare e-nough to live up-on And ne'r an hour for
G Em
thought; We want to feel the sun-shine, And we want to smell the
B D7 Em C D7
flowers, We are sure that God has willed it, And we mean to have eight
G D7 Em D7
hours. We're sum-mon-ing our for-ces from the ship-yard, shop, and
G CHORUS D7
mill. Eight hours for work, Eight hours for rest,
G Em A7 D7
Eight hours for what we will. Eight hours for
G7 C A7 (rit.) D7 G
work, Eight hours for rest, Eight hours for what we will.

The beasts that graze the hillside, and the birds that wander free,
In the life that God has meted, have a better lot than we.
Oh hands and hearts are weary, and homes are heavy with dole,
If our life's to be filled with drudgery, what need of a human soul.
Shout, shout the lusty rally, from shipyard, shop, and mill.
(CHORUS)

Ye deem they're feeble voices that are raised in labor's 'cause?
But bethink ye of the torrent, and the wild tornado's laws.
We say not toil's uprising in terror's shape will come,
Yet the world were wise to listen to the monetary hum.
Soon, soon the deep toned rally shall all the nations thrill.
(CHORUS)

From factories and workshops in long and weary lines,
From all the sweltering forges, and from out the sunless mines,
Wherever toil is wasting the force of life to live
There the bent and battered armies come to claim what God doth give,
And the blazon on the banner doth with hope the nation fill:
(CHORUS)

Hurrah, hurrah for labor, for it shall arise in might;
It has filled the world with plenty, it shall fill the world with light.
Hurrah, hurrah for labor, it is mustering all it's powers
And shall march along to victory with the banner of Eight Hours.
Shout, shout the echoing rally till all the welkin thrill:
(CHORUS)

238 The Unfriendly 19

Parody by Earl Robinson

Here is Earl's parody on Tam Pierce, which has been popularized by Burl Ives. The old folk song is also known as Widdecombe Fair, and can be found, music and all, in the fine collection called "Get On Board", published by Marks Bros. Another version that appeared earlier than this parody was the one called The Seven Devils, by Harry Berlow (Brooklyn)—Broadside No. 26.

SPOKEN: Gather round me you lovers of the Silver Screen
And I'll tell you a fantastic thing I have seen,
I'll sing you the song of the Unfriendly 19:

Parnell Thomas, Parnell Thomas he tried a red smear,
All along Washington, Washington town,
And he called on 19 men to appear:
Albert Maltz, Lester Cole, Edward Dimitryk,
Sam Ornitz, Ring Lardner, Dalton Trumbo,
Herbert Biberman, Alvah Bessie, Adrian Scott.
And John Howard Lawson and all,
Old Uncle Jack Lawson and all.

To censor the movies was clearly his aim,
All along Washington, Washington town,
He thought he could do it by sland'ring the name
Of Albert Maltz . . . etc.

He just didn't figure these boys would fight back,
All along Washington, Washington town,
With Klieg Lights and Headlines he tho't he could crack
Albert Maltz . . . etc.

He tried to divide them he treated them rough
But they all stood together when the going was tough
And Rankin and Thomas, they soon had enough
Of Albert Maltz . . . etc.

The big shot producers did Thomas fear
All along Washington, Washington town,
They grovelled before him, they used his Red Smear
On Albert Maltz . . . Etc.

If we don't stand together and fight this wrong
All along Washington, Washington town,
You may discover your name in this song
With Albert Maltz . . . etc.

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CLEVELAND
PEOPLE'S SONGS

Greetings

I. KASSOY

239 Four Freedoms

Words by Mina Lynn.

Here is an unusual number. Perhaps it needs to be heard in order to be appreciated, and you will wonder why we printed it. But we are taking a chance that many of our readers will be able to get the style from our brief comments. So here goes. Perform it in a chant-like rhythm with the accents falling—all the way through—as indicated in the first section. Stomp your feet with it and get your listeners to join in on the background. There is no melody, and no instruments are needed. Try it, and see if you have what it takes.

Gáth-er round I've got a stó-ry
A tale that's old be-set with glo-ry
The char-ac-ters are you, and this ain't heav-en
The place is A-mer-i-ca, the time is "for-ty-sev-en"

CHORUS:
Do you want free-dom of the press and re-li-gion
Do you want free-dom from want and fear
Then here's the mor-al and there's no doubt
You got-ta fight them that's gon-na wipe us out.

Catholic, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Baptist, Jew
All believers have the right to worship who -
Ever they choose and no one can say
If you want to get to heaven, got to do it my way.
(CHORUS)

A man's got a brain, a man's got a heart
And a good strong back to do his part.
The world's so full that each could have his share
And want could vanish into air.
(CHORUS)

Good men everywhere are standing firm
The gestapo of the world took a death bed squirm
The down-trodden folk are gonna walk with steady gait
They're gonna shout to the world, we're no longer afraid, Now-
(CHORUS)

Tellin' the truth can sometimes hurt
'Specially if the truth tells dirt
George Washington spoke it after usin' the hatchet
His loving pappy smiled and Georgie didn't catch it
Now I hate the Nazi, his contempt I despise
To human rights, he'd swat 'em dowm like flies
Do you dare to disagree, do you dare to sound
You'd say or sing or write a word, then,
brother, hold your ground.
(CHORUS)

The thoughts you're hearing, you'll all agree
Is the righteous way for man to be,
There's a few of them to stop who would keep us down
By hatin' and dividin' they can sure go to town
It seems to me there's something we can do
We can gather ideas and our friends too
If we make the gathering big enough, and that's no lie
Brother we can win, it's in the bag and that's why

(FINAL CHORUS)
If you want freedom of the press and religion
If you want freedom from want and fear
Then here's the moral and there's no doubt
You gotta fight them that's gonna wipe it out, I'm repeating
You gotta fight them that's gonna wipe it out, say it over,
Fight them that's gonna wipe it out — Yeh.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Editor:

I've been on a picketline now for nine weeks and I have seen things happening that perhaps a lot of people don't see. I see a definite overall picture of a planned fascism being instituted, bit by bit. Every day a little more is being taken away from us workers. The reactionaries are panicky at events taking place all over the world and realize that unless they crack down and fast, they are washed up. Seeing this, I say that we must have much more emphasis on songs of propaganda for education or we won't have songs, period.

I have sung to guys who wouldn't listen if you talked literally to them but they damn near tore down the house with enthusiasm when you sing it to them. Of course you must select your material so that it is a gradual education, otherwise you might find yourself rapidly getting nowhere.

You know, it is a wonderful feeling to step into a picketline with guys who are tired and a little discouraged after walking in a circle eight hours a day for weeks and weeks, with intimidation and all the rest; and see them straighten their shoulders and step up their pace when they follow you in singing Solidarity Forever or Union Maid. I say this is where our basic work lies today, on picketlines, at demonstrations, on third-party petition drives, with less emphasis on concerts. I am not against culture, believe me, but if we don't get on the ball, we won't have any culture. I hope you guys and gals will understand my feeling in this.

Richard Dehr
Director, Song Workshop
People's Songs, Los Angeles, Calif.

* * * * *

Dear Friends:

Many thanks for your fine magazines. Using your material, we are arranging programs of American folk songs with social significance in the coming season. Next week we'll send you a parcel containing several collections of Czechoslovakian songs and song books of our youth organization and trade unions.

We are especially interested in Negro spirituals recorded by the Jubilaires or Golden Gate quartet, and in folk songs sung by artists like Josh White and Huddie Ledbetter.

Enclosed are two Russian march songs which enjoy enormous popularity all over eastern Europe. One of them is similar to the Italian guerrilla song "Scarpe Rota" which you printed last summer. Sincerely,

P. L. Doruzka, Secretary
Gramoklub Praha
Nad Zameckem 369/40
Praha XVII, Czechoslovakia.

Dear People's Songs:

During the war there was a little pop tune going around called "Hip Hip Hooray" Although the words didn't make too much sense the tune was very catchy, which set me to thinking a while back. I messed around with it a little and came up with what I think is a pretty good Wallace song. If some other people tinker around with it a little it might make a fairly attractive topical song. Here is my version:

Hip hip hooray, Wallace is here to stay,
A progressive slate in '48, hip hip hooray.
Hip hip hooray, we'll win on Election Day,
We'll mow 'em down, when we go to town, Hip hip hooray.

CHORUS:
There's no room for reaction
beneath star-spangled skies;
We'll show our might and win
this fight
When we start to mobilize—hey.

2. Hip hip hooray, it's Rankin's dying day,
We'll beat that rat when we go to bat, Hip hip hooray.
(no chorus at end)

With a fraternal adios,
Herb Sichel
Brooklyn N.Y.

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

The suggestion in the November issue concerning a record a month club or something on that line is tops. What a great record library of music People's Songsters could work up over a period of time. Those of us who are out of contact with organized PS groups have no way of learning the songs in the bulletin unless we are very accomplished musicians. I have learned to lead hundreds of songs from records and hoots. The other suggestion in the correspondence column concerning punching holes in the bulletin is a fine one also. These constructive ideas will make PS grow.

Just in case you are interested, all PS pieces go over great even in this bastion of Jim Crow. There are dozens of students humming Bilbo, Hallelujah I'm a Bum, Rye Whiskey, etc., all because of a few get-togethers among the more progressive students. We are now working on the organization of some semi-political-educational group (which this campus sadly lacks) and we expect to get a chorus together to do such things as Ballad for Americans. If you have any members in Miami interested in forming a PS group, I would be happy if you could get them in touch with me. Yours,

Joe L. Cohen
Box 67A, South Campus
South Miami, Florida

Dear Lee Hays:

Please don't cry that nobody reads your column. I am a fan if no one else is. I find that there is much information of value to me in your monthly stint. I liked that story about Emma Dusenberry. Let's have more stories.

Keep a stiff upper chin, probably the people who read your column are too busy going out and singing songs to write letters. Yours truly,

Lee Rabin
Boston, Mass.

* * * * *

Dear All & Everybody:

I cant fly to the windy town today to sing the Abraham Lincoln show with Earl Robinson for the Civil Rights Committee, on account of they mailed my plane ticket to me on Monday so's it would get in my hand today by 8 a.m. this morning, but we didn't have no mail delivery today. It's Abe's birthday, a legal holiday all acrost the country. Because it's Abe's birthday I can't get my ticket to fly to Chicago to sing for him.

I spent several hours looking through the new People's Song Book. All of its 128 pages, from Lomax to Botkin, and on and on it gets better and better and ends up with a full page of highly needed guitar chords, which may have some big influence on making a Glen Taylor out of a Lee O'Daniel.

Marjorie likes the looks of the book and says it just fits on the business end of our piano. Our 7 month old son, Arlo Davy, says tell you that you sure did pick out a good flavor of glue and starch to use on that stiff back binding. Arlo and the book went to press at just about the same time. They're both able to sit up on their own powers alone. And the book and the baby are just about as loud, as plain, as clear, and as honest as each other.

I don't see any big changes which ought to be made in either one. Both sing. Both grow on you. Both will travel and go yonder. Both will make new friends. Both will make more friends for the Union.

Thanks again to every hand that had a finger in the job of getting this book out. Yes, thanks to Boni & Gaer, too—I'm not such a practiced hand at thanking publishers, but Boni & Gaer have both got thanks coming.

Thanks to several thousand hands and eyes around the globe that are just about to snatch this People's Song Book and hold it to their breast like a new found kid.

Woody Guthrie

* * * * *

Editor's Note: How about you? Have you secured the new People's Songs songbook? For more information turn to page 21.

(Early Labor Songs- Foner, Cont'd)

made rapid headway. Congress passed a law on June 25, 1868 providing an 8-hour day for laborers, mechanics and all other workmen in federal employ. By the end of the year, six states and several cities passed eight-hour laws. Mr Blanchard's song with original music by Rev. Jesse H. Jones was written during the campaign for these laws. The song remained popular even after the laws, due to various loopholes in the legislation, proved to be practically worthless. During the 1880's, when the labor movement shifted to strike action to secure the eight hour day, the song was revived. It became the official song of the eight-hour movement which culminated in the great demonstration on May 1, 1886—the first May Day in the history of the world labor movement.

THE SHOEMAKER'S SONG

Written for strikers - 1860
by Allen Peabody, Wenham, Mass.
To the tune of "Yankee Doodle"

Ye jours and snobs thru-out the land,
'Tis time to be astir;
The Natick boys are all on hand,
And we must not demur.

CHORUS:
Up and let us have a strike
Fair prices we'll demand.
Firmly let us all unite,
Unite thru-out the land.

This winter past, we've kept alive,
By toiling late at night.
With no encouragement to thrive
Such unpaid toil ain't right. (CHO.)

Starvation looks us in the face,
We cannot work so low;
Such prices are a sore disgrace;
Our children ragged go. (CHO.)

Our children must attend the schools,
And we must pay our bills,
We must have means to buy our tools,
Gaunt stomachs must be filled. (CHO.)

We must have decent clothes to wear,
A place to get our rest.
Must not be burdened so with care,
And must go better dressed. (CHO.)

Shall we run constantly in debt,
And toil the while like slaves?
Old age may overtake us yet-
May yet fill pauper's graves. (CHO.)

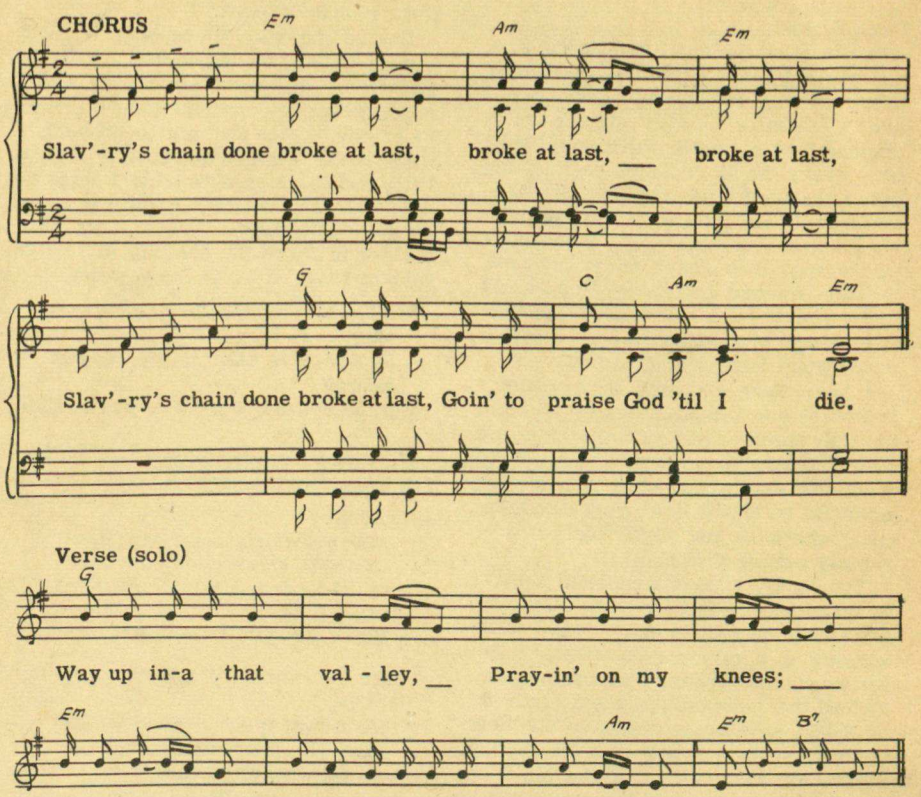
Shame on the men, the stupid curs,
Who might speak if they could,
Who will not join the Union boys,
But whine, "'Twill do no good." (CHO.)

The carpenters get up a strike
The masons do the same,
And we'll take hold with all our might,
And elevate our name. (CHO.)

'Twas union gained the glorious boon,
Our nation now enjoys;
Then let's awake and soon back up-
The glorious Natick boys. (CHO.)

240 Slavery's Chain

Which came first, Jericho or this song, is uncertain—probably it was the more traditional Jericho. Slavery's Chain should be a favorite with choral groups—make your own arrangement. Laura Duncan sang this song on the Songs for Lincoln program at Town Hall recently.

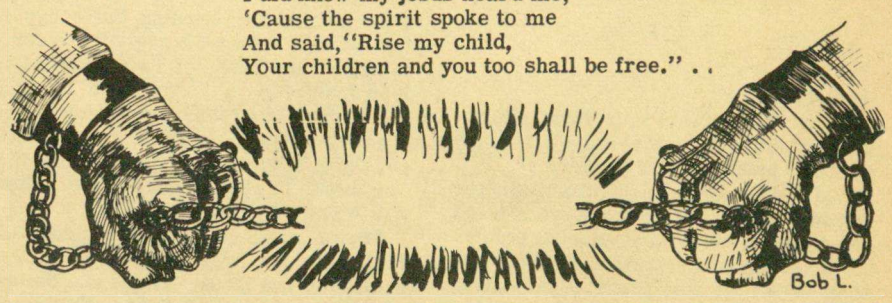


Verse (solo)
G
Way up in-a that val - ley, Pray-in' on my knees;
Em
Am
Em
B7
Tell-in' God a - bout my troub-les, And to help me if he please (O Bretheren)

I did tell Him how I suffer
In the dungeon and the chain
And the days I went with head
bowed down
And my broken flesh and pain . . .

Now no more weary travelin'
'Cause my Jesus set-a me free
And there's no more auctic.. block
for me
Since He gave me liberty . . .

I did know my Jesus heard me,
'Cause the spirit spoke to me
And said, "Rise my child,
Your children and you too shall be free." . .



BIRTHDAY GREETINGS From
LOS ANGELES
BRANCH
PEOPLES SONGS
of California

MAY 1948 VOL. 3 NO. 4

PEOPLE'S SONGS

SEE PAGES 6 & 7

MAY DAY IN NYC

GREAT DAY! The PEOPLE MARCHIN'

New York's May Day parade saw the time-tested slogan "Singing Is A Form of Battle" put to another test this year, when People's Songs of New York mobilized its forces for an effective demonstration of the power of song.

Aside from a number of contingents which were spark-plugged by People's Songsters in the line of march, one of the highlights of the parade was the singing contingent of the American Youth for Democracy. This contingent was organized by People's Songs and the American Folksay Group of AYD.

Enthusiastic onlookers were treated to the rare sight of some 250 thoroughly unrehearsed people marching and singing in time with such songs as "Roll the Union On", "Solidarity Forever", "Hold the Fort", "Battle Hymn of '48", "Great Day", and many others.

An unusual contraption, the product of many sleepless nights and long engineering sessions, was built for the parade. This was a sound-truck with a built-in platform on top and rotating rolls of wrapping paper on which were painted the words to the songs. The rolls of paper were built into the rear end of the truck and rotated as the singers marched and sang.

Pete Seeger, Ernie Lieberman, Fred Hellerman and Bob de Cormier led the singing from the top of the truck, while other People's Songsters spotted themselves along the line of march with guitars, banjoes, etc., to help the singing.

As the singing contingent crossed the corner of 23rd St. and 8th Ave., a gang of some twenty young boys started shouting and heckling the parade. They made quite a din for about twenty seconds, until "Roll the Union On" started booming over the speaker and from the mouths of the marchers. The sheepish expression on the faces of the boys as they heard themselves literally over-powered was something the marchers as well as the spectators will long remember.

And when the singing marchers finally paraded into Union Square with "Glory Hallelujah, For the People's March Is On" -- tens of thousands of New Yorkers received a new kind of thrill, and countless union and political organizers had a living demonstration of the power of song. For those who may have heard it, it would do them well to remember that this kind of singing can be a part of every rally, picket-line, demonstration, etc. -- because there is an organization which can do it.

Irwin Silber

A "PEOPLE'S REVUE"

"TOMORROW IS GOOD MORNING!" A musical revue presented by the American Folksay Group of American Youth for Democracy at Carnegie Recital Hall, NYC, Friday and Saturday, May 14 and 15. Written and directed by Irwin Silber.

"Tomorrow Is Good Morning!" was "good morning", we hope, to a whole series of productions that belong all over the country. The Folksay branch of the American Youth for Democracy drew from the people's music that they have been dancing to and singing so well--borrowed back Irwin Silber to write and direct the script (which he did after his 25-hour day for People's Songs) and came forth with a bang-up musical revue.

Essentially the book spoke out for youth with a great deal of optimism. Each scene had its message and together they made a bright and moving continuity. The songs (from "Goin' Down the Road" to "Stardust") were well-integrated and well-chosen.

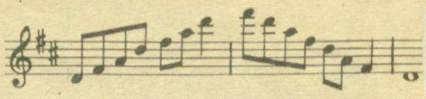
I don't want to give a too-detailed account of the show because it is only on the eastern seaboard that "Tomorrow Is Good Morning!" can be booked. (Incidentally if your club or organization would like as good a time as the New York audiences had along with a progressive message for today, you'd do well to contact People's Artists and have them send the show out your way.) But most important is for you to produce your own "People's Revue". You have the material (see the People's Songbook and the People's Songs Bulletin); you have your writers; and your region needs it as much as ours. We'd like to see similar travelling units all over the country speaking out for you today.

-by Betty Sanders

(See picture at bottom of next page)

SINGING Y'S

Some of People's Songs' best boosters are in the YWCA recreation department. For years they have known the value of folksongs in getting community singing going, and a number of the songs in our bulletins have been integrated into their programs. At one United Nations festival, for example, they used "United Nations Make a Chain" and "Listen, Mr. Bilbo". In Pittsburgh, they advertised a Hootenanny with the slogan, "Everyone Come and Play", and among the many who showed up was an old Polish man--- a stranger to everyone. He was 91 years old, the oldest employe at Westinghouse, and came with his silver fife, ready to perform...and was the hit of the evening! Since much of the YWCA work is with national minority groups, they believe that People's Songs has great importance in bringing the first and second generations together, in singing both songs from the old country as well as the new American songs.

THE FREEDOM TO SING AS YOU PLEASE

People's Songsters, we are sure, read their local newspapers well (and through them) and therefore know all about the Mundt Bill, loyalty checks and the work of the notorious "Un-American" Committee.

To put matters in a proper historical light, we reprint a paragraph from a New York newspaper of the year 1734:

"The grand jury, having yesterday presented two scandalous and seditious songs or ballads lately dispersed about the city -- namely, one that is entitled 'A Song Made Upon the Election of the New Magistrate for This City', the other entitled 'A Song Made On the Foregoing Occasion'; both highly defaming the present administration of His Majesty's Government in the Province, tending to inflame the minds of His Majesty's good subjects... It is therefore ordered by the Court, that said virulent, scandalous and seditious songs or ballads be burnt before the City Hall, sitting by the Court, by the hands of the common hangman or whipper, on Monday, the 21st of this instant, at 12 o'clock, and that the High Sheriff of this city and county do take order accordingly."

(This month's cover is by Gene Deitch)

Local People's Songs leaders should try to build up as comprehensive a library of song material as possible. Naturally, you will want a complete file of all issues of the People's Songs Bulletin. A few issues are out of print, but we suggest that you write immediately to the national office and ask for a list of all back issues. Copies are normally 25¢ apiece, but a special rate of 10 copies for $2 is available to members.

PEOPLE'S SONGS is a non-profit organization formed to "create, promote, and distribute songs of labor and the people."

VOL. 3, NO. 4 MAY, 1948

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ABOUT ROBERT BURNS

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY, a novel of the life and loves of Robert Burns, by James Barke, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1947.

In the whole of English literature there is no people's poet and singer to rank with Robert Burns. Occupying in his native Scotland a place of honor reached by no single figure in any other land, he is at the same time the poet of the poor and oppressed in all countries.

In "The Wind That Shakes the Barley", the first of four novels on Burns, James Barke recreates the first twenty-odd years of the poet's life, in the process providing a vivid picture of Scotland in the late eighteenth century.

Burns was a poet of the common people because he was one of them. The son of a tenant farmer, brought up in grinding poverty and constant toil, Burns spent most of his short life as a worker or poor farmer. Though well-read beyond most of his neighbors, he generally wrote, not in the labored and often stilted "well-bred" English of his day, but in the broad Scots dialect he knew best. His inspiration was drawn from the life of the people around him, working, carousing and loving.

Burns' love affairs--of which there were not a few--drew lifted eyebrows or "charitable" silence from Victorian biographers. As a later critic has pointed out, and as Barke makes clear, however, Burns' affairs were neither begun in cynicism nor ended in desertion. Today, when love--including its physical side--is at least more tolerated, Burns appears as a more whole, certainly more honest man then many of his contemporaries.

The folklore enthusiast finds that most of Burns' songs were written to traditional Scottish tunes, part of the common cultural tendency of his day. Burns was not afraid to borrow, either musically or (in some cases) lyrically, from the folk tradition of his own people. But his borrowings were never mechanical, always with a keen eye to the perfect union of words and music.

Made much of for a while by the well-to-do of Edinburgh, Burns quickly lost favor when he scorned to conceal his sympathy for the French Revolution. Like other poets before and since, he found that the rich and mighty favor culture only so long as it does not threaten their wealth and power. But the common man's poets remain a living tradition, still sung and recited long after the Drydens, Masefields and Maxwell Andersons have passed beyond memory.

In vividly and humanely recreating the life of Burns, James Barke has done a real service to the people's cultural movement. Though his dialogue sometimes seems studied and his use of Scots dialect sans glossary may be somewhat confusing to those unfamiliar with it, he has made a good beginning; the succeeding volumes in the series should be worth reading.

Meanwhile, the words of Burns overshadow any writing about them, remaining in any age an abomination to the Mundts and Thomases and an inspiration to people's singers:

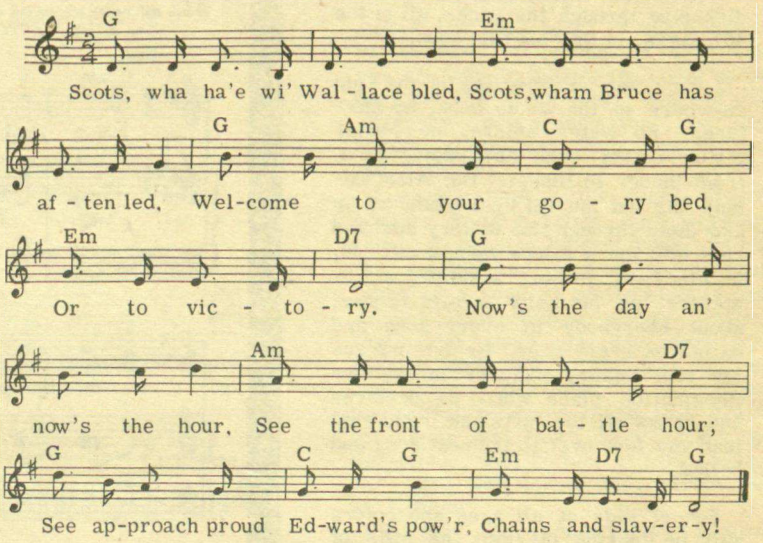
"For a' that and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

-by Bob Claiborne

250 "Scots Wha' Ha'e"

Words by Robert Burns

This is Burns' version of Robert Bruce's speech to his men before the 14th century battle of Bannockburn, at which the Scots defeated the English. Its stirring words and powerful music have made it almost an unofficial Scottish national anthem. (It has been suggested as the theme song of a hypothetical Scottish-American Committee for Henry Wallace.)


G Em
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wal - lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has
G Am C G
af - ten led, Wel-come to your go - ry bed,
Em D7 G
Or to vic - to - ry. Now's the day an'
Am D7
now's the hour, See the front of bat - tle hour;
G C G Em D7 G
See ap-proach proud Ed-ward's pow'r, Chains and slav-er-y!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn an' flee!
Wha, for Scotland's land and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes an' pains,
By your sons and servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or dee!

The AMERICAN FOLKSAY GROUP rehearsing a modern dance sequence for "TOMORROW IS GOOD MORNING", a folk musical which the group presented at Carnegie Recital Hall the week-end of May 14th and 15th. Featured in the cast were Ernie Lieberman, Fred Hellerman, Renee Berlow and Joe Jaffe. Choreography was by Bernice Rosen and the script was written by Irwin Silber.

FOLKSONG U. S. A.

BOOK REVIEW by WOODY GUTHRIE

John and Alan Lomax's new book of a hundred and eleven best American ballads; piano arrangements by Charles and Ruth Seeger.
(Duell, Sloan and Pearce, NY. $6.00)

I just spent these past several hours dickering through the pages, all of the 407 pages, of this big fine book.

I don't see any pictures of any kind anywhere in the whole book, no cartoons, no water colors, no poster pictures, not even any photographs, from binder to binder. But Alan Lomax has led me out by the hand all up and down through this history land and he's told me a tale, a yarn, a tall one, a windy, a josher, a laffer, a rib splitter, an old salty, a wild runner, about everybody in every song and ballad on every page. He lets me see my own history pictures in my own imagination place while he declares and blows off the facts and truths that lead my feet over to the next song and ballad.

School kids of all ages and colors will be tearing off into the hills of this book to learn their real American working and fighting history like it ought to be taught. Camp counselors, group workers, mamas, papas, and most of all, the kids, will beg you once more to turn into this book and ask you forty-seven kinds of questions while they gouge you to sing more of the story songs, bad mean people's songs, good man songs, fun-having songs to riggle off a jigalong jiggy dance to; and while your kids will be giving all of the lll ballads their worst beating, like Alan says, it'll be the kids, too, that'll recollect, recall, re-sing, and re-dance all of these ballads and keep the family and the ballads, both, living and moving on along.

Alan's knocked off four hundred and seven pages of poetry in this book, and I'd call the whole book from first to last word and breath, a rhyme, a beater, a pacy and a racy kind of a metre, where every word makes good horse sense. There's more real fun and human living in this book than there is in ten flatcar loads of popular, sissified, neurotic mouth frothing dished out by the rivers and by the floods by our pop houses.

The very worst song in Lomax's hundred and eleven has already outlasted a convoy laden and loaded down to their belly lines with the big $$$ hitty missy tunes that try to tell you how nice it feels to be broke, and what a nice day it is for no money to be jingling around in your pocket. There's a kind of fighting spirit about every song that Lomax has

(Continued on page 5, last column)

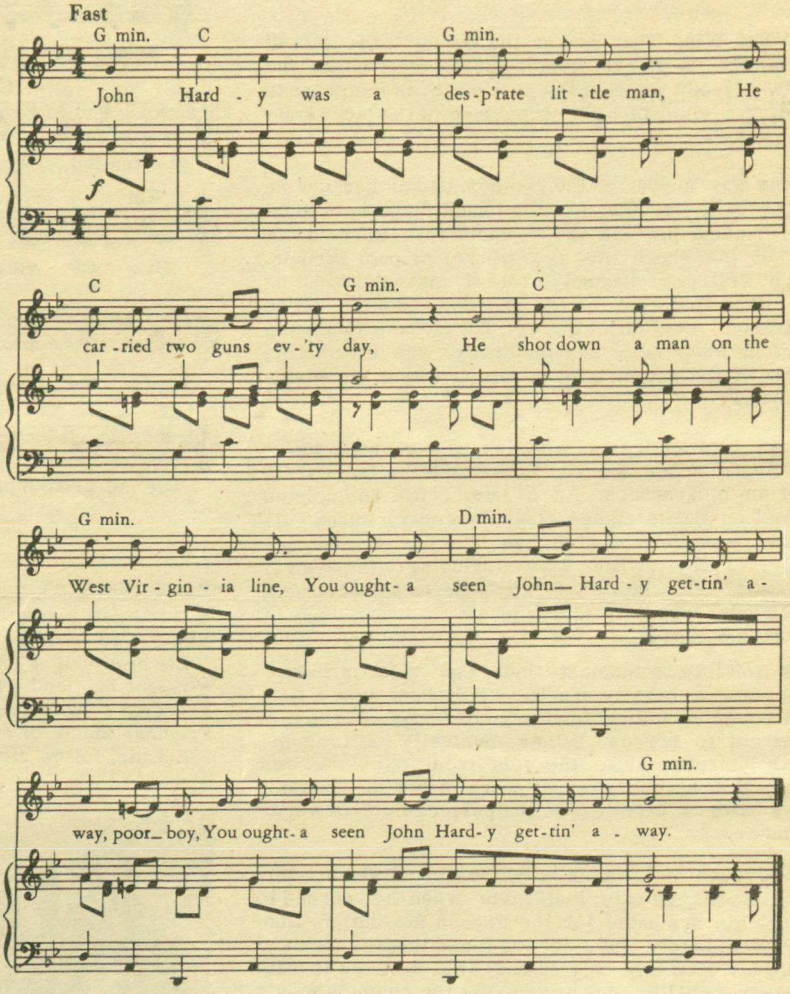
A TYPICAL PAGE OUT OF "FOLKSONG U. S. A." (reduced by one-third)

This ballad of a West Virginia Negro murderer is often a companion piece to "Pretty Polly." Like "Pretty Polly," it is ordinarily sung by white singers in the Southern appalachians, sung in the same pokerfaced style with a hard-hitting, fast-moving five-string banjo accompaniment. Despite its recent origin, it has many of the stylistic qualities of the ancient tragic ballads, yet, because of its recent vintage, we know a good deal about John Hardy's story. (See page 287 -court record on J. Hardy)

John Hardy

Words and melody adapted and arranged by John A. and Alan Lomax

Piano arrangement by Charles and Ruth Seeger


Fast
G min. C G min.
John Hard - y was a des-p'rate lit - tle man, He
f
C G min. C
car - ried two guns ev - 'ry day, He shot down a man on the
G min. D min.
West Vir - gin - ia line, You ought - a seen John— Hard - y get-tin' a -
G min.
way, poor_ boy, You ought - a seen John Hard - y get-tin' a - way.

2. John Hardy stood at the gamblin' table,
Didn't have no int'rest in the game,
Up stepped a yellow gal and threw a dollar down,
Said, " Deal John Hardy in the game, poor boy,
Deal John Hardy in the game."

3. John Hardy took that yellow gal's money,
And then he began to play,
Said, "The man that wins my yellow gal's dollar,
I'll lay him in his lonesome grave, poor boy,
I'll lay him in his lonesome grave."

4. John Hardy drew to a four-card straight,
And the Chinaman drew to a pair,
John failed to catch and the Chinaman won,
And he left him sitting dead in his chair, poor boy,
And he left him sitting dead in his chair,

5. John started to catch that East-bound train,
So dark he could not see,
Up stepped the police and took him by the arm,
Said, "Johnny come and go with me, poor boy,
Johnny come and go with me."

6. John Hardy's father came to him,
Come for to go his bail;
No bail was allowed for a murderin' man,
So they shoved John Hardy back in jail, poor boy,
They shoved John Hardy back in jail.

7. They took John Hardy to his hangin' ground,
They hung him there to die,
And the very last word I heard him say—
"My forty gun never told a lie, poor boy,
My forty gun never told a lie.

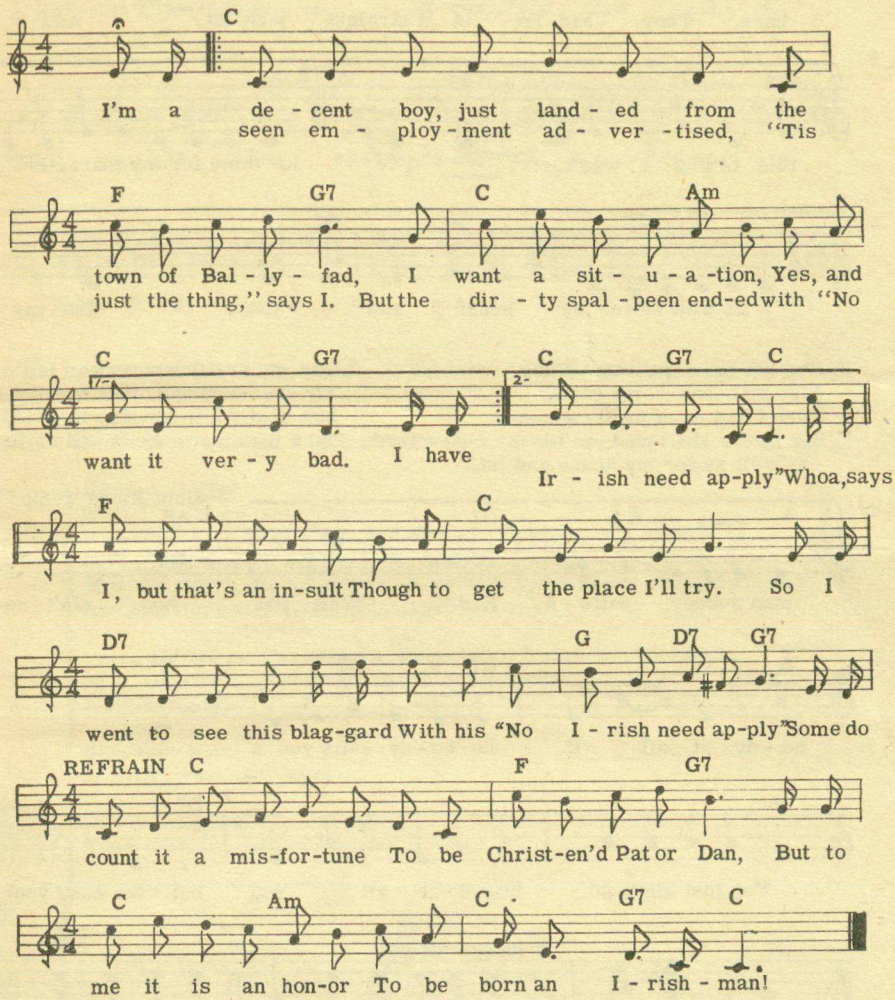
8. "I've been to the East, I've been to the West,
I've travelled this wide world around,
I've been to the river and I've been baptised
And now I'm on my hangin' ground, poor boy,
And now I'm on my hangin' ground."

9. John Hardy had a loving little wife,
And children she had three,
But he cared no more for his wife and his child,
Than he did for the rocks in the sea, poor boy,
Than he did for the rocks in the sea.

251 No Irish Need Apply

Attributed to J. F. Poole

This song is one of the many dug up from our history for a special hootenanny given in New York last month, called the "Un-American Hootenanny". It was decided that with all this hullabaloo about Un-Americans these days, we ought to find out if our forbears were plagued with similiar problems. Sure enough, we found that (who would have thought it) a whole gang of citizens led by a certain George Washington were accused of being disloyal to the government. Later, Jefferson was called a Jacobin. The Abolitionists were similarly hounded, as were the early union members. So, at this 'hoot', songs were sung which had participated in all these struggles. The script and songs for the show have been sent to People's Songs branches, in case they wish to put on their own version of it.


C
I'm a de - cent boy, just land - ed from the
seen em - ploy - ment ad - ver - tised, "'Tis
F G7 C Am
town of Bal - ly - fad, I want a sit - u - a - tion, Yes, and
just the thing," says I. But the dir - ty spal - peen end-ed with "No
C G7 C G7 C
want it ver - y bad. I have
Ir - ish need ap-ply" Whoa, says
F C
I, but that's an in-sult Though to get the place I'll try. So I
D7 G D7 G7
went to see this blag-gard With his "No I - rish need ap-ply" Some do
REFRAIN C F G7
count it a mis-for-tune To be Christ-en'd Pat or Dan, But to
C Am C G7 C
me it is an hon-or To be born an I - rish - man!

I started out to find the house,
I got it mighty soon,
There I found the old chap seated,
He was reading the Tribune.
I told him what I came for,
When he in a rage did fly,
"No," he says, "You are a Paddy"
"And no Irish need apply."

Then I gets my dander rising
And I'd like to black his eye
To tell an Irish gentleman
"No Irish need apply."
Some do count it a misfortune
To be christened Pat or Dan
But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman.

I couldn't stand it longer
So a-hold of him I took
And gave him such a welting
As he'd get at Donnybrook.
He hollered "Millia Murther"
And to get away did try,
And swore he'd never write again
"No Irish need apply."

Well, he made a big apology,
I bid him then goodbye,
Saying, "When next you want a beating
Write 'No Irish need apply'."
Some do count it a misfortune
To be Christened Pat or Dan.
But to me it is an honor
To be born an Irishman.

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!
-by Emma Lazarus
Inscribed on the Statue of Liberty

(FOLKSONG USA Cont'd)

picked out, and most of them would be censored as unsingable over our own air waves, unless you could make the tune sell some snuff, beer, or the 'give up' propaganda that our big bosses shovel out over our mikes and speakers.

Lomax's book is a sunny bright smiling, hard fighting, hard working and hard dancing kind of book, out of the mouths and eyes of people that make up a song to tell you lots of bad things, good things, crazy things, that's hit them up and down the stream, and this is the very reason why ninety per cent of our daily stream of poisoned trash that drips out from my radio here called by the names, God knows, of folk songs, and even announced and introduced as ballads.

If only our phonograph record would make as much good sense as this Lomax book, I'd hug and kiss the moon in the morning. If our movies spoke out this much truth and human feelings, I'd kiss my mammy-in-law at high noon on top of the court house. And, if our movies made, no, I mean if our twenty four hours of radio made as much good old humanly horse sense as Folk Song, USA makes, I'd, well, I'd run grab my dear old wife Marjorie by her hand and I'd grab old Arlo Davy by the elbow, and we'd dance and sing around till we give birth and borning to sixteen kids and thirty-seven grandkids and all of them older than old Methuzalar.

Folk Song, USA, I'd say, to be the top best lll ballads I've ever run onto up to now. It's away out yonder ahead of the rest. It's even the best of the Lomax books.

Woody Guthrie

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Dear Sirs:
I'd like to become a subscribing member of PEOPLE'S SONGS .... Enclosed find $2.50 to cover the cost of one years membership fee.

(Please print)

Name _____

Address _____

ON THE RECORD

"Well, it's no disgrace to be poor
But it's a little unhandy for me."

So run some lines in "High Price Blues", one of Brownie McGhee's latest singles, and a song that ought to get around. If your local record store doesn't have it, order from People's Songs. (Encore Records)

Doris Senk, of American Youth for a Free World, has records made of much of the singing at the Prague Youth Festival last summer. She is thinking of getting some of them pressed in this country. If you would be interested in getting some of these records yourself, it might help the project to go through if you would let her know. (Amer. Youth for a Free World, 144 Bleecker St., NYC.)

Josh White has recorded "The Man Who Couldn't Walk", by Rosenthal and Cantor, for Apollo.

Leadbelly's Capitol recording of "Rock Island Line" is currently the rave of Atlanta, Georgia, due to its plugging by one of the local disc jockeys.

The People's Songs Children's Workshop in Los Angeles had notable success in integrating dances with songs. If you are interested in doing this kind of work, look up an album called "Palestinian Dances" (Vox Records, 236 W. 55th St., NYC, $3.93). A dancer, Corinne Chochem, selected the songs, and had orchestrations done by such distinguished composers as Leonard Bernstein, Darius Milhaud, Hanns Eisler, Stefan Wolpe and others. Dance directions are given on the inside cover.

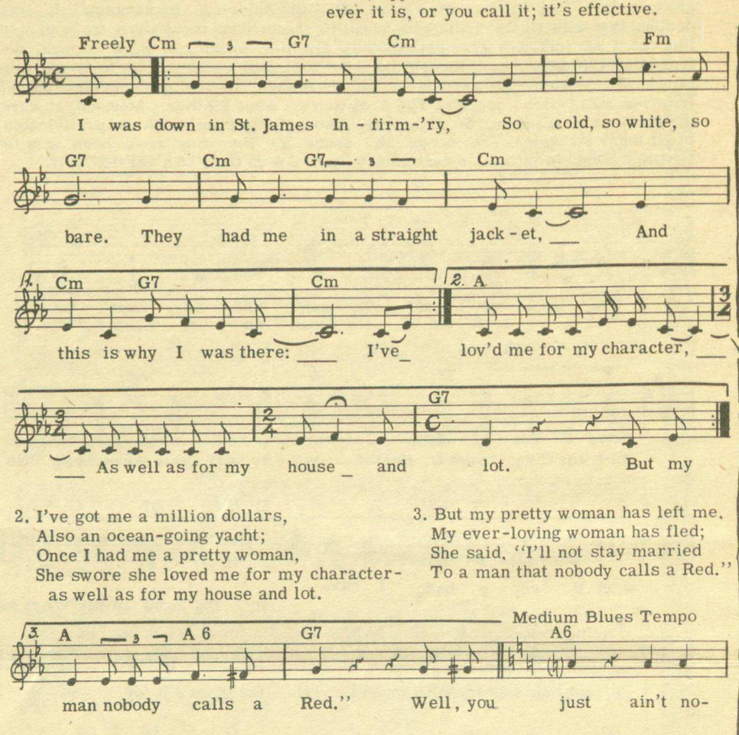
People's Songs members located nearest the North Pole are believed to be those living in a gold-mining center called Timmins, Ontario, just a few miles south of Hudson Bay. A local disc jockey show, called "Songs of the People", is sponsored weekly by a local worker's cooperative, and they play everything from Burl Ives to Red Army Songs, including on the way some good jazz, union songs and so on.

Of all things, "Downbeat", the jazz magazine, gives a triple-star review to the album by the late Jack Guthrie, cousin of our own Woodrow Wilson Guthrie. Their reviewer makes one mistake, however: he credits the authorship of the well-known juke box hit, "Oklahoma Hills", to cousin Jack, when it was really written by Woody. As a matter of fact, this song helped to buy Woody, Marge and Arlo a new car last year.

252 The Ballad For Un-American Blues

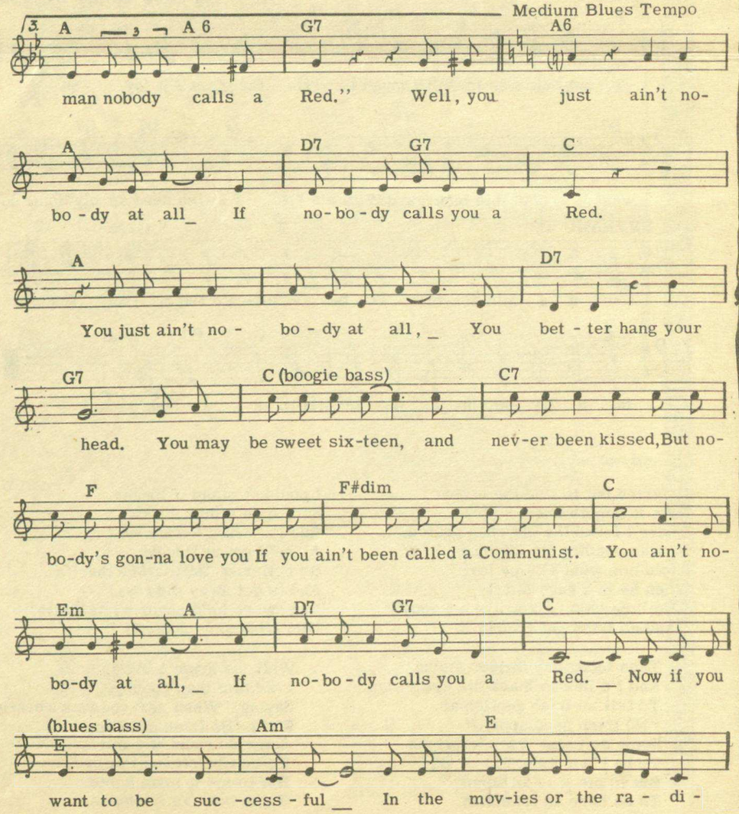
Words and music by Lee Hays and Walter Lowenfels
Arranged by Waldemar Hille
Copyright 1947 by People's Songs, Inc.

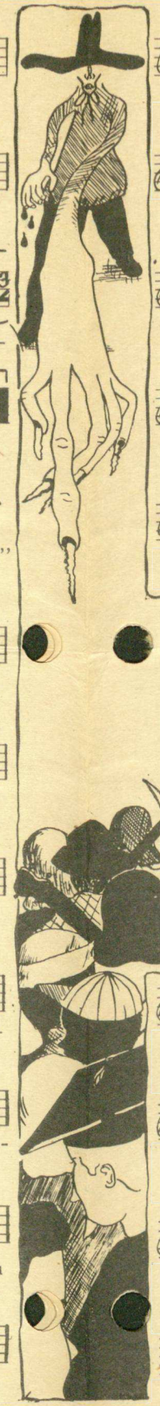
Ever since Lee Hays introduced this song to a Carnegie Hall Hootenanny audience (some time ago), there have been numerous requests for copies. So Lee Hays' column or 'page' (really two pages this time) appears here in the form of this song rou[t]e. Lee c[a]lls it a sort of "Mish-mash." But, whatever it is, or you call it; it's effective.

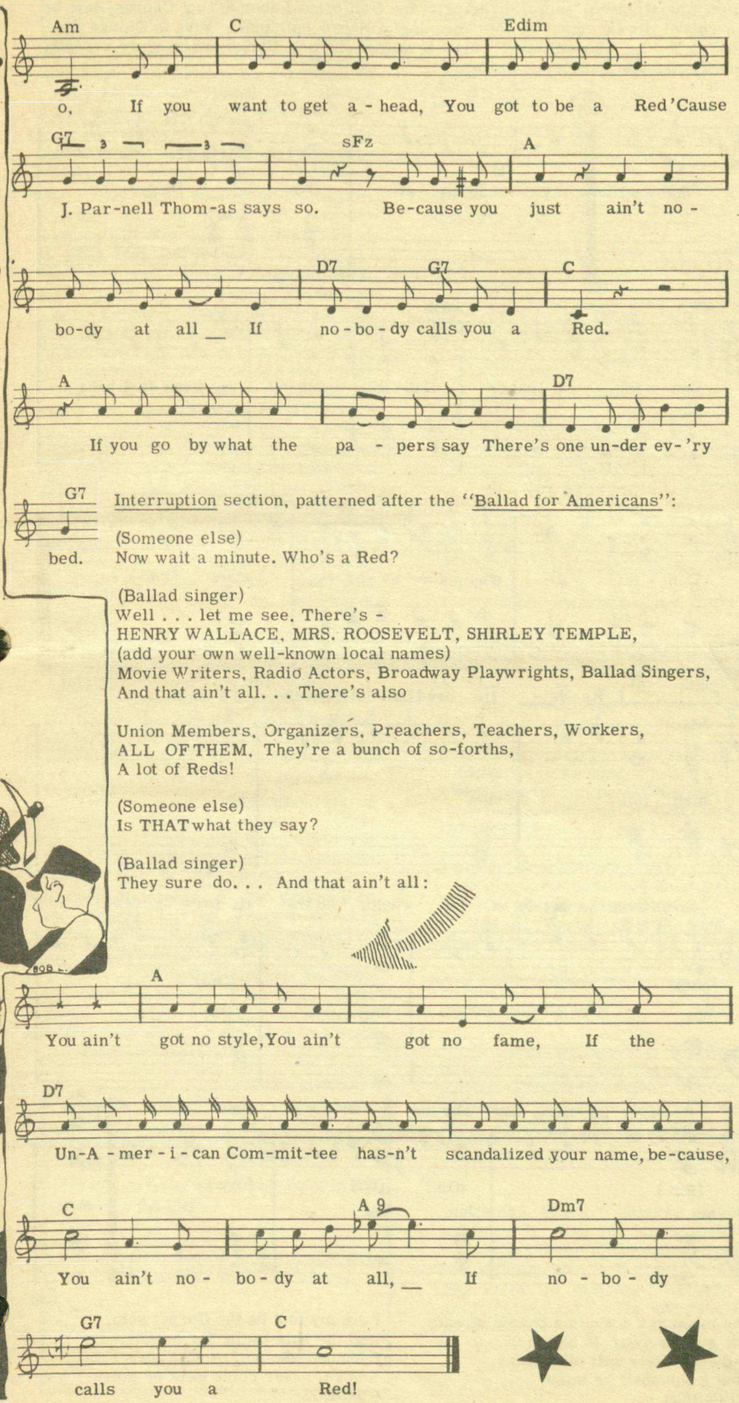

Freely Cm G7 Cm Fm
I was down in St. James In - firm-'ry, So cold, so white, so
G7 Cm G7 Cm
bare. They had me in a straight jack - et, And
1. Cm G7 Cm 2. A
this is why I was there: I've lov'd me for my character,
G7
As well as for my house and lot. But my

2. I've got me a million dollars,
Also an ocean-going yacht;
Once I had me a pretty woman,
She swore she loved me for my character-
as well as for my house and lot.

3. But my pretty woman has left me,
My ever-loving woman has fled;
She said, "I'll not stay married
To a man that nobody calls a Red."


Medium Blues Tempo
A A 6 G7 A6
man nobody calls a Red." Well, you just ain't no-
A D7 G7 C
bo - dy at all_ If no-bo-dy calls you a Red.
A D7
You just ain't no - bo - dy at all, _ You bet - ter hang your
G7 C (boogie bass) C7
head. You may be sweet six-teen, and nev-er been kissed, But no-
F F#dim C
bo-dy's gon-na love you If you ain't been called a Communist. You ain't no-
Em A D7 G7 C
bo-dy at all, _ If no-bo-dy calls you a Red. __ Now if you
(blues bass) Am E
E
want to be suc - cess - ful __ In the mov-ies or the ra - di -




Am C Edim
o, If you want to get a - head, You got to be a Red 'Cause
G7 sFz A
J. Par-nell Thom-as says so. Be-cause you just ain't no -
D7 G7 C
bo-dy at all __ If no - bo - dy calls you a Red.
A D7
If you go by what the pa - pers say There's one un-der ev-'ry
G7
bed.

Interruption section, patterned after the "Ballad for Americans":

(Someone else)
Now wait a minute. Who's a Red?

(Ballad singer)
Well . . . let me see. There's -
HENRY WALLACE, MRS. ROOSEVELT, SHIRLEY TEMPLE,
(add your own well-known local names)
Movie Writers, Radio Actors, Broadway Playwrights, Ballad Singers,
And that ain't all. . . There's also

Union Members, Organizers, Preachers, Teachers, Workers,
ALL OF THEM. They're a bunch of so-forths,
A lot of Reds!

(Someone else)
Is THAT what they say?

(Ballad singer)
They sure do. . . And that ain't all:

A
You ain't got no style, You ain't got no fame, If the
D7
Un-A - mer - i - can Com-mit-tee has-n't scandalized your name, be-cause,
C A 9 Dm7
You ain't no - bo - dy at all, __ If no - bo - dy
G7 C
calls you a Red!

SO-LONG TO A GOOD GUY

(ON THE DRUMHEAD, A selection from the writings of Mike Quin, a Memorial Volume Edited with a Biographical Sketch by Harry Carlisle. Published by the Pacific Publishing Foundation, Inc., San Francisco, 1948. $1.50.)

BOOK REVIEW -by LEE HAYS

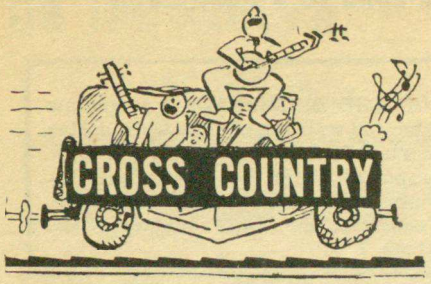
"My physicians and surgeons--all being very expert in their field as well as being good guys--advise me that I have only about two months more to live...I shall resist to the utmost of my ability in accordance with my belief that a man should die pointed in his chosen direction and fighting like hell to get there...death shall interrupt me in the midst of enthusiastic endeavor; for I intend to live as fully as possible to the last sweet moment. Then, as a lover of life, I hope to submit to its inscrutable chemistry with neither fear nor bitterness..."

So at 41, cancer took Mike Quin, and he was still working, writing the columns and poems which became his best autobiography. And in his last words he left a message of unity for all working people--if we don't get together we will have Fascism in our country; and he told us not to be afraid of being called red, for all good ideas are called red by the money hogs. Even President Roosevelt was called a red...

Mike was a red. He was proud of it. But, you know, the longshoremen and the folks across the country who read and loved his writing, they weren't all reds. But they weren't afraid of Mike, and they knew him for one of their own. They liked what he had to say about unity, and brotherhood, and in his words they found a vision of a time to be when hate would be defeated, and the great American good would be truly crowned with the fact of brotherhood. Today we only say it; then we shall live it . . .

The dialogues of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Murphy were in a great tradition of satire. And the poems...they were in a great tradition of people singing loudly and bravely about the things they fear and hate and want and love. Once Mike traipsed around New York with the Almanac Singers, and wrote a column about it. He couldn't get over the way the music sounded in the subways, the voices reverberating until it seemed the Almanacs had been many times multiplied...

And now his poems reverberate through the land in voices to be many times multiplied. I've seen union people listening to his words, in meetings, and some of the words bring tears to eyes, and some of them make a man fighting mad, and all of them give courage... (Continued on page 12)



INT'L COMMITTEE MEETING

Delegates from west, south, mid-west, east and Canada will meet in New York, June 26th, to decide overall policy for the People's Songs organization. Members of the National Committee consist of all regional directors, plus the three members of the staff of the national office. If you as a People's Songs member have ideas on some matter you want brought to their attention, write now to get your suggestion put on the agenda.

JENNY WELLS SINGING IN THE SOUTH

Jenny Wells, the Albuquerque Thrush, made a 2-week foray into Texas where she sang before groups at Texas Christian University and Southern Methodist, packinghouse workers, oil-workers and Wallace committees. In Kilgore, one of the largest oil towns in eastern Texas, a union man came up and said that he had known Joe Hill and was with him in Kansas City about 36 years ago.

In Denver, Jenny sang 'Hey Zhankoye'' for Farmers Union leaders including James Patton. Ed Yeomans, chairman of their eastern division, who is a guitar picker and singer himself, said that if he could learn that song the eastern division could get 1000 new men, particularly in New Jersey where there is a large number of Jewish farmers.

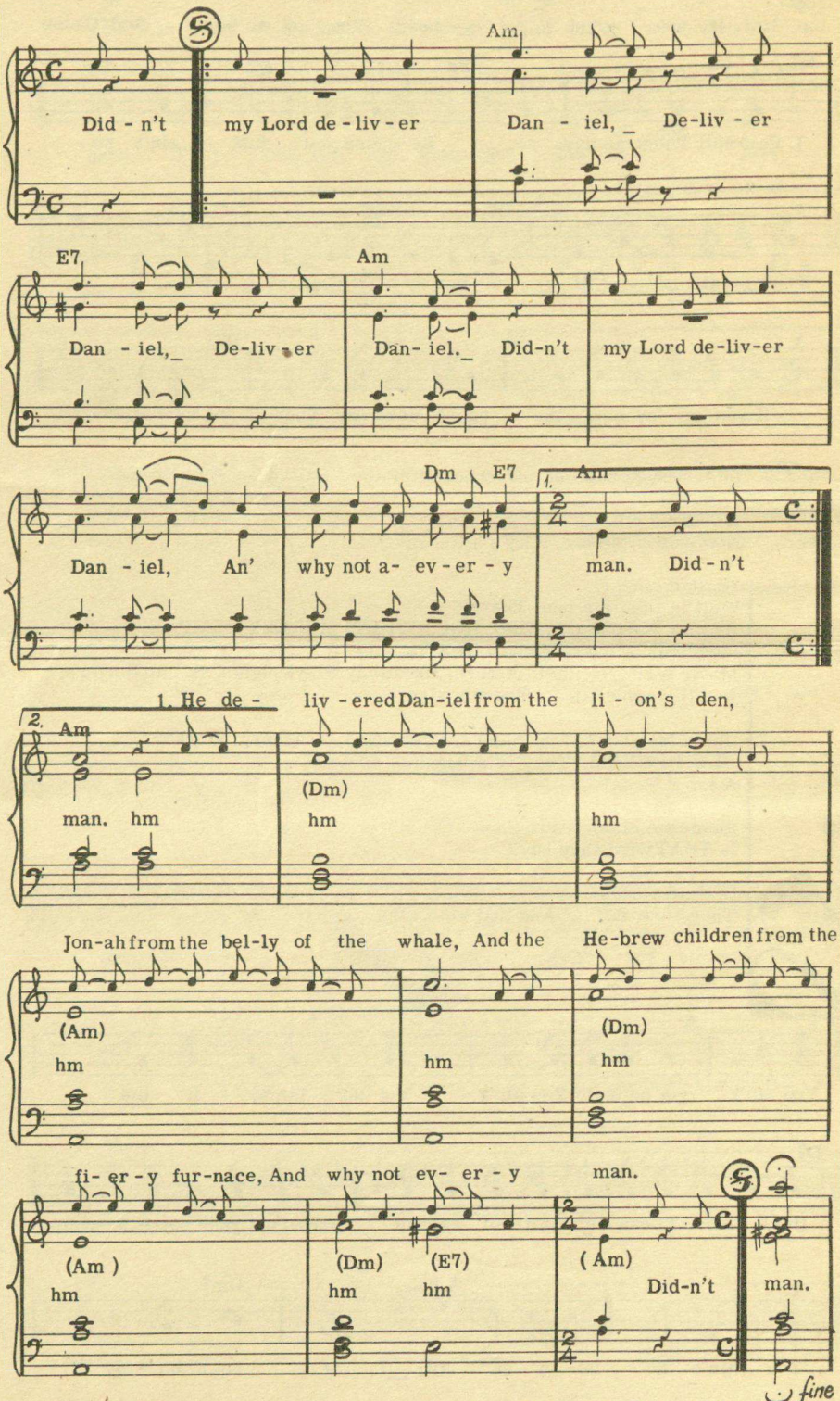
NATIONAL FARMERS UNION TOUR

All this talk of travelling election tours reminds us that in the first decade of this century the old Socialist party put on what they called ''Socialist Chautauqua Tours''. They were quite well known in the west, with a big tent and a program consisting of speakers, songs, plays and other variety acts. They were able to tour many a small farming community, which accounts for the fact that even today, if you travel through Oklahoma and Kansas, you will find a surprising number of old farmers who were once Socialists.

More recently, the National Farmers Union had a similar tour to organize in Mississippi. They carried with them a string band, and employed regular revival techniques such as testimonials, and signed up new members by the hundreds everywhere they went.

253 Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel

Negro Spiritual
Choral arrangement by
Leo Christiansen
Copyright 1947 by
Leo Christiansen

Leo Christiansen, choral director of the California Labor School Chorus, sent us this choral arrangement of this meaningful Negro Spiritual. ''Viva la Quince Brigada'' and ''La Marseillaise'', also arranged by Leo Christiansen, were recently recorded by his California chorus.

Am
Did - n't my Lord de - liv - er Dan - iel, De-liv - er
E7 Am
Dan - iel, De-liv - er Dan- iel. Did-n't my Lord de-liv-er
Dm E7 1. Am
Dan - iel, An' why not a- ev - er - y man. Did - n't
1. He de - liv - ered Dan-iel from the li - on's den,
2. Am
man. hm (Dm) hm hm
Jon-ah from the bel-ly of the whale, And the He-brew children from the
(Am) hm hm (Dm) hm
fi- er - y fur-nace, And why not ev- er - y man.
(Am) hm (Dm) hm (E7) hm (Am) Did-n't man.
fine

The moon run down in a purple stream,
The sun for-bear to shine;
And every star will disappear,
King Jesus shall be mine.
(CHORUS:)

I set my foot on the Gospel ship,
And the ship begin for to sail,
It landed me over on Canaan's shore;
And I'll never come back no more.
(CHORUS:)

A NOTE ON THIS 16TH CENT. BALLAD

-by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

GREENSLEEVES is one of the most beautiful melodies ever written--and it is also one of the most cherished. Although it is almost four centuries old, it is timeless. Modern singers have kept it alive and have brought to us the eternal sweetness and sadness which went into its composition.

It is earlier than Shakespeare--the bard speaks of it twice in The Merry Wives of Windsor. Falstaff declaims: "Let the sky rain potatoes! Let it thunder to the tune of 'Green-Sleeves'! ". The tune is also referred to when Mrs. Ford makes fun of Falstaff: "I shall think the worst of fat men. They do not more adhere and place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Greensleeves.'"

The song was sad in mood, but it was also employed for dancing. Moreover, although the words were originally lugubrious, they had many startling versions. Some of these versions were so suggestive that the song was known as a "wanton ditty" although we have no record of any wicked version. Parodies appeared in various anthologies, notably in A New Handful of Pleasant Delights. In one version the lover reproaches his reluctant sweetheart, reminding her how much time--and money--he has spent on her without results.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth as fine as it might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy breast,
And all this cost I spent on thee...
They set thee up; they took me down;
They served thee with humility;
Thy foot might not once touch the ground
And yet thou would'st not love me...

The tune became so popular that it was made a religious text and "moralized to the Scripture." In the 1600's it changed its character and became the favorite tune of the battling Royalists. In the 18th century it was played with new effect in the London drawing rooms, and John Gay's Beggar's Opera gave it a mocking twist.

Today such ballad singers as Richard Dyer-Bennett, Burl Ives, Betty Sanders and Susan Reed, reanimate the song, and each gives it a fresh and distinctive interpretation.

A WEEK or WEEK-END VACATION
In The Loveliest Spot In The
BERKSHIRES **FREE ! ! !**

All you have to do is help entertain

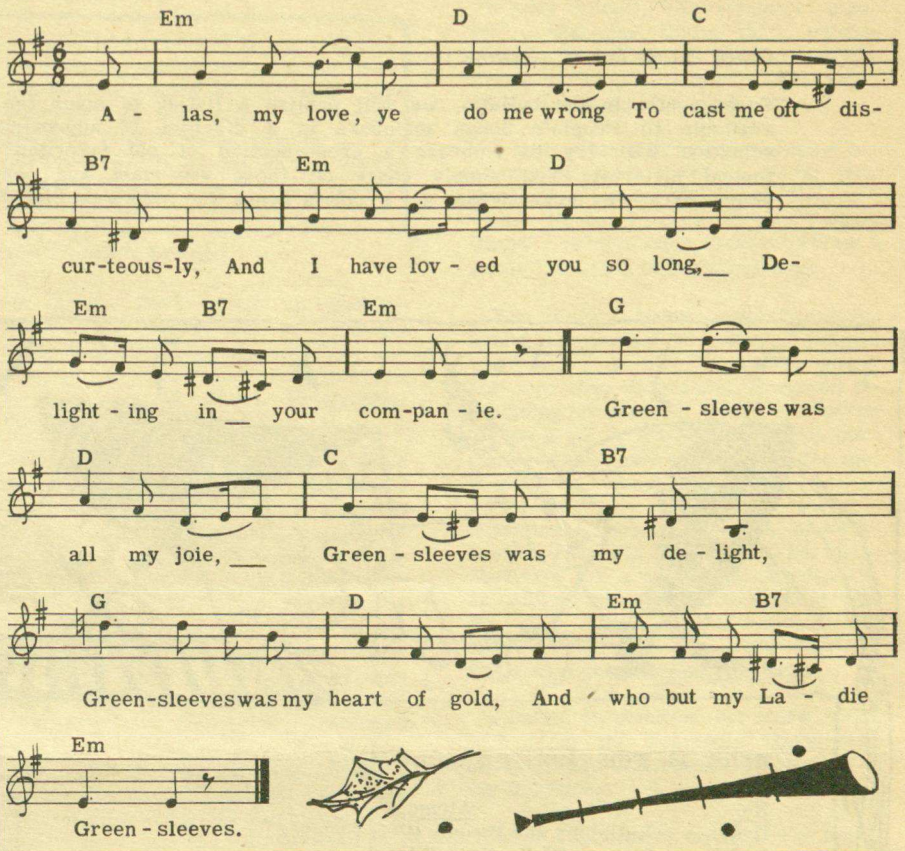
Wanted: Folk Dance Callers, Singers
Dancers, All Entertainers

Write to Box No #110
Care of - People's Songs, Inc.
126 West 21st St., NYC

254 Greensleeves

Old English Folksong
Circa 1580

"The earliest mention of the ballad of Green Sleeves is in September 1580, when Richard Jones had licensed to him 'A New Northern Dittye of the Lady Green Sleeves'

"It has been a favorite tune from the time of Elizabeth to the present day, and is still frequently to be heard in the streets of London." -- Francis James Child, 1857

Em D C
A - las, my love, ye do me wrong To cast me off dis-
B7 Em D
cur-teous-ly, And I have lov - ed you so long, De-
Em B7 Em G
light - ing in your com-pan - ie. Green - sleeves was
D C B7
all my joie, Green - sleeves was my de - light,
G D Em B7
Green-sleeves was my heart of gold, And who but my La - die
Em
Green - sleeves.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head
That were wrought fine and gallantly;
I kept thee both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well favouredly.
(REFRAIN:)

Thy smock of gold so red,
With pearls bedecked sumtously,
The like no other lasses had,
And yet thou wouldest not love me.
(REFRAIN:)

Thy gown was of the grassie green,
Thy sleeves of satten hanging by,
Which made thee be our harvest queen,
And yet thou wouldest not love me.
(REFRAIN:)

Greensleeves, now farewel, adue!
God I pray to prosper thee,
For I am stil thy lover true;
Come once againe, and love me!
(REFRAIN:)

DRIBS AND DRABS:

Lee Sabinson, producer of "Finian's Rainbow", says that his show is now playing in Czechoslovakia. Maybe now critics who praised it may be asked to see it again and find out what is wrong with it?

Trained concert singers who have occasion to sing for union audiences should get hold of a copy of "Lullaby for a Union Man". Essentially a cantata about 10 minutes in length, it is nevertheless extremely effective for a good solo voice. Copies are $1 and can be ordered either from People's Songs or the publisher, Music Publications Co., Elkins Park, Pa.

Last summer we printed an old temperance song, "Cold Water", and now comes the news that if anybody's interested in looking up a whole group of these songs, you can find them in the latest book of the Missouri folklorist, Vance Randolph: Ozark Folksongs, Vol. I and II, published by the Missouri State Historical Society, Columbia, Mo.

Bryant French of Cleveland received a letter from friends asking if they could alter slightly his Wallace campaign song "Battle Hymn of '48". He wrote back: "I confess that the Battle Hymn was rushed right out, as was, without a change from the way I jotted it down at 2:00 A.M. with a temperature of 103, induced by a flu shot and Henry's acceptance speech! "

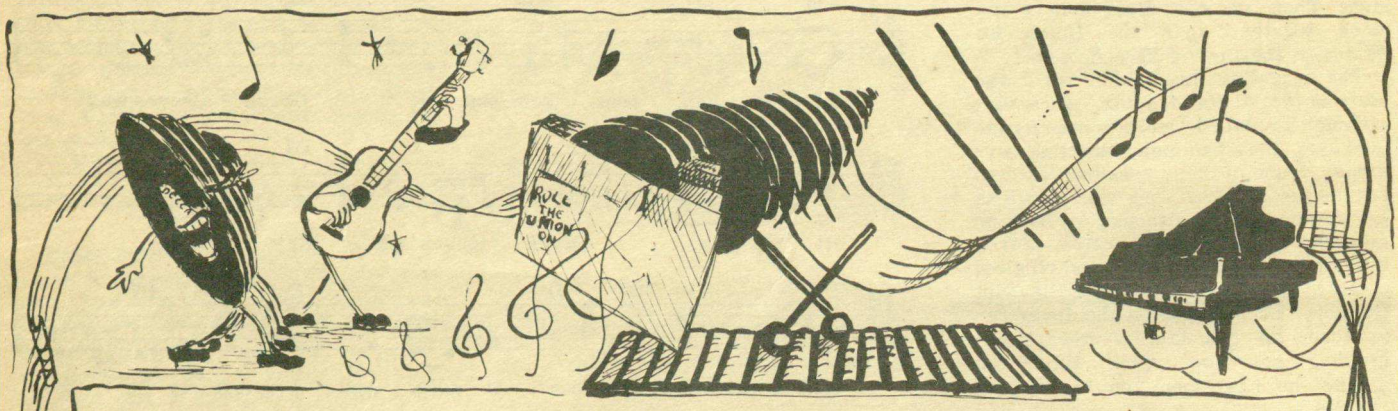
A WAY TO GET THE RECORDINGS YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED -----

AND AT A SUBSTANTIAL SAVING TO YOU ----- UNDER THE NEW

PEOPLE'S SONGS RECORD PLAN

HERE IS HOW IT WORKS !

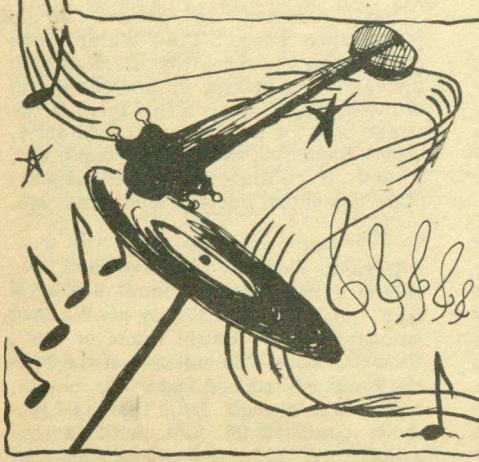
Each month, in the bulletin, we will publish a listing of some ten to fifteen record albums available to People's Songs members at a discount of approximately 18 per cent. This selection will try to embrace a cross-section of old favorites, new releases, folk and topical material. You simply check off those you want and send the coupon below with your check or money order to People's Songs, Inc., 126 West 21st. Street, New York-11, NY.



HERE IS THIS MONTH'S SELECTION -------

No.	Album	Discs	List Price	Your Price	You Save
D-601	Lullabies and Rounds (Pete Seeger)	2-10 in.	2.37	2.00	.37
D-661	Women Blues (Josh White)	2-12 in.	3.68	3.00	.68
D-602	Songs to Grow On (Woody Guthrie)	3-10 in.	3.15	2.60	.55
D-604	School Days (Pete Seeger, Leadbelly, others)	3-10 in.	3.15	2.60	.55
D-607	America's Favorite Songs (Pete Seeger, Tom Glazer)	3-10 in.	3.15	2.60	.55
D-608	Cowboy Songs (Cisco Huston)	3-10 in.	3.15	2.60	.55
D-611	Hudson Valley Songs (Frank Warner)	3-10 in.	3.15	2.60	.55
D-609	Walk In the Sun (Earl Robinson)	3-10 in.	3.15	2.60	.55
D-726	Midnight Special (Leadbelly)	3-10 in.	3.93	3.25	.68
D-727	Blues (Brownie McGhee)	3-10 in.	3.93	3.25	.68
D-735	Work Songs, U.S.A. (Leadbelly)	3-10 in.	3.93	3.25	.68
D-370	Roll the Union On (Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, others)	3-10 in.	3.93	3.25	.68

Postage: $1.00 for the first 3 albums or less.
Another 50¢ for each additional three(or less) albums.



PEOPLE'S SONGS, INC.
126 West 21st Street
New York City -11, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
Please send me the following record albums:

_____ _____ _____ _____ _____

Enclosed find $ _____ to cover cost of albums, plus postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Bob L.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Irwin,

My feeling is that your bulletin at least--and I haven't been to a Hootenanny in several months--is so loaded with political and topical stuff, that it limits its own audience. That is, I know you feel that your primary purpose is to get across messages in your songs. But, first, you have to get people to listen to them. And I've heard a lot of comments like--"Singing, fine. And we don't mind listening to one, or several union songs or political songs. But not a whole program of them."

I recall one specific incident, out at Brooklyn College, where I was leading squares and folks, and Ernie Lieberman was singing. He had just come back from Czechoslovakia, and as I remember it, he fed the crowd mostly political songs. Many were bored and didn't listen, and others became antagonistic. This was my reaction, on sitting in the audience, and hearing people talk about it, during the singing.

My suggestion would be, try for more of an even split in your publication and programming. More entertaining folk material--and fewer made-up political pieces. Finally, my reaction is that songs like "Red Boogie" are bad psychologically. Or the parody on Tam Pierce, and the Hollywood Ten. But that's a matter of opinion, I suppose.

Best,
Dick Kraus
New York City

CANADA'S "HOOTENLIL" TRAVELS WEST

We've just received an exciting letter from the young gal in Toronto who has become known and loved in her home town as "Hootenlil." We thought you'd be interested in reading it, so here it is. (Port Arthur is 973 miles west of Toronto on the shores of chilly Lake Superior.) — Ed.

Dear People's Songs:

I got to Port Arthur via plane on Friday. My concert was on Saturday night so I had lots of time to get acquainted. I learned that the population is made up of Finns, Ukrainians, Russians, Slavs, Italians, etc.

Saturday's concert consisted of their own talent in a two-hour show and I was guest star. I sat at the back and watched their youngsters sing, dance and play various instruments in their own string orchestra. They were wonderful--very amateurish, but so sincere, from the seven-year olds up. The audience ate it all up. They have seen it over and over again, but they attend faithfully and applaud sincerely. I was worried. Everything presented was in European tongue. Would they know what I was talking about? I decided I'd do a little talking first--and I did. A lot of it. I told them what People's Songs is and why we need it. I explained the folk song and its importance. I spoke on fascism, how it starts and where, and on why we need topical songs...I went on and on. When I finished, the applause did my heart good. So we started with "Solidarity".

We sang "A Dollar Ain't a Dollar", "It's My Union", "Everything Is Higher", "Roll the Union On", "Union Maid", "Put It on the Ground", "John Brown's Body", "Blue Tail Fly", "Which Side Are You On", etc.

I sang "Joe Hill" (after a short explanation)--they loved it. I did "Red Boogie", "Leave My Blues Behind", "The House I Live In", "Talking Union" (which they loved), "I Want a Home", "Train of Progress', etc.

You know, these people had never heard anything but "Solidarity" before. They were a little hard to get going, but once they did--I was overjoyed after being so worried. It was wonderful! To top it all, a little four-year old girl came up with two dozen roses for me. It was hard to keep the tears back.

Sunday afternoon, we met and discussed People's Songs. We set up an executive for a unit. One man donated an album of records to the unit, and the kids threw in their nickels and dimes for a treasury. About twenty-five kids signed up immediately.

I forgot to mention that there were men from the Seamen's Union and Lumberjacks and Sawmill Workers in the audience.

Guess that covers my trip. I'm leaving for Montreal on Wednesday for a week. I'll write you the results.

So-long for now,
Lil

NOW READY!!

SONGS FOR WALLACE

A collection of 25 songs, parodies, etc. for use in the election campaign. It includes songs by E. Y. (Yip) Harburg, Earl Robinson, Bob and Adrienne Claiborne, Goodson and Vale, Bryant Morey French, Ray Glaser and Bill Wolff, Woody Guthrie, and others.

Published by People's Songs, Inc. for -
NATIONAL WALLACE-FOR-PRESIDENT COMMITTEE

Individual copies — 25¢
Special rates for orders of 50 or more.

For your copy, write to People's Songs, Inc.
126 West 21st Street
New York City, -11, N. Y.

(So-long to a good guy- Cont'd)

I've never agreed with that sentiment in Joe Hill: "Joe Hill ain't dead"...feeling that Joe Hill is just as dead as a man can be...as dead as Tom Mooney, Bill Haywood, and now Mike Quin. We lose. Our brothers and sisters die. Only Mike Quin's words are with us, and they can die too. They can be burned in Rochester, confiscated in Philadelphia. They can be lost, unless...unless we take them into our lives, and learn from them, and live by them, and with them act to make this country a fine, free place for Mike's big family to live in.

Mike's last words are a jolt. How does a man die so? But if we have ears to hear them, they are words to fire the faith forever...

-by Lee Hays

★

HOW MUCH FOR SPAIN?
By Mike Quin

Copyright 1948, Pacific Publishing Co., San Francisco, Cal.

The long collection speech is done
And now the felt hat goes
From hand to hand its solemn way
Along the endless rows.
In purse and pocket, fingers feel
And count the coins by touch.
Minds ponder what they can afford
And hesitate...how much?
In that brief, jostled moment when
The battered hat arrives,
Try, brother, to remember that
Some men put in their lives.

COMMENTS ON THE POEM
(HOW MUCH FOR SPAIN?)

This poem, unlike most modern poetry, was written to be recited for audiences, not read silently. In 1937 one of Mike Quin's best friends was killed when fighting with the Abraham Lincoln battalion against Franco and his Italian and German fascist allies in their invasion of Spain. In spite of the official U. S. embargo on arms to Spain (while sending war materials to Germany and Italy), thousands of dollars were raised in public meetings in America to aid the loyalist cause, and this poem was read at the end of many a collection speech. Mike Quin himself died tragically young, one year ago, and "How Much for Spain?" is reprinted from a selection of his writings just off the press ("On the Drumhead" . . . $1.50 - order directly from People's Songs). The book contains everything from his poems to examples of his columns in the Daily People's World, and short stories, including some of the world's greatest satirical dialogues. Whether or not you are a Communist, as Mike Quin was, if you love people, as he did, you'll like this exciting and readable collection of his work.

255 Original Talking Blues

There have been frequent requests that we print the words of the original "Talking Blues" in the bulletin. So here they are. Ever since this traditional pattern first became generally known, many new "Talking Blues" have been written and sung -several of which are by Woody Guthrie. Some of the recent popular ones are: Talking Atomic Blues, Talking Dust-bowl Blues, Rat Hole (during the war, Woody) Talking Union, Talking Rent, Talking Bilbo Blues, and many others, even a Talking Hootenanny Blues.

American Folk Origin

If you want to get to heaven let me tell you what to do,
Got to grease your feet in a little mutton stew,
And you slide out of the devil's hand
And ooze in to the promised land.
Take it easy, but go greasy.

Standing in the corner by the mantelpiece,
Up in the corner by a bucket of grease,
I stuck my feet in that bucket of grease,
Went a slipping up and down that mantelpiece,
Hunting matches, Cigarette stubs, Left overs.

Down in the holler just a setting on a log,
My hand on the trigger and my eye on a hog;
I pulled that trigger and the gun went 'zip',
And I grabbed that hog with all of my grip.
Course I cain't eat hog eyes. But I love pork chops.

Down in the hen house on my knees,
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze;
It was only a rooster saying his prayers,
And giving out thanks to the hens upstairs;
Rooster preaching, Hen's singing. Little young pullets
just sort of doing the best they can.

It was down behind the hen house the other night,
It was awful dark, I didn't have no light;
The farmer's dog run out by chance,
And he bit a big hole in the seat of my pants;
I jumped a gully, Plowed ground, Rose bushes, Felt funny.

Now I'm just a City Dude a livin' out of town,
Everybody knows me as Moon-shiner Brown,
I make the beer, and I drink the slop,
Got nine little orphans that calls me Pop:
I'm patriotic, Raisin' soldiers, Red Cross nurses.

Mama's in the front room fixing the yeast,
Daddy's in the bedroom greasing his feet;
Sister's in the back room squeezing up e hops;
Brother's at the window just a watching for the cops.
Drinking home-brew, Getting drunk.

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